STUDIES IN THE POETRY OF ITALY

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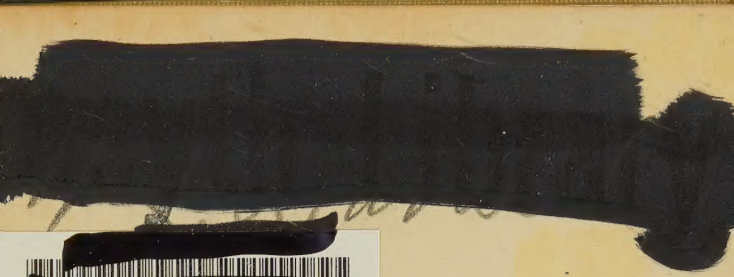

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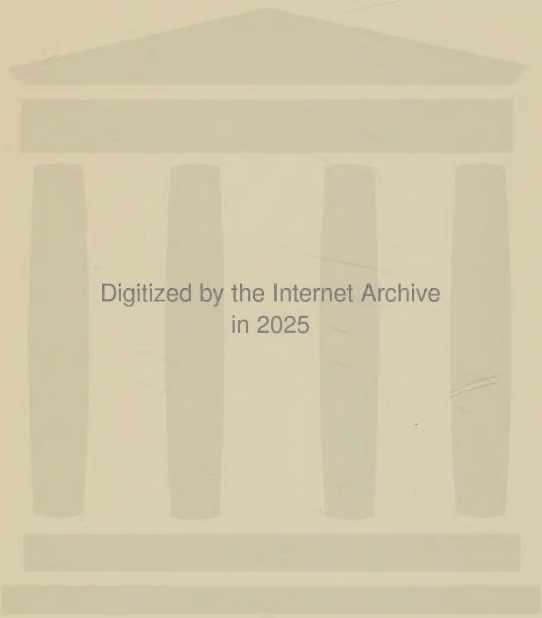

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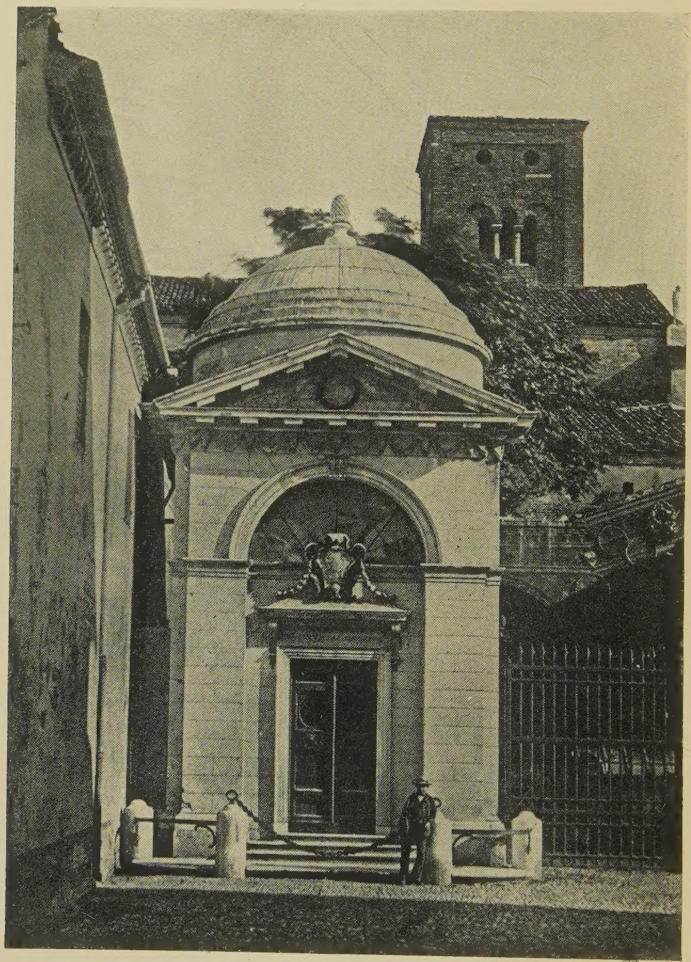


TOMB OF DANTE AT RAVENNA.

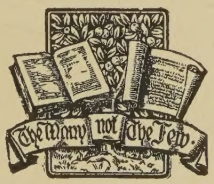
Studies in the Poetry of Italy

I. ROMAN

BY

FRANK JUSTUS MILLER

The University of Chicago



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PREFACE

The accumulated literature of centuries of ancient Roman life, even after the loss of more works than have survived, is still so large that, were we to attempt to cover the whole field, the space allotted to this volume would suffice for only the most superficial mention of the extant authors. The writer has therefore chosen to present to his readers the field of poetry only, and to narrow the scope of his work still further by the selection of certain important and representative phases of poetry, namely, the dramatic, satiric, and epic.

These different phases of the Roman poetic product will be presented in the order named, although it is by no means certain which class of poetry was first developed at Rome. It is more than likely that satire and comedy had a common origin in the rude and unrecorded literary product of ancient Italy. Ennius, indeed, prior to whose time the extant fragments are exceedingly meager, produced both drama, satire, and epic. And the same is true, though to a more limited extent, of other writers of the same early period.

Each of these phases of poetry is treated separately in this volume, according to its chronological development. We shall, therefore, traverse the field three times by three parallel paths: from Andronicus to Seneca, from Ennius to Juvenal, and from Nævius to Vergil.

F. J. Miller

Chicago, May, 1901.

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STUDIES IN THE POETRY OF ITALY

PART I

THE DRAMA

"Whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own features, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure."

I. THE BEGINNINGS OF ROMAN LITERATURE AND OLD ROMAN TRAGEDY

When Greece was at the height of her glory, and Greek literature was in its flower; when Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, all within two brilliant generations, were holding the polite world under the magic spell of their dramatic art, their rough and almost unknown Roman neighbors were just emerging from tradition into history. There the atmosphere was altogether one of struggle. The king-ruled Romans, long oppressed, had at last swept away that crumbling kingdom, and established upon its ruins the young republic; the unconsidered masses, still oppressed, were just heaving themselves up into legal recognition, and had already obtained their tribunes,

and a little later the boon of a published law—the famous Law of the Twelve Tables, the first Roman code.

Three years before this, and in preparation for it, a committee of three Roman statesmen, the so-called triumvirs, had gone to Athens to study the laws of Solon. This visit was made in 454 B. C. Æschylus had died two years before; Sophocles had become famous, and Euripides had just brought out his first play. As those three Romans sat in the theater at Athens, beneath the open sky, surrounded by the cultured and pleasure-loving Greeks, as they listened to the impassioned lines of the popular favorite, unable to understand except for the actor's art—what a contrast was presented between these two nations which had as yet never crossed each other's paths, but which were destined to come together at last in mutual conquest. The grounds and prophecy of this conquest were even now present. The Roman triumvirs came to learn Greek law, and they learned it so well that they became lawgivers not alone for Greece but for all the world; the triumvirs felt that day the charm of Greek art, and this was but a premonition of that charm which fell more masterfully upon Rome in later years, and took her literature and all kindred arts completely captive.

Still from that day, for centuries to come, the Romans had sterner business than the cultivation of the arts of peace. They had themselves and Italy to conquer; they had a still unshaped state to establish; they had their ambitions, growing as their power increased, to gratify; they had jealous neighbors in

Greece, Africa, and Gaul to curb. In such rough, troubled soil as this, literature could not take root and flourish. They were not, it is true, without the beginnings of native literature. Their religious worship inspired rude hymns to their gods; their generals, coming home, inscribed the records of their victory in rough Saturnian verse on commemorative tablets; there were ballads at banquets, and dirges at funerals. Also the natural mimicry of the Italian peasantry had no doubt for ages indulged itself in uncouth performances of a dramatic nature, which developed later into those mimes and farces, the forerunners of native Roman comedy and the old Medley-Satura. Yet in these centuries Rome knew no letters worthy of the name save the laws on which she built her state; no arts save the arts of war.

But in her course of Italian conquest, she had finally come into conflict with those Greek colonists who had long since been taking peaceful possession of Italy along the southeastern border. These Græco-Roman struggles in Italy, which arose in consequence, culminated in the fall of Tarentum, B. C. 272; and with this victory the conquest of the Italian peninsula was complete.

This event meant much for the development of Italian literature; it meant new impulse and opportunity—the impulse of close and quickening contact with Greek thought, and the opportunity afforded by the internal calm consequent upon the completed subjugation of Italy. Joined with these two influences was a third which came with the end of the first Punic War, a generation afterward. Rome has now taken

her first fateful step toward world empire; she has leaped across Sicily and set victorious foot in Africa; has successfully met her first great foreign enemy. The national pride and exaltation consequent upon this triumph gave favorable atmosphere and encouragement for those impulses which had already been stirred.

The first Punic War was ended in 241 B. C. In the following year the first effects of the Hellenic influence upon Roman literature were witnessed, and the first literary work in the Latin language of which we have definite record was produced at Rome. This was by Livius Andronicus, a Greek from Tarentum, who was brought to Rome as a captive upon the fall of that city. He came as the slave of M. Livius Salinator, who employed him as a tutor for his sons in Latin and Greek, and afterward set him free to follow the same profession independently. That he might have a Latin text from which to teach that language, he himself translated into the Roman tongue the *Odyssey* of Homer and some plays of the Greek tragedians—the first professor of Latin on record! These same translations, strangely enough, remained school text-books in Rome for centuries.

His first public work, to which we have referred above, was the production of a play; but whether tragedy or comedy we do not know. It was at any rate, without doubt, a translation into the crude, unpolished, and heavy Latin of his time, from some Greek original. His tragedies, of which only forty-one lines of fragments, representing nine plays, have come down to us, are all on Greek subjects, and are

probably only translations or bald imitations of the Greek originals.

The example set by Andronicus was followed by four Romans of marked ability, whose life and work form a continuous chain of literary activity from Nævius, who was but a little younger than Andronicus, and who brought out his first play in 235 B. C.; through Ennius, who first established tragedy upon a firm foundation in Rome; through Pacuvius, the nephew of Ennius and his worthy successor, to the death of Accius in (about) 94 B. C., who was the last and greatest of the old Roman tragedians.

As to the themes of these early tragedies, a few of them were upon subjects taken from Roman history. Tragedies of this class were called *fabulæ prætextæ*, because the actors wore the native Roman dress. When we think of the great value which these plays would have to-day, not only from a literary but also from a historical point of view, we cannot but regret keenly their almost utter loss. In the vast majority of cases, however, the old Roman tragedy was upon subjects taken from the traditional Greek cycles of stories, and was closely modeled after the Greek tragedies themselves. Æschylus and Sophocles were imitated to some extent, but Euripides was the favorite.

While these tragedies were Greek in subject and form, it is not at all necessary to suppose that they were servile imitations or translations merely of the Greek originals. The Romans did undoubtedly impress their national spirit upon that which they borrowed, in tragedy just as in all things else. Indeed, the great genius of Rome consisted partly in this—her wonder-

ful power to absorb and assimilate material from every nation with which she came in contact. Rome might borrow, but what she had borrowed she made her own completely, for better or for worse. The resulting differences between Greek literature and a Hellenized Roman literature would naturally be the differences between the Greek and Roman type of mind. Where the Greek was naturally religious and contemplative, the Roman was practical and didactic. He was grave and intense, fond of exalted ethical effects, appeals to national pride; and above all, insisted that nothing should offend that exaggerated sense of both personal and national dignity which characterized the Roman everywhere.

All these characteristics made the Romanized Greek tragedies immensely popular; but, strangely enough, this did not develop a truly national Roman tragedy, as was the case, for instance, with epic and lyric literature. We have already seen how meager was the production of the *fabulæ prætextæ*. With the rich national traditions and history to inspire this, we can account for the failure to develop a native Roman tragedy only upon the assumption that the Roman lacked the gift of dramatic invention, at least to the extent of originating and developing great dramatic plots and characters, which form the essential elements of tragic drama.

We shall not weary the reader with quotations from the extant fragments of old Roman tragedy, fragments which, isolated as they are, can prove next to nothing as to the development of the plot or the other essential characteristics of a drama. A play is not like an

animal: it cannot be reconstructed from a single fragment. It will be profitable, however, to dwell upon a few of these fragments, in order to get some idea of the nature and contents of all that is left of an extensive literature.

There is a very dramatic fragment of the *Alexander* or *Paris* of Ennius. It represents Cassandra, in prophetic raving, predicting the destruction which her brother Paris is to bring upon his fatherland. It is said that Hecuba, queen of Troy, before the birth of Paris, dreamed that she had brought forth a firebrand. Remembering this, Cassandra cries out at sight of her brother:

> Here it is; here, the torch, wrapped in fire and blood. Many years it hath lain hid; help, citizens, and extinguish it. For now, on the great sea, a swift fleet is gathering. It hurries along a host of calamities. They come: a fierce host lines the shores with sail-winged ships.
>
> Sellar.

Several of the fragments show a certain measure of descriptive power and poetic imagination in these early tragedians. The following passage from the *Argonautæ* of Accius shows this to a marked degree. It is a description of the first ship, *Argo*, as she goes plowing through the sea. It is supposed to be spoken by a rustic who from the shore is watching the vessel's progress. It should be remembered that the great boat is as strange a sight to him as were the ships of Columbus to the natives of newly discovered America. Hence the strange and seemingly strained metaphors.

> The mighty mass glides on,
> Like some loud-panting monster of the deep;
> Back roll the waves, in eddying masses whirled.

It rushes on, besprinkling all the sea
With flying spray like backward streaming breath;
As when one sees the cloud-rack whirled along,
Or some huge mass of rock reft off and driven
By furious winds, or seething whirlpools, high
Upbeaten by the ever-rushing waves;
Or else when Ocean crashes on the shore,
Or Triton, from the caverns of the sea,
Far down beneath the swelling waters' depths,
A rocky mass to upper heaven uprears.

Miller.

Sellar, in speaking of the feeling for natural beauty, says of Accius: "The fragments of Accius afford the first hint of that enjoyment of natural beauty which enters largely into a later age"; and quotes the following passage from the *Œnomaus* as "perhaps the first instance in Latin poetry of a descriptive passage which gives any hint of the pleasure derived from contemplating the common aspects of nature":

By chance before the dawn, harbinger of burning rays, when the husbandmen bring forth the oxen from their rest into the fields, that they may break the red, dew-sprinkled soil with the plough, and turn up the clods from the soft soil.

When we read this delightful passage, and then turn to the exquisite and fuller pictures of natural beauty which Lucretius and Vergil have left us, we shall agree that Accius was himself indeed the "harbinger of burning rays."

2. LATER ROMAN TRAGEDY AND SENECA

Tragedy long continued to flourish after Accius, but its vitality was gone. Such men as Pollio, Varius,

and Ovid in the Augustan period, and Maternus, Pomponius Secundus, and Lucan in the first century A. D., amused themselves by writing tragedies, and even produced some commendable work. Varius, who was the personal friend of Vergil and Horace, was perhaps the most gifted of these. He wrote a tragedy on *Thyestes* which was presented as part of the public rejoicings after the battle of Actium. Of this play Quintilian said that it would stand comparison with any Greek tragedy. Ovid also wrote a tragedy on *Medea*, which was highly praised by Roman critics. Maternus wrote tragedies on *Medea* and *Thyestes*, as well as *prætextæ* on *Domitius* and *Cato*. Of all these nothing remains but the barest fragments. But it is certain that the efforts of these later tragedians were for the most part of a dilettante sort, and that their plays were purely literary (see, however, the case of Varius), intended for dramatic reading and declamation, rather than for presentation upon the stage.

Of this sort also were the ten tragedies commonly attributed to L. Annæus Seneca, the philosopher, who is better known as the author of numerous philosophical essays. He lived in the time of Nero, and was, indeed, the tutor of that emperor. Of these ten plays, nine are modeled after the Greek, and one, the *Octavia*, which is undoubtedly not Seneca's, is a *prætexta*, in which Seneca himself appears.

These plays are of especial interest to us, aside from their intrinsic value, for the triple reason that they are the sole representatives of Roman tragedy preserved entire, that they reflect the literary complexion of the artificial age in which they were produced,

and that they had so large an influence in shaping the early English drama. They are, in fact, the stepping-stone between ancient and modern, Greek and English, drama.

As to their style, even a cursory reading reveals their extreme declamatory nature, the delight of the author in the horrible and weird, the pains he has taken to select from the Greek sources the most harrowing of all the tales as the foundation of his tragedies, the boldness with which he has broken over the time-honored rule that deeds of blood should not be done upon the stage, and his fondness for abstruse mythological allusions. Add to these features the dreary prolixity with which the author spoils many of his descriptive passages, protracting them often into veritable catalogues of places and things, also his frequent exaggerations and repetitions, and we have the chief defects of these tragedies.

And yet they have equally marked excellences. They abound in brilliant epigrams, graphic descriptions, touching pathos, magnificent passion, subtile analysis of character and motive. But when all is said, it must be admitted that the plays, faults and virtues included, are highly rhetorical and artificial, such alone as that artificial age would be expected to produce.

Such as they were, and perhaps because they were what they were, the tragedies of Seneca, rather than the Greek plays, were the model for Italian, French, and early English tragedy. The first and obvious reason for this no doubt is the fact that the Middle Age of Europe was an age of Latin rather than of Greek

scholarship, so far as popular scholarship was concerned. And this made Seneca rather than Euripides available. But it is also probable that his style and spirit appealed strongly to those later-day imitators. So great, indeed, was the popularity of Seneca's tragedies in the early Elizabethan age, that he might be said to have monopolized the attention of writers of that time. He was a favorite with the schools as a classical text-book, as old Roger Ascham testifies; and his works were translated entire into English then for the first time by five English scholars, and collected into a single volume in 1581 by Thomas Newton, one of the translators.

In addition to the version of 1581, the tragedies of Seneca were again translated into English by Glover in 1761. Since that date no English version was attempted until the present writer a few years ago undertook the task again, and produced a metrical version of three of these plays.

We have selected the tragedy of *Medea* for presentation to the readers of this volume as an illustration of the Senecan tragedy, and (alas for the fate of so many noble works!) of the entire field of Roman tragedy. It follows Euripides in general development of the plot; but if the reader will take the trouble to compare the two plays, he will find that the imitation is by no means close.

Although the play is confined in time to the final day of catastrophe at Corinth, the background is the whole romantic story of the Argonauts: how Jason and his hero-comrades, at the instigation of Pelias, the usurping king of Thessalian Iolchos, undertook the

first voyage in quest of the golden fleece; how after many adventures these first sailors reached the kingdom of Æëtes, who jealously guarded the fleece, since upon its possession depended his own kingship; how the three deadly labors were imposed upon Jason before the fleece could be won; how, smitten by love of him, the beautiful, barbaric Medea, daughter of the king, by the help of her magic, aided Jason in all his labors and accompanied him in his flight; how, to retard her father's pursuit, she slew her brother and scattered his mangled remains in the path as she fled; how again, for love of Jason, she restored his father to youth, and tricked Pelias' own daughters into slaying their aged sire; how, for this act, Medea and her husband were exiled from Thessaly and went and dwelt in Corinth; how, for ten happy years, she lived with her husband and two sons in this alien land, her wild past almost forgotten, her magic untouched. But now Jason has been gradually won away from his wife, and is about to wed Creüsa, the daughter of Creon, king of Corinth. The wedding festivities have already begun, when the play opens and reveals Medea invoking all the powers of heaven and hell in punishment of her false lord.

Into her frenzied and dreadful imprecations breaks the sound of sweet voices from without of a chorus of Corinthian women, chanting the epithalamium for the nuptials of Jason and Creüsa.

Hearing this cruel song in praise of her rival and of her false husband, Medea goes into a wilder passion of rage. Medea's old nurse tries to soothe her mistress and recall her to her right mind by wise saws and

prudent philosophy. But the flood of passion will not be checked.

Nurse. Be silent now, I pray thee, and thy plaints confine
To secret woe. The man who heavy blows can bear
In silence, biding still his time with patient soul,
Full oft his vengeance gains. 'Tis hidden wrath that harms;
But hate proclaimed oft loses half its power to harm.
Medea. But small the grief is that can counsel take and hide
Its head; great ills lie not in hiding, but must rush
Abroad and work their will.
Nurse. O cease this mad complaint,
My mistress; scarce can friendly silence help thee now.
Medea. But Fortune fears the brave, the faint of heart o'erwhelms.
Nurse. Then valor be approved, if for it still there's room.
Medea. But it must always be that valor finds its place.
Nurse. No star of hope points out the way from these our woes.
Medea. The man who hopes for naught at least has naught to fear.
Nurse. The Colchians are thy foes; thy husband's vows have failed;
Of all thy vast possessions not a jot is left.
Medea. Yet I am left. There's left both sea and land and fire
And sword and gods and hurtling thunderbolts.
Nurse. The king must be revered.
Medea. My father was a king.
Nurse. Dost thou not fear?
Medea. Not though the earth produced the foe.
Nurse. Thou'lt perish.
Medea. So I wish it.
Nurse. Flee!
Medea. I 'm done with flight.
Why should Medea flee?
Nurse. Thy children!
Medea. Whose, thou know'st.
Nurse. And dost thou still delay?
Medea. I go, but vengeance first.

Nurse. Th' avenger will pursue.
Medea. Perchance I 'll stop his course.
Nurse. Nay, hold thy words and cease thy threats, O foolish one.
Thy temper curb; 'tis well to yield to fate's decrees.
Medea. Though fate may strip me of my all, myself am left.
But who flings wide the royal palace doors? Behold,
'Tis Creon's self, exalted high in Grecian sway.
[*Medea retires to the back of the stage.*
Creon. [*As he enters.*] Medea, baleful daughter of the Colchian king,
Has not yet taken her hateful presence from our realm.
On mischief is she bent; well known her treacherous power.
For who escapes her? Who may pass his days in peace?
This cursed pestilence at once would I have stayed
By force of arms: but Jason's prayers prevailed. She still
May live, but let her free my borders from the fear
Her presence genders, and her safety gain by flight.
[*He sees Medea approaching.*]
But lo, she comes with fierce and threatening mien to seek
An audience with us.
Slaves! defend us from her touch
And pestilential presence! Bid her silence keep,
And learn at length obedience to the king's
Commands.
[*To Medea.*] Go, speed thy flight, thou thing of evil, fell,
And monstrous!
Medea. What the crime, my lord, or what the guilt
That merits exile?
Creon. Let the guiltless question thus.
Medea. If now thou judgest, hear me; if thou reign'st, command.
Creon. The king's command thou must obey, nor question aught.
Medea. Unrighteous kingdoms never long endure.

Creon. Go, bear
Thy plaints to Colchis.
Medea. Yea, but let him take me hence
Who brought me to thy shores.
Creon. Too late thy prayer, for fixed
Is my decree.
Medea. Who sits in judgment and denies
His ear to either suitor, though his judgment right
Appear, is still himself unrighteous.
Creon. Didst *thou* lend
Thine ear to Pelias, ere thou judgedst him to death?—
But come, I'll give thee grace to plead thy goodly cause.
Medea. How hard the task to turn the soul from wrath, when once
To wrath inclined; how 'tis the creed of sceptered kings
To swerve not from the proposed course they once have taken,
Full well I know, for I have tasted royalty.
For, though by present storms of ill I'm overwhelmed,
An exile, suppliant, lone, forsaken, all undone,
I once in happier times a royal princess shone,
And traced my proud descent from heavenly Phœbus' self.
Then princes humbly sought my hand in wedlock, mine,
Who now must sue.—
O changeful Fortune, thou my throne
Hast reft away, and given me exile in its stead.
Trust not in kingly realms, since fickle chance may strew
Their treasures to the winds. Lo *this* is regal, this
The work of kings, which time nor change cannot undo:
To succor the afflicted, to provide at need
A trusty refuge for the suppliant. This alone
I brought of all my Colchian treasure, this renown,
This very flower of fame,—that by my arts I saved
The bulwark of the Greeks, the offspring of the gods.
My princely gift to Greece is Orpheus, that sweet bard,

Who can the trees in willing bondage draw, and melt
The crag's hard heart. Mine too are Boreas' winged sons,
And Leda's heaven-born progeny, and Lynceus, he
Whose glance can pierce the distant view; yea, all the Greeks,
Save Jason; for I mention not the king of kings,
The leader of the leaders: he is mine alone,
My labor's recompense. The rest I give to you.
Nay, come, O king, arraign me, and rehearse my crimes.
But stay! for I'll confess them all. The only crime
Of which I stand accused is this—the *Argo* saved.
Suppose my maiden scruples had opposed the deed;
Suppose my filial piety had stayed my hand:
Then had the mighty chieftains fall'n, and in their fate
All Greece had been o'erwhelmed; then this thy son-in-law
Had felt the bull's consuming breath, and perished there.
Nay, nay, let Fortune when she will my doom decree;
I glory still that kings have owed their lives to me.
But what reward I reap for all my glorious deeds
Is in thy hands. Convict me, if thou wilt, of sin,
But give him back for whom I sinned. O Creon, see,
I own that I am guilty. This much thou didst know,
When first I clasped thy knees, a humble suppliant,
And sought the shelter of thy royal clemency.
Some little corner of thy kingdom now I ask
In which to hide my grief. If I must flee again,
O let some nook remote within thy broad domain
Be found for me!

Creon claims to have been merciful in having shielded Jason and Medea all these years from the just resentment of the king of Thessaly. Jason's cause would be easy enough to defend, for he has been innocent of guilt; but it is impossible longer to shield

Medea, who has committed so many bloody deeds in the past, and is capable of doing the like again.

Creon. Then go thou hence and purge our kingdom of its stain;
Bear with thee in thy flight thy fatal poisons; free
The state from fear; abiding in some other land,
Outwear the patience of the gods.
Medea. Thou bidst me flee?
Then give me back my bark in which to flee. Restore
The partner of my flight. Why should I flee alone?
I came not thus. Or if avenging war thou fear'st,
Then banish both the culprits; why distinguish me
From Jason? 'Twas for him old Pelias was o'ercome;
For him the flight, the plunder of my father's realm,
My sire forsaken and my infant brother slain,
And all the guilt that love suggests; 'twas all for him.
Deep-dyed in sin am I, but on my guilty soul
The sin of profit lieth not.
Creon. Why seek delay
By speech? Too long thou tarriest.
Medea. I go, but grant
This last request: let not the mother's fall o'erwhelm
her hapless babes.
Creon. Then go in peace; for I to them
A father's place will fill, and take them to my breast.
Medea. Now by the fair hopes born upon this wedding day,
And by thy hopes of lasting sovereignty secure
From changeful fate's assault, I pray thee grant from
flight
A respite brief, while I upon my children's lips
A mother's kiss imprint, perchance the last.
Creon. A time
Thou seek'st for treachery.
Medea. What fraud can be devised
In one short hour?
Creon. To those on mischief bent, be sure,
The briefest time is fraught with mischief's fatal power.
Medea. Dost thou refuse me, then, one little space for tears?

Creon. Though deep-ingrafted fear would fain resist thy plea,
A single day I'll give thee ere my sentence holds.
Medea. Too gracious thou. But let my respite further shrink,
And I'll depart content.
Creon. Thy life shall surely pay
The forfeit if to-morrow's sun beholds thee still
In Corinth.
But the voice of Hymen calls away
To solemnize the rites of this his festal day.

Creon goes out toward his palace. Medea remains gazing darkly after him for a few moments, and then takes her way in the opposite direction.

The chorus sings in reminiscent strain of the old days before the *Argo's* voyage, the simple innocent life of the golden age when each man was content to dwell within the horizon of his birth; the impious rash voyage of the Argonauts, their dreadful experiences in consequence, their wild adventure's prize of fatal gold and more fatal Colchian sorceress; their dark forebodings of the consequences in after years, when the sea shall be a highway, and all hidden places of the world laid bare. Medea comes rushing in bent upon using for vengeance the day which Creon has granted her. The nurse tries in vain to restrain her.

Nurse. My foster daughter, whither speedest thou abroad?
O stay, I pray thee, and restrain thy passion's force.

But Medea hastens by without answering or noticing her. The nurse, looking after her, reflects in deep distress:

As some wild bacchanal, whose fury's raging fire
The god inflames, now roams distraught on Pindus' snows,
And now on lofty Nysa's rugged slopes: so she

Now here, now there, with frenzied step is hurried on,
Her face revealing every mark of stricken woe,
With flushing cheek and sighs deep drawn, wild cries
and tears,
And laughter worse than tears. In her a medley strange
Of doubts and fears is seen, and overtopping wrath,
Bewailings, bitter groans of anguish.—Whither tends
This overburdened soul? What mean her frenzied
threats?
When will the foaming wave of fury spend itself?
No common crime, I fear, no easy deed of ill
She meditates. Herself she will outvie. For well
I recognize the wonted marks of rage. Some deed
Is threatening, wild, profane and hideous. Behold,
Her face betrays her madness. O ye gods, may these
Our fears prove vain forebodings!

Our own imaginations and our fears keep pace with those of the devoted nurse, and we listen in fearful silence while Medea, communing with her tortured soul, reveals the depth of suffering and hate into which she has been plunged.

Medea. For thy hate, poor soul,
Dost thou a measure seek? Let it be deep as love.
And shall I tamely view the wedding torches' glare?
And shall this day go uneventful by, this day
So hardly won, so grudgingly bestowed? Nay, nay;
While, poised upon her heights, the central earth shall
bear
The heavens up; while seasons run their endless
round,
And sands unnumbered lie; while days and nights
and sun
And stars in due procession pass; while round the pole
The ocean-fearing bears revolve, and tumbling streams
Flow downward to the sea: my grief shall never cease
To seek revenge, and shall forever grow. What rage

Of savage beast can equal mine? What Scylla famed?
What sea-engulfing pool? What burning Ætna placed
On impious Titan's heaving breast? No torrent stream,
Nor storm-tossed sea, nor breath of flame fanned by the gale,
Can check or equal my wild storm of rage. My will
Is set on limitless revenge!

But this wild rage can lead nowhere. She struggles to calm her terrible passion to still more terrible reason and resolve.

Will Jason say
He feared the power of Creon and Acastus' wrath?—
True love is proof against the fear of man. But grant
He was compelled to yield, and pledged his hand in fear:
He might at least have sought his wife with one last word
Of comfort and farewell. But this, though brave in heart,
He feared to do. The cruel terms of banishment
Could Creon's son-in-law not soften? No. One day
Alone was given for last farewell to both my babes.
But time's short space I'll not bewail; though brief in hours,
In consequence it stretches out eternally.
This day shall see a deed that ne'er shall be forgot.—
But now I'll go and pray the gods, and move high heaven
But I shall work my will!

As Medea hastens from the scene, Jason himself enters; and now we hear from his own lips the fatal dilemma in which he finds himself. Regard for his marriage vows, love for his children, and fear of death at the hands of Creon—all are at variance and must be faced. It is the usual tragedy of fate.

Jason. O heartless fate, if frowns or smiles bedeck thy brow!
How often are thy cures far worse than the disease
They seek to cure! If, now, I wish to keep the troth
I plighted to my lawful bride, my life must pay
The forfeit; if I shrink from death, my guilty soul
Must perjured be. I fear no power that man can wield,
But in my heart paternal love unmans me quite;
For well I know that in my death my children's fate
Is sealed. O sacred Justice, if in heaven thou dwell'st,
Be witness now that for my children's sake I act.
Nay, sure am I that even she, Medea's self,
Though fierce she is of soul, and brooking no restraint,
Will see her children's good outweighing all her wrongs.
With this good argument my purpose now is fixed,
In humble wise to brave her wrath.
[*Re-enter Medea.*] But lo! at sight
Of me her fury flames anew! Hate, like a shield,
She bears, and in her face is pictured all her woe.

But Medea's passion has for the moment spent itself. She is now no sorceress, no mad woman breathing out dreadful threatenings; but only the forsaken wife, indignant, indeed, but pathetic in her appeals for sympathy and help from him for whose sake she had given up all her maiden glory, and broken every tie that held her to the past. Her quiet self-control is in marked contrast to her recent ravings.

Medea. Thou seest, Jason, that we flee. 'Tis no new thing
To suffer exile; but the cause of flight is strange;
For with thee I was wont to flee, not from thee. Yes,
I go; but whither dost thou send me whom thou driv'st
From out thy home? Shall I the Colchians seek again,
My royal father's realm whose soil is steeped in blood
My brother shed? What country dost thou bid me seek?
What way by sea is open? Shall I fare again

Where once I saved the noble kings of Greece and thee,
Thou wanton, through the threatening jaws of Pontus' strait,
The blue Symplegades? Or shall I hie me back
To fair Thessalia's realms? Lo, all the doors which I,
For thee, have opened wide, I've closed upon myself.
But whither dost thou send me now? Thou bidd'st me flee,
But show'st no way or means of flight.
[*In bitter sarcasm.*] But 'tis enough:
The king's own son-in-law commands, and I obey.
Come, heap thy torments on me; I deserve them all.
Let royal wrath oppress me, wanton that I am,
With cruel hand, and load my guilty limbs with chains;
And let me be immured in dungeons black as night:
Still will my punishment be less than my offense.—
O ingrate! Hast thou then forgot the brazen bull,
And his consuming breath? the fear that smote thee, when,
Upon the field of Mars, the earth-born brood stood forth
To meet thy single sword? 'Twas by my arts that they,
The monsters, fell by mutual blows. Remember, too,
The long-sought fleece of gold I won for thee, whose guard,
The dragon huge, was lulled to rest at my command;
My brother slain for thee. For thee old Pelias fell,
When, taken by my guile, his daughters slew their sire,
Whose life could not return. All this I did for thee.
In quest of thine advantage have I quite forgot
Mine own.
And now, by all thy fond paternal hopes,
By thine established house, by all the monsters slain
For thee, by these my hands which I have ever held
To work thy will, by all the perils past, by heaven,
And sea that witnessed at my wedlock—pity me!

Since thou art blessed, restore me what I lost for thee:
That countless treasure plundered from the swarthy tribes
Of India, which filled our goodly vaults with wealth,
And decked our very trees with gold. This costly store
I left for thee, my native land, my brother, sire,
My reputation—all; and with this dower I came.
If now to homeless exile thou dost send me forth,
Give back the countless treasures which I left for thee.

And now again we have a situation which only the quick, sharp flashes, the clash of words like steel on steel, can relieve. Here is no chance for long periods, nor flights of oratory; but sentences as short and sharp as swords, flashes of feeling, stinging epigrams.

Jason. Though Creon, in a vengeful mood, would have thy life,
I moved him by my tears to grant thee flight instead.
Medea. I thought my exile punishment; 'tis now, I see,
A gracious boon!
Jason. O flee, while still the respite holds.
Provoke him not, for deadly is the wrath of kings.
Medea. Not so. 'Tis for Creüsa's love thou sayest this;
Thou wouldst remove the hated wanton once thy wife.
Jason. Dost thou reproach me with a guilty love?
Medea. Yea, that,
And murder too, and treachery.
Jason. But name me now,
If so thou canst, the crimes that I have done.
Medea. Thy crimes—
Whatever I have done.
Jason. Why then, in truth, thy guilt
Must all be mine, if all thy crimes are mine.
Medea. They are,
They are all thine: for who by sin advantage gains
Commits the sin. All men proclaim thy wife defiled;

Do thou thyself protect her and condone her sins.
Let her be guiltless in thine eyes who for thy gain
Has sinned.

Jason. But gifts which sin has brought 'twere shame to take.

Medea. Why keep'st thou then the gifts which it were shame to take?

Jason. Nay, curb thy fiery soul! Thy children—for their sake
Be calm.

Medea. My children! Them I do refuse, reject,
Renounce! Shall then Creüsa brothers bear to these
My children?

Jason. But the queen can aid thy wretched sons.

Medea. May that day never dawn, that day of shame and woe,
When in one house are joined the low-born and the high,
The sons of that foul robber Sisyphus, and these
The sons of Phœbus.

Jason. Wretched one, and wilt thou, then
Involve me also in thy fall? Begone, I pray.

Medea. The king hath yielded to my prayer.

Jason. What wouldst thou then?

Medea. Of thee? I'd have thee dare the law.

Jason. The royal power
Doth compass me.

Medea. A greater than the king is here:
Medea. Set us front to front, and let us strive;
And of this royal strife let Jason be the prize.

Jason. Outwearied by my woes I yield. But be thou ware,
Medea, lest too often thou shouldst tempt thy fate.

Medea. Yet Fortune's mistress have I ever been.

Jason. But see
With hostile front Acastus comes, on vengeance bent,
While Creon threatens instant death.

Medea. Then flee them both.
I ask thee not to draw thy sword against the king,
Nor yet to stain thy pious hands with kindred blood.
Come, flee with me.

Jason. But what resistance can we make,
If war with double visage rear his horrid front,—
If Creon and Acastus join in common cause?
Medea. Add, too, the Colchian armies with my father's self
To lead them; join the Scythian and Pelasgian hordes.
In one deep grief of ruin will I whelm them all.
Jason. Yet on the scepter do I look with fear.
Medea. Beware,
Lest not the fear, but lust of power prevail with thee.
Jason. Too long we strive: have done, lest we suspicion breed.
Medea. Now Jove, throughout thy heavens let the thunders roll!
Thy mighty arm make bare! Thy darting flames
Of vengeance loose, and shake the lofty firmament
With rending storms! At random hurl thy vengeful bolts,
Selecting neither me nor Jason with thy aim,
That thus whoever falls may perish with the brand
Of guilt upon him. For thy hurtling darts can take
No erring flight.
Jason. Recall thee and in calmness speak
With words of peace and reason. Then if any gift
From Creon's royal house can compensate thy woes,
Take that as solace of thy flight.
Medea. My soul doth scorn
The wealth of kings. But let me have my little ones
As comrades of my flight, that in their childish breasts
Their mother's tears may flow. New sons await thy home.
Jason. My heart inclines to yield to thee, but love forbids.
For these my sons shall never from my arms be reft,
Though Creon's self demand. My very spring of life,
My sore heart's comfort and my joy are these my sons;
And sooner could I part with limbs or vital breath,
Or light of life.
Medea. [*Aside.*] Doth he thus love his sons? 'Tis well;
Then is he bound, and in his armored strength this flaw
Reveals the place to strike.

Here, apparently, is the first suggestion to Medea of the most terrible part of the revenge which she was to take upon Jason. The obvious revenge upon Creon and his daughter, as well as upon her husband, Medea had already foreshadowed in her opening words; but her deadly passion had not yet been aimed at her children. It is true that twice she had bitterly renounced them, once to the nurse, and again but now to Jason himself, since they were Jason's also, and were likely now to be brothers to the sons of her hated rival; nevertheless her mother-love still is strong. But now, by Jason's unfortunate emphasis upon the love he bears his sons, she sees a chance to obtain that measure of revenge which in her heart she has already resolved to find. And yet this thought is so terrible to her that, even though we see her shape her present course in reference to it, it is evident that she gives it no more than a subconscious existence.

But now she resolves to conceal her purposes of revenge and overcome Jason with guile, and thus addresses him:

> At least ere I depart
> Grant me this last request: let me once more embrace
> My sons. E'en that small boon will comfort my sad heart.
> And this my latest prayer to thee: if, in my grief,
> My tongue was over-bold, let not my words remain
> To rankle in thy heart. Remember happier things
> Of me, and let my bitter words be straight forgot.

Jason is completely deceived, as Creon had been, by Medea's seeming humility, as if, indeed, a passionate nature like hers, inflamed by wrongs like hers,

could be restrained and tamed by a few calm words of advice! He says:

> Not one shall linger in my soul; and curb, I pray,
> Thy too impetuous heart, and gently yield to fate.
> For resignation ever soothes the woful soul.
> [*Exit Jason.*

As Jason leaves her, calmly satisfied with this disposition of affairs, with no recognition of his wife's great sufferings, the thought of this adds fresh fuel to her passion.

> He's gone! And can it be? And shall he thus depart,
> Forgetting me and all my service? Must I drop,
> Like some discarded toy, out of his faithless heart?
> It shall not be. Up then, and summon all thy strength
> And all thy skill! And this, the fruit of former crime,
> Count nothing criminal that works thy will!
> But lo,
> We're hedged about; scant room is left for our designs.
> Now must the attack be made where least suspicion makes
> The least resistance. Now Medea, on! And do,
> And dare thine utmost, yea, beyond thy utmost power!
> [*To the Nurse.*] Do thou, my faithful nurse, the comrade
> of my grief,
> And all the devious wanderings of my checkered course,
> Assist me now in these my plans. There is a robe,
> The glory of our Colchian realm, the precious gift
> Of Phœbus' self to King Æëtes as a proof
> Of fatherhood; a gleaming circlet, too, all wrought
> With threads of gold, the yellow gold bespangled o'er
> With gems, a fitting crown to deck a princess' head.
> These treasures let Medea's children bear as gifts
> To Jason's bride. But first imbue them with the power
> Of magic, and invoke the aid of Hecate;
> The woe-producing sacrifices then prepare,
> And let the sacred flames through all our courts resound.

The chorus, which is supposed to be present throughout the play, an interested though inactive witness of all that passes, has already been seen to be a partisan of Jason, and hostile to Medea. It now sings a choral interlude opening on the text "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," and continuing with a prayer for Jason's safety. It then recounts the individual history of Jason's companions subsequent to the Argonautic expedition, showing how almost all came to an untimely end. These might indeed be said to have deserved their fate, for they volunteered to assist in that first impious voyage in quest of the golden fleece; but Jason should be spared the general doom, for the task had been imposed upon him by his usurping uncle, Pelias.

As the next scene opens, the old nurse voices the feeling that we all have upon the eve of some expected but unknown horror.

My spirit trembles, for I feel the near approach
Of some unseen disaster. Swiftly grows her grief,
Its own fires kindling; and again her passion's force
Hath leaped to life. I oft have seen her, with the fit
Of inspiration in her soul, confront the gods,
And force the very heavens to her will. But now,
A monstrous deed of greater moment far than these
Medea is preparing. For, but now, did she
With step of frenzy hurry off until she reached
Her stricken home. There, in her chamber, all her stores
Of magic wonders are revealed; once more she views
The things herself hath held in fear these many years,
Unloosing one by one her ministers of ill,
Occult, unspeakable, and wrapt in mystery.

We omit the remainder of the nurse's speech out of regard for Seneca's reputation as an artist, for in a

long passage of sixty lines he proceeds to scour heaven, earth, and the waters under the earth, for every form of venomous serpent, noxious herb, and dread, uncanny thing that the mind of man can conceive; and by the time he has his full array of horrors marshaled before us, we have grown so familiar with the gruesome things that we cease to shiver at them. But at last the ingredients for the hell-broth are ready.

> These deadly, potent herbs she takes and sprinkles o'er
> With serpent venom, mixing all; and in the broth
> She mingles unclean birds, a wailing screech-owl's heart,
> A ghastly vampire's vitals torn from living flesh.
> Her magic poisons all she ranges for her use:
> The ravening power of hidden fire is held in these,
> While deep in others lurks the numbing chill of frost.
> Now magic runes she adds, more potent far.
> But lo!
> Her voice resounds, and as with maddened step she comes
> She chants her charms, while heaven and earth convulsive rock.

Medea now enters, chanting her incantations. Madness has done fearful work with her in the last few hours. We see at a glance that she has indeed, as the nurse has told us, gone back to

> The things herself hath held in fear these many years,

and has been changed from a true wife and loving mother to a wild and murderous witch once more. She calls upon the gods of the underworld, the silent throng from the dark world of spirits, the tormented shades, all to come to her present aid. She recounts her miraculous powers over nature which she has used aforetime, and which are still in her grasp.

Thou radiant moon,
Night's glorious orb, my supplications hear and come
To aid; put on thy sternest guise, thou goddess dread
Of triple form! Full oft have I with flowing locks,
And feet unsandaled, wandered through thy darkling groves,
And by thy inspiration summoned forth the rain
From cloudless skies; the heaving seas have I subdued,
And sent the vanquished waves to ocean's lowest depths.
At my command the sun and stars together shine,
The heavenly law reversed; while in the Arctic Sea
The Bears have plunged. The seasons, too, obey my will:
I've made the burning summer blossom as the spring,
And hoary winter autumn's golden harvests bear.
The Phasis sends his swirling waves to seek their source;
And Ister, flowing to the sea with many mouths,
His eager water checks and sluggish rolls along.
The billows roar, the mad sea rages, though the winds
All silent lie. At my command primeval groves
Have lost their leafy shade, and Phœbus, wrapped in gloom,
Has stood in middle heaven; while falling Hyades
Attest my charms.

Here again Seneca's love for the curious runs counter to his art; for he represents Medea as possessed of a veritable museum of curious charms which she has in some occult way gathered from various mythological and traditionary sources, and which she now takes occasion to recount. And it is to this catalogue that we are compelled to listen, though we are waiting in breathless suspense to know what is to come of all this preparation!

After these and much more somewhat confused ravings, Medea at last says to her attendants:

Take now Creüsa's bridal robe, and steep in these
My potent drugs; and when she dons the clinging folds,
Let subtle flames go stealing through her inmost heart.

We are told that these magic flames are compounded of some of that fire which Prometheus stole from heaven; certain sulphurous fire which Vulcan had given her; a flame gained from the daring young Phaëthon, who had himself perished in flames because of his overweening folly; the fiery Chimera's breath, and some of "that fierce heat that parched the brazen bull of Colchis." The imagination flags before such an array of fires. The mystery of the burning robe and crown is no longer mysterious. Truly, he doth explain too much.

But now, in more hurried strain, we hasten on the dénouement.

Now, O Hecate,
Give added force to these my deadly gifts,
And strictly guard the hidden seeds of flame;
Let them escape detection of the eye,
But spring to instant life at human touch.
Let burning streams run through her veins;
In fervent heat consume her bones,
And let her blazing locks outshine
Her marriage torches! — Lo, my prayer
Is heard: thrice have replied the hounds,
The baying hounds of Hecate.
Now all is ready: hither call
My sons, and let them bear the gifts
As costly presents to the bride. [*Enter sons.*]
Go, go, my sons, of hapless mother
born,
And win with gifts and many prayers
The favor of the queen!
Begone, but quick your way retrace,
That I may fold you in a last embrace.
[*Exit sons toward the palace, Medea in the opposite direction.*]

The chorus, which but dimly comprehends Medea's plans, briefly voices its dread of her unbridled passion. It knows that she has one day only before her banishment from Corinth, and prays that this day may soon be over.

And now, as the chorus and the old nurse wait in trembling suspense for what is to follow, a messenger comes running breathless from the direction of the royal palace. All ears are strained to hear his words, for his face and manner betoken evil tidings. He gasps out his message:

Lo, all is lost! The kingdom totters from its base!
The daughter and the father lie in common dust!
Chorus. By what snare taken?
Messenger. By gifts, the common snare of kings.
Chorus. What harm could lurk in them?
Messenger. In equal doubt I stand;
And, though my eyes proclaim the dreadful deed is done,
I scarce can trust their witness.
Chorus. What the mode of death?
Messenger. Devouring flames consume the palace at the will
Of her who sent them; there complete destruction reigns,
While men do tremble for the very city's doom.
Chorus. Let water quench the fire.
Messenger. Nay, here is added wonder:
The copious streams of water *feed* the deadly flames;
And opposition only fans their fiery rage
To whiter heat. The very bulwarks feel their power.

Medea has entered meanwhile, and has heard enough to be assured that her magic has been suc-

cessful. The nurse, seeing her, and fearing for her mistress, exclaims:

> O haste thee, leave this land of Greece in headlong flight!

Medea. Thou bidst me speed my flight? Nay, rather, had I fled,
I should return for this. Strange bridal rites I see!

But now, forgetful of all around her, she becomes absorbed in her own meditations. And here follows a masterful description of the struggle of conflicting passions in a human soul. The contending forces are mother-love and the passionate hate of an outraged wife. And when the mother-love is at last vanquished, we may be sure that all the woman is dead in her, and she becomes what the closing scene of the play portrays—an incarnate fury.

Medea. Why dost thou falter, O my soul? 'Tis well begun;
But still how small a portion of thy just revenge
Is that which gives thee present joy? Not yet has love
Been banished from thy maddened heart if 'tis enough
That Jason widowed be. Pursue thy vengeful quest
To acts as yet unknown, and steel thyself for these.
Away with every thought and fear of God and man;
Too lightly falls the rod that pious hands upbear.
Give passion fullest sway; exhaust thy ancient powers;
And let the worst thou yet hast done be innocent
Beside thy present deeds. Come, let them know how slight
Were those thy crimes already done; mere training they
For greater deeds. For what could hands untrained in crime
Accomplish? Or what mattered maiden rage? But now,
I am Medea; in the bitter school of woe
My powers have ripened.

This mood culminates in an ecstasy of madness as she dwells upon her former successful deeds of blood.

O the bliss of memory!
My infant brother slain, his limbs asunder rent,
My royal father spoiled of his ancestral realm,
And Pelias' guiltless daughters lured to slay their sire!
But here I must not rest; no untrained hand I bring
To execute my deeds.
But now, by what approach,
Or by what weapon wilt thou threat the treacherous foe?
Deep hidden in my secret heart have I conceived
A purpose which I dare not utter. O I fear
That in my foolish madness I have gone too far.—
I would that children had been born to him of this
My hated rival. Still, since she hath gained his heart,
His children too are hers.—
That punishment would be most fitting and deserved.
Yes, now I see the final deed of crime, and thou,
My soul, must face it. You, who once were called my sons,
Must pay the penalty of these your father's crimes.—
My heart with horror melts, a numbing chill pervades
My limbs, and all my soul is filled with sinking fear.
Now wrath gives place, and, heedless of my husband's sins,
The tender mother-instinct quite possesses me.
And could I shed my helpless children's blood? Not so,
O say not so, my maddened heart! Far from my hand
And thought be that unnamable and hideous deed!
What sin have they that shedding of their wretched blood
Would wash away?
Their sin—that Jason is their sire,
And, deeper guilt, that I have borne them. Let them die;
They are not mine.—Nay, nay, they are my own, my sons,
And with no spot of guilt.—Full innocent they are,
'Tis true: my brother too was innocent. O soul,
Why dost thou hesitate? Why flow these streaming tears
While with contending thoughts my wavering heart is torn?
As when conflicting winds contend in stubborn strife,

And waves, to stormy waves opposed, the sea invade,
And to their lowest sands the briny waters boil:
With such a storm my heart is tossed. Hate conquers love,
And love puts impious hate to flight. O yield thee, grief,
To love! Then come, my sons, sole comfort of my heart,
Come cling within thy mother's close embrace. Unharmed
Your sire may keep you, while your mother holds you too.

But she remembers, even as she embraces her children, that this is her last embrace.

But flight and exile drive me forth! And even now
My children must be torn away with tears and cries.—
Then let them die to Jason since they're lost to me.
Once more has hate resumed her sway, and passion's fire
Is hot within my soul. Now fury, as of yore,
Reseeks her own. Lead on, I follow to the end!
I would that I had borne twice seven sons, the boast
Of Niobe! But all too barren have I been.
Still will my two sufficient be to satisfy
My brother and my sire.

She suddenly falls distraught, as one who sees a dreadful vision.

But whither hastes that throng
Of furies? What their quest? What mean their brandished fires?
Whom threats this hellish host with horrid, bloody brands?
I hear the writhing lash of serpents huge resound.
Whom seeks Magæra with her deadly torch?—Whose shade
Comes gibbering there with scattered limbs?—It is my brother!
Revenge he seeks; and we will grant his quest. Then come,
Within my heart plunge all your torches—rend me—burn!
For lo, my bosom open to your fury's stroke.
O brother, bid those vengeful goddesses depart
And go in peace down to the lowest shades of Hell.
And do thou leave me to myself, and let this hand
That slew thee with the sword now offer sacrifice
Unto thy shade.

Roused to the point of action by this vision, and still at the very pitch of frenzy, she plunges her dagger into the first of her sons. (The poet thus violates the canons of the classical drama in representing deeds of blood upon the stage.)

But now hoarse shouts and the quick tramping of many feet are heard; and well does Medea know their meaning.

What sudden uproar meets my ear?
'Tis Corinth's citizens on my destruction bent.
Unto the palace roof I'll mount, and there complete
This bloody sacrifice.
[*To her other son.*] Do thou come hence with me;
But thee, poor senseless corse, within mine arms I'll bear.
Now gird thyself, my heart, with strength. Nor must this deed
Lose all its just renown because in secret done;
But to the public eye my hand must be approved.

Medea disappears within, leading one son, terrified and reluctant, and bearing the body of her other child in her arms. Jason and a crowd of Corinthian citizens rush upon the stage. Stopping in front of his own palace, he shouts:

Ho, all ye loyal sons who mourn the death of kings!
Come, let us seize the worker of this hideous crime.
Now ply your arms and raze her palace to the ground.

At this moment, though as yet unseen by those below, Medea emerges upon the palace roof.

Medea. Now, now have I regained my regal power, my sire,
My brother! Once again the Colchians hold the spoil
Of precious gold, and by the magic of this hour
I am a maid once more! O heavenly powers appeased
At length! O festal hour! O nuptial day! On! on!
Accomplished is the guilt, but not the recompense.

Complete the task while yet thy hands are strong to act.
Why dost thou linger still? Why dost thou hesitate
Upon the threshold of the deed? Thou canst perform it.
Now wrath has died within me, and my soul is filled
With shame and deep remorse. Ah me, what have I done,
Wretch that I am? Wretch that thou art, well mayest thou mourn,
For thou hast done it!—At that thought delirious joy
O'ermasters me and fills my heart which fain would grieve.
And yet, methinks, the act was almost meaningless,
Since Jason saw it not; for naught has been performed
If to his grief be added not the woe of sight.

Jason [*discovering her.*] Lo, there she stands upon the lofty battlements!
Bring torches! Fire the house! That she may fall ensnared
By those devices she herself hath planned.

Medea [*derisively*]. Not so;
But rather build a lofty pyre for these thy sons;
Their funeral rites prepare. Already for thy bride
And father have I done the service due the dead;
For in their ruined palace have I buried them.
One son of thine has met his doom; and this shall die
Before his father's face.—

Jason. By all the gods, and by the perils of our flight,
And by our marriage bond which I have ne'er betrayed,
I pray thee spare the boy, for he is innocent.
If aught of sin there be, 'tis mine. Myself I give
To be the victim. Take my guilty soul for his.

Medea. 'Tis for thy prayers and tears I draw, not sheathe the sword.
Go now, and take thee maids for wives, thou faithless one;
Abandon and betray the mother of thy sons.

Jason. And yet, I pray thee, let one sacrifice atone.

Medea. If in the blood of one my passion could be quenched,
No vengeance had it sought. Though both my sons
I slay,
The number still is all too small to satisfy
My boundless grief.
Jason. Then finish what thou hast begun—
I ask no more—and grant at least that no delay
Prolong my helpless agony.
Medea. Now hasten not,
Relentless passion, but enjoy a slow revenge.
This day is in thy hands; its fertile hours employ.
Jason. O take my life, thou heartless one.
Medea. Thou bidst me pity—
Well—[*She slays the second child*]—'Tis done!
No more atonement, passion, can I offer thee.
Now hither lift thy tearful eyes, ungrateful one.
Dost recognize thy wife? 'Twas thus of old I fled.
The heavens themselves provide me with a safe retreat.
Twin serpents bow their heads submissive to the yoke.

For there suddenly appears in the air a chariot drawn by dragons.

Now, father, take thy sons; while I, upon my car,
With winged speed am borne aloft through realms
of air.
Jason [*calling after as she vanishes*].
Speed on through realms of air that mortals never see:
But heaven bear witness, whither thou art gone, no
gods can be.

3. ROMAN COMEDY

We have already said that the natural mimicry of the Italian peasantry no doubt for ages indulged itself in uncouth performances of a dramatic nature, which developed later into those mimes and farces, the fore-

runners of Roman comedy and the old Medley-Satura. We have also shown how powerfully Rome came under the influence of Greek literature and Greek art; and how the first actual invasion of Rome by Greek literature was made under Livius Andronicus, who, in 240 B. C., produced the first play before a Roman audience translated from the Greek into the Roman tongue. What the history of native comedy would have been, had it been allowed to develop entirely apart from Greek influence, we shall never know, since it did come powerfully under this influence, and retained permanently the form and character which it then acquired.

When Rome turned to Greece for comedy, there were three models from which to choose: the Old Athenian Comedy of Eupolis, Cratinus, and Aristophanes, full of criticism boldly aimed at public men and policies, breathing the most independent republican spirit; the Middle Comedy, which was still critical, directed, however, more at classes of men and schools of thought than at individuals; and New Comedy, the product of the political decadence of Greece, written during a period (340-260 B. C.) when the independence which had made the trenchant satire of the Old Comedy possible had gone out of Greece. These plays aimed at amusement and not at reform. Every vestige of politics was squeezed out of them, and they were merely society plays, supposed to reflect the amusing and entertaining incidents of the social life of Athens. The best known writers of New Comedy were Philemon, Apollodorus, and Menander, only fragments of whose works have come down to us.

Which of these models did the Romans follow?

There is some evidence in the fragments of the plays of Nævius, a younger contemporary of Andronicus, and who produced his first play in 235 B. C., that he wrote in the bold spirit of the Old Comedy, and criticized the party policies and leaders of his time. But he soon discovered that the stern Roman character was quite incapable of appreciating a joke, especially when its point was directed against that ineffably sacred thing, the Roman dignity. For presuming to voice his criticisms from the stage the poet was imprisoned and afterward banished from Rome.

Perhaps warned by the experience of Nævius, Roman comic poets turned to the perfectly colorless and safe society plays of the New Comedy for translation and imitation. They not only kept within the limitations of these plays as to spirit and plot, but even confined the scene itself and characters to some foreign city, generally Athens, and for the most part were careful to exclude everything Roman or suggestive of Rome from their plays.

Judging from the remaining fragments, there must have been many writers of comedy during this period of first impulse; but of all these, the works of only two are preserved to us. These are Titus Maccius Plautus, who died in 184 B. C., and Publius Terentius Afer, commonly known as Terence, who was born in 195 B. C., and died in 159 B. C. These two writers have much in common, but there are also many important points of difference. Plautus displays a rougher, more vigorous strength and a broader humor; and, within the necessary limitations of which we have spoken, he is more national in his spirit, more popular

in his appeal. Terence, on the other hand, no doubt because he was privileged to associate with the select and literary circle of which Scipio and Lælius were the center, was more polished and correct in style and diction. But while he thus gains in elegance as compared with Plautus, he loses the breezy vigor of the older poet.

As an illustration of the society play of the New Comedy, we are giving with some abridgment the *Phormio* of Terence, which we have taken the liberty of translating into somewhat free modern vernacular. This is perhaps the best of the six plays of Terence which we have, and was modeled by him after a Greek play of Apollodorus. It is named *Phormio* from the saucy parasite who takes the principal rôle. The other characters are two older men, brothers, Demipho and Chremes; two young men, sons of these, Antipho and Phædria; a smart slave, Geta; a villainous slave-driver, Dorio; Nausistrata, wife of Chremes, and Sophrona, an old nurse. The scene, which does not change throughout the play, is laid in Athens. As for the plot, it will develop itself as we read.

A shock-headed slave comes lounging in from the direction of the Forum and stops in front of Demipho's house. He carries in his hand a purse of money which, it appears, he has brought in payment of a debt:

Friend Geta paid me a call yesterday; I've been owing him a beggarly balance on a little account some time back, and he wanted me to pay it. So I've got it here. It seems that his young master has gone and got married; and this money, I'm thinking, is being scraped together as a present for the bride. Things have come to a pretty pass, to be sure, when the poor

must all the time be handing over to the rich. What my poor gossip has saved up out of his allowance, a penny at a time, almost starving himself to do it, this precious bride will gobble up at one fell swoop, little thinking how hard Geta had to work to get it. Pretty soon he will be struck for another present when a child is born; for another when its birthday comes around, and so on, and so on. The mother will get it all; the child will be only an excuse. But here comes Geta himself.

The private marriage of the young man Antipho, mentioned in this slave's soliloquy, is one of the important issues of the play. The real situation is revealed in the following conversation between the two slaves. After the payment of the money and an interchange of civilities, says the friend:

Davus. But what's the matter with you?

Geta. Me? Oh, you don't know in what a fix we are.

Da. How's that? *Ge.* Well, I'll tell you if you won't say anything about it. *Da.* O, come off, you dunce, you have just trusted money with me; are you afraid to lend me words? Besides, what good would it do me to give you away? *Ge.* Well, listen then. You know our old man's brother Chremes? *Da.* Well, I should say. *Ge.* And his son Phædria? *Da.* As well as I do you. *Ge.* Both the old men went away, Chremes to Lemnos, and his brother to Cilicia, and left me here to take care of their two sons. My guardian spirit must have had it in for me. At first I began to oppose the boys; but there —my faithfulness to the old men I paid for with my bones. Then I just gave it up and let them do as they pleased. At first, my young master Antipho was all right; but his cousin Phædria lost no time in getting into trouble. He fell in love with a little lute-player—desperately in love. She was a slave, and owned by a most villainous fellow. Phædria had no money to buy her freedom with—his father had looked out for that; so the poor boy could only feast his eyes upon her, tag her around and walk back and forth to school with her. Antipho and I had nothing else to do, so we watched Phædria.

Well, one day when we were all sitting in the barber-shop across the street from the little slave-girl's schoolhouse, a fellow came in crying like a baby. When we asked him what the trouble was, he said: "Poverty never seemed to me so dreadful before. Just now I saw a poor girl here in the neighborhood crying over her dead mother. And there wasn't a single soul around, not an acquaintance or a relative or any one at all to help at the funeral, except one little old woman, her nurse. I did feel sorry for the girl. She was a beauty, too." Well, he stirred us all up. Then Antipho speaks up and says: "Let's go and see her; you lead the way." So we went and saw her. She *was* a beauty. And she wasn't fixed up a bit either: her hair was all hanging loose, she was barefooted, unkempt, eyes red with weeping, dress travel-stained. So she must have been an all-round beauty, or she couldn't have seemed so then. Phædria says: "She'll do pretty well." But Antipho— *Da.* O yes, I know, he fell in love with her. *Ge.* But do you know how much? Wait and see how it came out. Next day he went straight to the nurse and begged her to let him see the girl; but the old woman wouldn't allow it. She said he wasn't acting on the square; that the girl was a well-born citizen of Athens, and that if he wanted to marry her he might do so in the legal way. If he had any other object it was no use. Our young man didn't know what to do. He wanted to marry her fast enough, but he was afraid of his absent father. *Da.* Why, wouldn't his father have forgiven him when he came back? *Ge.* What, he allow his son to marry a poor girl that nobody knew anything about? Not much! *Da.* Well, what came next? *Ge.* What next? There is a certain parasite named Phormio, a bold fellow—curse his impudence! *Da.* What did he do? *Ge.* He gave this precious piece of advice. Says he: "There is a law in Athens that orphan girls shall marry their next of kin, and the same law requires the next of kin to marry them. Now I'll say that you are related to this girl, and will bring suit against you to compel you to marry her. I'll pretend that I am her guardian. We'll go before the judges; who her father was, who her mother, how she is related to you—all this I'll make up on the spur of the moment. You won't attempt

any defense and of course I shall win the suit. I'll be in for a row when your father gets back, but what of that? You will be safely married to the girl by that time." *Da.* Well, that *was* a jolly bluff. *Ge.* So the youth was persuaded, the thing was done, they went to court, our side lost the suit, and Antipho married the girl. *Da.* What's that? *Ge.* Just what I say. *Da.* O Geta, what will become of you? *Ge.* I'll be blessed if I know. I'm sure of one thing, though: whatever happens, I'll bear it with equanimity. *Da.* That's the talk! You've got the spirit of a man! But what about the pedagogue, the little lute-player's young man? How is he getting on? *Ge.* Only so so. *Da.* He hasn't much to pay for her, I suppose? *Ge.* Not a red; only his hopes. *Da.* Has Antipho's father come back yet? *Ge.* No. *Da.* When do you expect him? *Ge.* I'm not sure, but I have just heard that a letter has been received from him down at the custom-house, and I'm going for it now. *Da.* Well, Geta, can I do anything more for you? *Ge.* No. Be good to yourself. Good-by.

We see from the foregoing conversation what the situation is at the opening of the play, and can guess at the problems to be solved by the development of the action: How shall Phædria obtain the money with which to buy his sweetheart? and how shall Antipho's father be reconciled to the marriage so that he may not annul it or disown both the young people upon his return?

The two cousins Antipho and Phædria now appear, each envying the seemingly happy lot of the other, and deploring his own. Antipho has already repented of his hasty action, and is panic-stricken when he thinks of the wrath of his father. While Phædria can think only of his friend's good fortune in being married to the girl of his heart. Geta's sudden appearance from the direction of the harbor strikes terror into Antipho,

and both the cousins retire to the back of the stage. The slave is evidently much disturbed, though the young men can catch only a word now and then.

Desirous, yet fearful of knowing the worst, Antipho now calls out to his slave, who turns and comes up to him.

Antipho. Come, give us your news, for goodness' sake, and be quick. *Ge.* All right, I will. *Ant.* Well, out with it, then. *Ge.* Just now at the harbor— *Ant.* What, my— *Ge.* That's right. *Ant.* I'm done for!

Phædria has not Antipho's fear-sharpened imagination to get Geta's news from these fragmentary statements, and asks the slave to tell him what it is all about.

Geta. I tell you that I have seen his father, your uncle. *Ant.* [*frantically*]. How shall I meet this sudden disaster? But if it has come to this, Phanium [*his wife*], that I am to be separated from you, then I don't want to live any longer. *Ge.* There, there, Antipho, in such a state of things you ought to be all the more on the watch. Fortune favors the brave, you know. *Ant.* [*with choking voice*]. I'm not myself to-day. *Ge.* But you must be, Antipho; for if your father sees that you are timid and meek about it, he'll think of course that you are in the wrong. *Ant.* But, I tell you, I can't do any different. *Ge.* What would you do if you had some harder job yet? *Ant.* Since I can't do this, I couldn't do that. *Ge.* Come, Phædria, there's no use fooling with this fellow; we're only wasting our time. Let's be off. *Phæd.* All right, come on. *Ant.* O say, hold on! What if I pretend to be bold. [*Strikes an attitude*]. Will that do? *Ge.* Stuff and nonsense. *Ant.* Well, how will this expression do? *Ge.* It won't do at all. *Ant.* How is this? *Ge.* That's more like it. *Ant.* Is this better? *Ge.* That's just right. Keep on looking that way. And remember to answer him word for word, tit for tat, and don't let the angry old man get the

better of you. *Ant.* I — I — w-won't. *Ge.* Tell him you were forced to it against your will — *Phæd.* By the law, by the court. *Ge.* Do you catch on? — But who is this old man I see coming up the street?

Antipho casts one look of terror down the street, cries: "It's father himself, I just can't stay," and takes to his heels.

Phæd. Now, Geta, what next? *Ge.* Well, you're in for a row; and I shall be hung up by the heels and flogged, unless I am much mistaken. But what we were advising Antipho to do just now, we must do ourselves. *Phæd.* O, come off with your "musts"! Tell me just what to do. *Ge.* Do you remember how you said when we were planning how to get out of blame for this business that "Phormio's suit was just dead easy, sure to win"? Well, that's the game we want to work now, — or a better one yet, if you can think of one. Now you go ahead and I'll wait here in ambush, in case you want any help.

They retire to the back of the stage as Demipho enters from the direction of the harbor. The old man is in a towering rage, for he has heard the news, which by this time is all over town. After listening awhile to his angry soliloquy, and interjecting sneering comments *sotto voce*, Geta and Phædria conclude that it is time to act. So Phædria advances to his uncle with an effusive welcome:

Phæd. My dear uncle, how do you do? *Demipho* [*crustily*]. How are you? But where is Antipho? *Phæd.* I'm so glad to see — *Dem.* Oh, no doubt; but answer my questions. *Phæd.* Oh, he's all right; he's here in the house. But, uncle, has anything gone wrong with you? *Dem.* Well, I should say so. *Phæd.* What do you mean? *Dem.* How can you ask, Phædria? This is a pretty marriage you have gotten up here in my absence. *Phæd.* Why, uncle, you aren't angry

with him for that, are you? *Dem.* Not angry with him, indeed? I can hardly wait to see him and let him know how through his own fault his indulgent father has become most stern and angry with him. *Phæd.* Now, uncle, if Antipho has been at fault in that he wasn't careful enough of his purse or reputation, I haven't a word to say to shield him from blame. But if some one with malicious intent has laid a trap for him and got the best of him, is that our fault, or that of the judges, who often decide against the rich through envy, and in favor of the poor out of pity? *Dem.* But how is any judge to know the justice of your case, when you don't say a word in self-defense, as I understand he didn't? *Phæd.* Well, in that he acted like a well-bred young man; when he came before the judges, he couldn't remember a word of his speech that he had prepared; he was so bashful.

Seeing that Phædria is getting along so well, Geta decides to come forward.

Ge. Hail, master! I'm very glad to see you home safe again. *Dem.* [*with angry irony*]. Hail! A fine guardian you are! A regular pillar of the family! So you are the fellow that I left in charge of my son when I went away?

Geta plays injured innocence, and wants to know what Demipho would have had him do. Being a slave, he could neither plead the young man's cause nor testify in his behalf.

Dem. O, yes; I admit all that. But even if the girl was never so much related, he needn't have married her. Why didn't you take the other legal alternative, give her a dowry, and let her find another husband? Had he no more sense than to marry her himself? *Ge.* O, he had sense enough; it was the dollars he lacked. *Dem.* Well, he might have borrowed the money. *Ge.* Borrowed it? That's easier said than done. *Dem.* He might have gotten it from a usurer on a pinch. *Ge.* Well, I do like that! As if any one would lend him money in your lifetime!

The old man, beaten to a standstill, can only fall back upon his obstinate determination, and vow that he won't have it.

Dem. No, no; it shall not be, it cannot be! I won't permit this marriage to continue for a single day longer. Now, I want to see that other fellow, or at least find out where he lives. *Ge.* Do you mean Phormio? *Dem.* I mean that woman's guardian. *Ge.* I'll go get him for you. *Dem.* Where is Antipho now? *Ge.* O, he 's out somewhere. *Dem.* Phædria, you go hunt him up and bring him to me. *Phæd.* Yes, sir; I'll go find him right away. *Ge.* [*leering at Phædria as the latter passes him*]. You mean you'll go to Pamphila [*Phædria's sweetheart*].

Demipho, left alone, announces that he will get some friends together to advise him in the business, and prepare him for his interview with Phormio. The act ends with the prospect pretty dark for Antipho, and with no plan of action formed in his behalf.

We are now introduced, at the opening of the second act, to the actor of the title rôle, the keen-witted, reckless parasite, Phormio. He is accompanied upon the stage by Geta, who is telling him the situation. Geta beseeches Phormio to come to their aid, since he is, after all, entirely responsible for the trouble. Phormio remains buried in thought awhile, and then announces that he has his plans formed, and is ready to meet the old man.

[*Enter Demipho and three friends from the other side of the stage. Demipho is talking to his friends.*]

Dem. Did you ever hear of any one suffering more outrageous treatment than I have? I beg you to help me. *Ge.* [*apart to Phormio*]. My, but he's mad! *Phor.* You just watch me now; I'll stir him up. [*Speaking in a loud enough tone to be*

overheard by Demipho]. By all the powers! Does Demipho say that Phanium isn't related to him? Does Demipho say so? *Ge.* Yes, he does.

Demipho is caught by this bait, as Phormio had intended, and says to his friends in an undertone:

I believe this is the very fellow I was seeking. Let's go a little nearer.

Phormio continues in a loud voice to berate Demipho for his neglect of the supposed relative, while Geta noisily takes his master's part. Demipho now interrupts this sham quarrel, and after snubbing Geta, he turns with mock politeness to Phormio.

Dem. Young man, I beg your pardon, but will you be kind enough to tell me who that friend of yours was that you are talking about, and how he said I was related to him? *Phor.* O, you ask as if you didn't know. *Dem.* As if I didn't know? *Phor.* Yes. *Dem.* And I say that I *don't* know. Now do you, who say that I do, refresh my memory. *Phor.* Didn't you know your own cousin? *Dem.* O, you make me tired. Tell me his name. *Phor.* The name? Why, certainly.

But now the name by which he had heard Phanium speak of her father has slipped from his mind, and he is forced to awkward silence. Demipho is quick to see his embarrassment:

Well, why don't you speak? *Phor.* [*aside*]. By George! I'm in a box! I have forgotten the name. *Dem.* What's that you say? *Phor.* [*aside in a whisper to Geta*]. Say, Geta, if you remember that name we heard the other day, tell it to me. [*Then determining to bluff it out, he turns to Demipho*]. No, I won't tell you the name. You are trying to pump me, as if you didn't know it already. *Dem.* [*angrily*]. I pump you? *Ge.* [*whispering*]. It's Stilpho. *Phor.* [*to Demipho*]. And yet what do I care? It's Stilpho. *Dem.* Who? *Phor.* [*shouting it at*

him]. Stilpho, I say. Did you know him? *Dem.* No, I didn't, And I never had a relative of that name. *Phor.* No? Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Now if he had left a matter of ten talents— *Dem.* Confound your impudence! *Phor.* You would be the first to come forward, with a very good memory, and trace your connection with him for generations back. *Dem.* Well, have it as you say. Then when I had come into court. I should have told just how she was related to me. Now you do the same. Come, how is she related to me? *Phor.* I have already explained that to those who had a right to ask—the judges. If my statement was false then, why didn't your son refute it? *Dem.* Don't mention my son to me! I can't possibly express my disgust at his folly. *Phor.* Then do you, who are so wise, go before the magistrates and ask them to reopen the case. [*This, according to the law of Athens, was impossible.*]

Demipho has twice been completely beaten in a war of words—once by Geta and now by Phormio. He chokes down his rage as best he can, and now makes a proposition to his enemy. He is still too angry to express himself very connectedly.

Dem. Although I have been outraged in this business, still, rather than have a quarrel with such as you, just as if she were related to me, since the law bids to give her a dowry, take her away from here, and make it *fui minæ*. *Phor.* Ho! ho! ho! Well, you *are* a cheerful idiot! *Dem.* What's the matter? Have I asked anything wrong? Or can't I get even what is my legal right? *Phor.* Well, really now, I should like to ask you, when you have once married a girl, does the law bid you then to give her some money and send her packing? On the contrary, it is for the very purpose that a citizen of Athens may not come to shame on account of her poverty, that her next of kin is bidden to take her to wife. And this purpose you are attempting to thwart. *Dem.* Yes, that's just it—"her next of kin." But where do I come in on that score? *Phor.* O pshaw! don't thresh over old straw. *Dem.* Sha'n't I? I vow I shall not stop until I have accomplished my ends.

After further badgering and bear-baiting on the part of Phormio, Demipho finally falls back upon his dogged determination as before, and gives his ultimatum:

> See here, Phormio, we have said enough. Unless you take immediate steps to get that woman away, I'll throw her out of the house. I have spoken, Phormio.

Phormio is not to be outdone in bluster, and adopting Demipho's formula, as well as his tone and gestures, he says:

> And if you touch that girl except as becomes a free-born citizen, I'll bring a cracking suit against you. I have spoken, Demipho.

So saying, he turns and swaggers off the stage, much to the secret delight of Geta, the impotent rage of Demipho, and the open-mouthed amazement of the three friends.

Demipho now appeals to his friends for advice as to how to proceed in this crisis; but they are so obsequious in their manner, and so contradictory in their advice, that Demipho is in greater perplexity than before, and decides to take no action at all until his brother Chremes comes home. He accordingly leaves the stage in the direction of the harbor, his three friends having already bowed themselves out.

This temporary disposition of Antipho's case is fittingly followed by the appearance of the young man himself in self-reproachful soliloquy that he should have run away and left his young wife in the lurch. Geta appears, and tells Antipho all that his passed in his absence, much to Antipho's gratitude and relief,

though he sorely dreads the return of his uncle, who, it seems, is to be the arbiter of his destiny.

Phædria and his troubles now claim the center of the stage. As Antipho and Geta stand talking, they hear a pitiful outcry, and looking up, they see a black-browed, evil-faced, typical stage villain, who we presently discover is Dorio, the slave-driver who owns Phædria's sweetheart. Things have evidently come to a crisis with that young man. He is following Dorio, and imploring him to wait three days until he can get money enough to buy his sweetheart. But Dorio says he has a customer who offers cash down. After much entreaty, however, he tells Phædria that if the money is forthcoming before to-morrow morning he will consider the bargain closed. So there Phædria's business is brought to a head, and the attention of us all must be at once turned to what has suddenly become the paramount issue. What is to be done? Phædria is too hysterical to be of any help in the matter, and Antipho tells the faithful and resourceful Geta that he must get the money somehow. Geta says that this is liable to be a pretty difficult matter, and doesn't want to undertake it, but is finally persuaded by Phædria's pitiful despair to try. He asks Phædria how much money he needs.

Phæd. Only six hundred dollars. *Ge.* Six hundred dollars! Whew! she's pretty dear, Phædria. *Phæd.* [*indignantly*]. It's no such thing! She's cheap at the price. *Ge.* Well, well! I'll get you the money somehow.

The third act gives a picture of the situation from the point of view of the two old men, Demipho and Chremes, for the latter has just returned from Lemnos,

and now comes upon the stage fresh from his travels, in company with his brother. We now discover for the first time what is probably the real reason for the opposition to Antipho's marriage to the orphan girl.

Dem. Well, Chremes, did you bring your daughter with you, for whose sake you went to Lemnos? *Chr.* No, I didn't. *Dem.* Why not? *Chr.* When her mother saw that I was delaying my coming too long, and that my negligence was harming our daughter, who had now reached a marriageable age, she simply packed up her whole household, and came here to hunt me up—so they told me over there. And then I heard from the skipper who brought them that they reached Athens all right. *Dem.* Have you heard what has happened to my son while I was gone? *Chr.* Yes, and it's knocked all my plans into a cocked hat. For if I make a match for my daughter with some outsider, I'll have to tell him categorically just how she comes to be mine, and who her mother is. I was secure in our proposed match between her and Antipho, for I knew that my secret was as safe in your hands as in my own; whereas if an outsider comes into the family, he will keep the secret as long as we are on good terms; but if we ever quarrel, he will know more than is good for me [*looking around cautiously, and speaking with bated breath*]; and I'm dreadfully afraid that my wife will find it out in some way. And if she does, the only thing left for me to do is to take myself off and leave home; for my soul is the only thing I can call my own in this house.

From this it develops that Chremes has had a wife and daughter in Lemnos, and now lives in wholesome fear of his too masterful Athenian spouse.

Geta now comes upon the stage in fine spirits, loud in his praises of the shrewdness of Phromio, with whom he has just concluded a scheme for getting the money. He is in search of Demipho, and is surprised to find Chremes on hand as well. Meanwhile, Antipho has come cautiously upon the stage in search of Geta, just

as the latter goes boldly up to the two old men. As yet unseen by any one, Antipho retires to the back of the stage, and overhears the following conversation:

Ge. O, how do you do, good Chremes! *Chr.* [*crustily*]. How are you? *Ge.* How are things with you? *Chr.* One finds many changes on coming back, as is natural enough — very many. *Ge.* That's so. Have you heard about Antipho? *Chr.* The whole story. *Ge.* [*to Demipho*]. O, you've been telling him? [*To Chremes*]. It's a shame, Chremes, to be taken in that way! *Dem.* I have been discussing the situation with him. *Ge.* I've been thinking it over, too, and I think I have found a way out of it. *Chr.* How's that, Geta? *Dem.* A way out of it? *Ge.* [*in a confidential tone*]. Just now when I left you, I chanced to meet Phormio. *Chr.* Who's Phormio? *Ge.* That girl's— *Chr.* O, I see. *Ge.* I thought I'd test the fellow, so I got him off alone, and said: "Now, Phormio, don't you see that it's better to settle this matter in a friendly way than to have a row about it? My master is a gentleman, and hates a fuss. If it wasn't for that he would have sent this girl packing, as all his friends advised him to do." *Ant.* [*aside*]. What in the world is this fellow getting at? *Ge.* "Do you say that the law will make him suffer for it if he casts her out? Oh, we've looked into that point. I tell you you'll sweat for it if you ever get into a lawsuit with that man. He's a regular corker. But suppose you do win out; it's not a matter of life and death, but only of damages. Now here, just between ourselves, how much will you take, cash down, to take this girl away and make us no more trouble." *Ant.* [*aside*]. Good heavens, is the fellow crazy? *Ge.* "For I know that if you make any sort of an offer, my master is a good fellow, and will take you up in a minute." *Dem.* Who told you to say that? *Chr.* There, there, we couldn't have gained our point better. *Ant.* [*aside*]. I'm done for! *Dem.* Well, go on with your story. *Ge.* At first the fellow was wild. *Chr.* Come, come, tell us how much he wants. *Ge.* How much? Altogether *too* much. Said he: "Well, a matter of twelve hundred dollars would be about right." *Dem.* Confound his impudence! Has he no shame? *Ge.* That's just what I said.

Said I: "What if he were marrying off an only daughter? Small gain it's been to him not to have raised a girl. One has been found to call for a dowry just the same." Well, to make a long story short, he finally said: "I've wanted from the first to marry the daughter of my old friend, as was right that I should; but, to tell you the honest truth, I've got to find a wife who will bring me in a little something, enough to pay my debts with. And even now, if Demipho is willing to pay me as much as I am getting from the other girl to whom I am engaged, I'd just as soon turn around and marry this girl of yours." *Dem.* What if he is over his head in debt? *Ge.* Says he: "I have a little farm mortgaged for two hundred dollars." *Dem.* Well, well! Let him marry her; I'll give him that much. *Ge.* "And then there's a bit of a house mortgaged for two hundred more." *Dem.* Ow! that's too much. *Chr.* No, that's all right. Let him have that two hundred from me. *Ge.* "Then I must buy a little maid for my wife," says he, "and I've got to have a little more furniture, and then there's all the wedding expenses. Put all that down at an even two hundred more." *Dem.* [*in a rage*]. Then let him bring as many suits as he wants to. I won't give a cent. What, is the dirty fellow making game of me? *Chr.* O, do please keep still! I only ask that you have your son marry that girl that we know of. This girl is being sent off for my sake; so it's only right that I should pay for it. *Ge.* Phormio says to let him know as soon as possible if you are going to give Phanium to him, in order that he may break his engagement with the other girl; for her people have promised the same dowry. *Chr.* Well, we will give it to him, so let him break his other engagement and marry the girl. *Dem.* And a plague on him into the bargain! *Chr.* [*to Demipho*]. Very fortunately, I have brought some money with me—the rent I have collected from my wife's Lemnian estate. I'll take it out of that, and tell her that you needed it.

The two old men go into Chremes' house; and now Geta finds himself confronted by the indignant Antipho, who has hardly been able to contain himself during this (to him) inexplicable dialogue, in which his wife

was being coolly bargained away It is only with the greatest difficulty that Geta can make the angry bridegroom appreciate the ruse by which the money has been obtained for Phædria's use. In the end Antipho goes off to tell the news to Phædria. Demipho and Chremes now come out, the former with a bag of money in his hand. He wants it understood that no one can cheat him; he is going to be very business-like and have ample witness to the transactions. Chremes' only desire is that the business may be settled as soon as possible. Demipho now tells Geta to lead the way to Phormio, and they start toward the Forum. Chremes' troubles are only in part allayed. His Lemnian daughter's marriage with Antipho seems now safely provided for, but where *is* his Lemnian daughter and her mother? That they are here in Athens fills him with terror. He paces back and forth in deep thought, muttering:

Where *can* I find those women now, I wonder?

And just at this moment out from Demipho's house comes old Sophrona, Phanium's nurse, who also seems to be in great distress:

O, what *shall* I do? Where shall I find a friend in my distress, or to whom shall I go for advice? Where get help? For I'm afraid that my young mistress is going to get into trouble from this marriage that I persuaded her into. I hear that the young man's father is very much put out about it. *Chr.* [*aside*]. Who in the world is this old woman coming out of my brother's house? *So.* But want made me advise her as I did, though I knew that the marriage was a bit shaky, in order that for awhile at least we might be sure of our living. *Chr.* [*aside in great excitement*]. By Jove! unless I'm much mistaken, or my eyes don't see straight, that's my daughter's nurse! *So.* And I can't

get any trace of the man who is her father. *Chr.* [*aside*]. Shall I go up to her, or shall I wait until I understand better what she's talking about? *So.* But if I could only find him now, I'd have nothing to fear. *Chr.* [*aside*]. It *is* Sophrona; I'll speak to her. [*Calling softly*]. Sophrona! *So.* Who is this I hear calling my name? *Chr.* Look here, Sophrona. *So.* [*finally looking the right way*]. My goodness gracious! Is this Stilpho? *Chr.* No. *So.* No? *Chr.* [*drawing her cautiously away from the vicinity of his house*]. Say, Sophrona, come away a little from that door, will you? And don't you ever call me by that name again. *So.* O, my goodness, aren't you the man you always said you were? *Chr.* Sh! *So.* What makes you so afraid of that door? *Chr.* I've got a savage wife shut up there. I gave you the wrong name on purpose, that you might not thoughtlessly blurt it out in public sometime, and so let my wife here get wind of it. *So.* And so that's the reason why we poor women could never find you here. *Chr.* Tell me now what business you have with this household from which you have just come out. Where are those women? *So.* [*with a burst of tears*]. O dear me! *Chr.* How? What's that? Aren't they alive? *So.* Your daughter is. But the mother, sick at heart over this business, is dead. *Chr.* That's too bad! *So.* And then, considering that I was just a lonely old woman, in a strange city without a cent of money, I think I did pretty well for the girl, for I married her off to the young man the heir of this family here. *Chr.* What, Antipho? *So.* Why, yes! *Chr.* You don't mean to say he's got two wives? *So.* O gracious, no! This is the only one. *Chr.* But what about that other girl who is said to be related to him? *So.* Why, this is the one. *Chr.* [*beside himself with joy and wonder*]. You don't mean it! *So.* That was a cooked up scheme that her lover might marry her without a dowry. *Chr.* Thank heaven for that! How often things come about by mere chance that you wouldn't dare hope for! Here I find my daughter happily married to the very man I had picked out for her! What my brother and I were taking the greatest pains to bring about, here this old woman, without any help from us, all by herself, has done. *So.* But now, sir, we've got to bestir ourselves. The young man's father is back,

and they say he's in a terrible stew about it. *Chr.* O, there's no danger on that score. But, for heaven's sake, don't let any one find out that she's my daughter. *So.* Well, no one shall find it out from me. *Chr.* Now you follow me, we'll talk about the rest inside. [*They go into Demipho's house.*]

Demipho and Geta appear in a brief scene, in which the former grumblingly comments upon the bargain which they have just made with Phormio. He disappears into his brother's house. Geta, left alone, soliloquizes upon the situation and sums it up so far as it is known to him. As he disappears into Demipho's house, the latter is seen coming out of his brother's house with his brother's wife, Nausistrata, whom in fulfilment of his promise he is taking in to see Phanium in order to reconcile the bride to the new arrangements that have been made for her.

And just at this moment Chremes comes rushing out of his brother's house; he calls to Demipho, not seeing in his excitement that Nausistrata is also on the stage.

Chr. Say, Demipho! Have you paid the money yet? *Dem.* Yes, I've tended to that. *Chr.* Well, I wish you hadn't. [*Aside as he sees his wife*]. Gracious! There's my wife! I almost said too much. *Dem.* Why do you wish it, Chremes? *Chr.* O, that's all right. *Dem.* What do you mean? Have you talked with the girl on whose account I'm taking Nausistrata in? *Chr.* Yes, I've had a talk with her. *Dem.* Well, what does she say? *Chr.* She can't be disturbed. *Dem.* Why can't she? *Chr.* O, because—they're so fond of each other. *Dem.* What difference does that make to us? *Chr.* A great deal. And besides, I've found that she's related to us, after all. *Dem.* What's that? You're off your base. *Chr.* No, I'm not. I know what I'm talking about. I remember all about it now. *Dem.* Surely, you *are* crazy. *Naus.* I beg you won't do any harm to

a relative. *Dem.* She's no relative. *Chr.* Don't say that. She gave the wrong name for her father. That's where you make your mistake. *Dem.* Nonsense! Didn't she know her own father? *Chr.* Yes, she knew him. *Dem.* Well, then, why didn't she tell his right name? *Chr.* [*apart to Demipho, in low, desperate tones*]. Won't you ever let up? Won't you understand? *Dem.* How can I, if you tell me nothing? *Chr.* O, you'll be the death of me. *Naus.* I wonder what it's all about. *Dem.* I'll be blest if I know. *Chr.* Do you want to know? I swear to you there's no one nearer to her than you and I. *Dem.* Good gracious! Let's go to her, then. Let's all together get to the bottom of this business. [*He starts toward his house with Nausistrata*]. *Chr.* I say, Demipho! *Dem.* Well, what now? *Chr.* [*angrily*]. Have you so little confidence in me as that? *Dem.* Do you want me to take your word for it? Do you want me to seek no further in the matter? All right, so be it. But what about the daughter of our friend? What's to become of her? *Chr.* She'll be all right. *Dem.* Are we to drop her, then? *Chr.* Why not? *Dem.* And is Phanium to remain? *Chr.* Just so. *Dem.* Well, Nausistrata, I guess we will excuse you. [*Exit Nausistrata into her own house*]. Now, Chremes, what in the world is all this about? *Chr.* Is that door tight shut? *Dem.* Yes. *Chr.* [*leading his brother well out of earshot of the house*]. O Jupiter! The gods are on our side. My daughter I have found—married—to your son! *Dem.* What? How can that be? *Chr.* It isn't safe to talk about it here. *Dem.* Well, go inside then. *Chr.* But see here, I don't want even our sons to find this out. [*They go into Demipho's house.*]

Antipho has seen Phædria's business happily settled, and now comes in, feeling very gloomy about his own affairs. His deep dejection serves as a happy contrast to the fortunate turn of his affairs which we have just witnessed. In his unsettled state he starts off to find the faithful Geta, when Phormio comes on the stage, in high spirits over his success in cheating the old men out of their money in behalf of Phædria.

It is his own rôle now, he says, to keep well in the background. Now the door of Demipho's house opens and out rushes Geta, shouting and gesticulating:

O luck! O great good luck! How suddenly have you heaped your choicest gifts on my master Antipho this day! *Ant.* [*apart*]. What can he mean? *Ge.* And freed us all from fear! But what am I stopping here for? I'll throw my cloak over my shoulder and hurry up and find the man, that he may know how things have turned out. *Ant.* [*aside*]. Do you know what this fellow is talking about? *Pho.* No, do you? *Ant.* No. *Pho.* No more do I. *Ge.* I'll run over to Dorio's house. They are there now. *Ant.* [*calling*]. Hello, Geta! *Ge.* [*without looking back*]. Hello yourself! That's an old trick, to call a fellow back when he's started to run. *Ant.* I say, Geta! *Ge.* Keep it up; you won't catch me with your mean trick. *Ant.* Won't you stop? *Ge.* You go hang. *Ant.* That's what will happen to you, you rogue, unless you hold on. *Ge.* This fellow must be one of the family by the way he threatens. But isn't it the man I'm after—the very man? Come here right off. *Ant.* What is it? *Ge.* O, of all men alive you are the luckiest! There's no doubt about it, Antipho, you are the pet child of heaven. *Ant* I wish I were. But please tell me how I am to believe it. *Ge.* Isn't it enough if I say that you are fairly dripping with joy? *Ant.* You're just killing me. *Pho.* [*coming forward*]. Why don't you quit your big talk, Geta, and tell us your news. *Ge.* O, you were there, were you, Phormio? *Pho.* Yes, I was; but hurry up. *Ge.* Well, then, listen. Just now, after we gave you the money in the Forum, we went straight home; and then my master sent me in to your wife. *Ant.* What for? *Ge.* Never mind that now, Antipho; it has nothing to do with this story. When I am about to enter the woman's apartments, the slave-boy Mida runs up to me, plucks me by the coat and pulls me back. I look around, and ask him what he does that for; he says, it's against orders for any one to go to the young mistress. "Sophrona has just taken the old man's brother Chremes in there," he says, "and he's in there with 'em now." As soon as I heard that, I tiptoed toward the door of the room—got there,

stood still, held my breath and put my ear to the key-hole. So I listened as hard as I could to catch what they said. *Ant.* Good for you, Geta! *Ge.* And then I heard the finest piece of news. I declare I almost shouted for joy! *Ant.* What for? *Ge.* What do you think? *Ant.* I haven't the slightest idea. *Ge.* But, I tell you, it was the grandest thing! Your uncle turns out to be—the father of—Phanium—your wife! *Ant.* What? How can that be? *Ge.* He lived with her mother secretly in Lemnos. *Pho.* Nonsense! Wouldn't the girl have known her own father? *Ge.* Be sure there's some explanation of it, Phormio. You don't suppose that I could hear everything that passed between them, from outside the door? *Ant.* Now I think of it, I too have had some hint of that story. *Ge.* Now I'll give you still further proof: pretty soon your uncle comes out of the room and leaves the house, and before long he comes back with your father, and they both go in. And now they both say that you may keep her. In short, I was sent to hunt you up and bring you to them. *Ant.* [*all excitement*]. Well, why don't you do it then? What are you waiting for? *Ge.* Come along. *Ant.* O my dear Phormio, good-by! *Pho.* Good-by, my boy. I declare, I'm mighty glad it's turned out well for you.

Antipho and Geta hurry away to Demipho's house, while Phormio retires up a convenient alley to await future developments.

The only problem now remaining on Phormio's side is how to keep the money that has been given him by the old men, so that Phædria may not be again embarrassed; on the side of the old men the problem is to get back their money. How the poet treats us to the liveliest scene of all after the more important matters have been settled, is now to be seen. Demipho and Chremes come upon the stage, congratulating each other upon the happy turn which their affairs have taken.

Dem. I ought to thank the gods, as indeed I do, that these matters have turned out so well for us, brother. *Chr.* Isn't she

a fine girl, just as I told you? *Dem.* Yes, indeed. But now we must find Phormio as soon as possible, so as to get our six hundred dollars back again before he makes away with it.

Phormio now walks across the stage in a lordly way without seeming to see the old men, and goes straight to Demipho's door, upon which he raps loudly and calls to the attendant within:

If Demipho is at home, I want to see him, that— *Dem* [*stepping up from without*]. Why, we were just coming to see you, Phormio. *Pho.* On the same business, perhaps? *Dem.* Very likely. *Pho.* I supposed so. But why were you coming to me? It's absurd. Were you afraid that I wouldn't do what I had promised? No fear of that. For, however poor I may be, I have always been particularly careful to keep my word. And so I have come to tell you, Demipho, that I am ready; whenever you wish, give me my wife. For I put all my own private considerations aside, as was quite right, when I saw that you wanted this so much. *Dem.* [*who does not know quite what to say*]. But my brother here has asked me not to give her to you. "For," says he, "what a scandal there will be if you do that! At the time when she could have been given to you honorably it was not done; and now it would be a disgrace to cast her off." Almost the same arguments that you yourself urged upon me not long ago. *Pho.* Well, you *have* got gall! *Dem.* What do you mean? *Pho.* Can't you see? I can't even marry that other girl now; for with what face could I go back to her after I had once thrown her over? *Chr.* [*prompting Demipho, sotto voce*]· "Then I find that Antipho is unwilling to to let his wife go"— tell him that. *Dem.* And then I find that my son objects to letting his wife go. But come right over to the Forum, if you please, Phormio, and sign this money back to me again. *Pho.* How can I, when I have already used it to pay my debts with? *Dem.* Well, what then? *Pho.* [*pompously*]. If you are willing to give me the girl you promised for my wife, I'll marry her: but if you want her to stay with you, why, the dowry stays with me, Demipho. For it isn't right that I should lose this on your account, when it was for the sake of your honor that I broke

with the other girl who was offering the same dowry. *Dem.* Go be hanged, with your big talk, you jail-bird! Do you suppose that I don't see through you and your tricks? *Pho.* Look out, I'm getting hot. *Dem.* Do you mean to say you would marry this girl if we gave her to you? *Pho.* Just try me and see. *Dem.* [*with a sneer*]. O yes, your scheme is to have my son live with her at your house. *Pho.* [*indignantly*]. What do you mean? *Dem.* Come, give me that money. *Pho.* Come, give me my wife. *Dem.* [*laying hands on him*]. You come along to court with me. *Pho.* You'd better look out! If you don't stop— *Dem.* What will you do? *Pho.* I? [*Turning to Chremes.*] Perhaps you think that I take only poor girls under my protection. I'll have you know I sometimes stand as patron to girls with dowries too. *Chr.* [*with a guilty start*]. What's that to us? *Pho.* O nothing. I knew a woman here once whose husband had— *Chr.* O! *Dem.* What's that? *Pho.* Another wife in Lemnos— *Chr.* I'm a dead man. *Pho.* By whom he had a daughter; and he's bringing her up on the quiet. *Chr.* I'm buried. *Pho.* And these very things I'll tell his real wife. *Chr.* Good gracious, don't do that! *Pho.* Oho! You were the man, were you, Chremes? *Dem.* [*in a rage*]. How the villain gammons us! *Chr.* You may go. *Pho.* The deuce you say! *Chr.* Why, what do you mean? We are willing that you should keep the money. *Pho.* Yes, I see. But what, a plague! do *you* mean? Do you think you can guy me by changing your minds like a pair of silly boys? "I won't, I will—I will, I won't, again—take it, give it back—what's said is unsaid—what's been agreed on is no go"—that's your style. [*He turns to go away*]. *Chr.* [*apart*]. How in the world did he find that out? *Dem.* I don't know, but I'm sure I never told any one. *Chr.* Lord! it seems like a judgment on me! *Pho.* [*gleefully, aside*]. I've put a spoke in their wheel! *Dem.* [*aside*]. See here, Chremes, shall we let this rascal cheat us out of our money and laugh in our faces besides? I'd rather die first. Now make up your mind to be manly and resolute. You see that your secret is out, and that you can't keep it from your wife any longer. Now what she is bound to learn from others it will be much better for her to hear from your own lips. And then we will

have the whip hand of this dirty fellow. *Pho.* [*overhearing these words, aside*]. Tut! tut! Unless I look out, I'll be in a hole. They're coming at me hard. *Chr.* But I am afraid that she will never forgive me. *Dem.* O, cheer up, man. I'll make you solid with her again, more especially since the mother of this girl is dead and gone. *Pho.* Is *that* your game? I tell you, Demipho, it's not a bit to your brother's advantage that you are stirring me up. [*To Chremes*]. Look here, you! When you have followed your own devices abroad, and haven't thought enough of your own wife to keep you from sinning most outrageously against her, do you expect to come home and make it all up with a few tears? I tell you, I'll make her so hot against you that you can't put out her wrath, not if you dissolve in tears. *Dem.* Confound the fellow! Was ever a man treated so outrageously? *Chr.* [*all in a tremble*]. I'm so rattled that I don't know what to do with the fellow. *Dem.* [*grasping Phormio's collar*]. Well *I* do. We'll go straight to court. *Pho.* To court, is it? [*Dragging off toward Chremes' house*]. This way, if you please. *Dem.* [*hurrying toward his own house*]. Chremes, you catch him and hold him, while I call my slaves out. *Chr.* [*holding off*]. I can't do it alone; you come here and help.

Demipho comes back and lays hold of Phormio, and all engage in a violent struggle mingled with angry words and blows. Phormio is getting the worst of it, when he says:

Now I'll have to use my voice. Nausistrata! Come out here! *Chr.* Stop his mouth. *Dem.* [*trying to do so, without success*]. See how strong the rascal is. *Pho.* I say, Nausistrata! *Chr.* Won't you keep still? *Pho.* Not much.

Nausistrata now appears at the door of her house; Phormio, seeing her, says, panting but gleeful:

Here's where my revenge comes in. *Naus.* Who's calling me? [*Seeing the disordered and excited condition of the men.*] Why, what's all this row about, husband? Who is this man?

[*Chremes remains tongue-tied.*] Won't you answer me? *Pho.* How can he answer you, when, by George, he doesn't know where he is? *Chr.* [*trembling with fear*]. Don't you believe a word he says. *Pho.* Go, touch him; if he isn't frozen stiff, you may strike me dead. *Chr.* It isn't so. *Naus.* What is this man talking about, then? *Pho.* You shall hear; just listen. *Chr.* You aren't going to believe him? *Naus.* Good gracious, how can I believe one who hasn't said anything yet? *Pho.* The poor fellow is crazy with fear. *Naus.* Surely it's not for nothing that you are so afraid. *Chr.* [*with chattering teeth*]. Wh-wh-who's afraid? *Pho.* Well then, since you're not afraid, and what I say is nothing, you tell the story yourself. *Dem.* Scoundrel! Shall he speak at your bidding? *Pho.* [*contemptuously*]. O you! you've done a fine thing for your brother. *Naus.* Husband, won't you speak to me? *Chr.* Well— *Naus.* Well? *Chr.* There's no need of my talking. *Pho.* You're right; but there's need of her knowing. In Lemnos— *Chr.* O don't! *Pho.* unbeknown to you— *Chr.* O me! *Pho.* he took another wife. *Naus.* [*screaming*]. My husband! Heaven forbid. *Pho.* But it's so, just the same. *Naus.* O wretched me! *Pho.* And by her he had a daughter—also unbeknown to you. *Naus.* By all the gods, a shameful and evil deed! *Pho.* But it's so, just the same. *Naus.* It's the most outrageous thing I ever heard of. [*Turning her back on Chremes*]. Demipho, I appeal to you; for I am too disgusted to speak to him again. Was *this* the meaning of those frequent journeys and long stays at Lemnos? Was *this* why my rents ran down so? *Dem.* Nausistrata, I don't deny that he has been very much to blame in this matter; but is that any reason why you should not forgive him? *Pho.* He's talking for the dead. *Dem.* For it wasn't through any scorn or dislike of you that he did it. And besides, the other woman is dead who was the cause of all this trouble. So I beg you to bear this with equanimity as you do other things. *Naus.* Why should I bear it with equanimity? I wish this were the end of the wretched business; but why should I hope it will be? Am I to think that he will be better now he's old? But he was old before, if that makes any difference. Or am I any more beautiful and attractive now

than I was, Demipho? What assurance can you give me that this won't happen again?

Phormio now comes to the front of the stage and announces in a loud official voice to the audience:

All who want to view the remains of Chremes, now come forward! The time has come.—That's the way I do them up. Come along now, if any one else wants to stir up Phormio. I'll fix him just like this poor wretch here.—But there! he may come back to favor now. I've had revenge enough. She has something to nag him with as long as he lives. *Naus.* But I suppose I have deserved it. Why should I recount to you, Demipho, all that I have been to this man? *Dem.* I know it all, Nausistrata, as well as you. *Naus.* Well, have I deserved this treatment? *Dem.* By no means! but, since what's been done can't be undone by blaming him, pardon him. He confesses his sin, he prays for pardon, he promises never to do so again: what more do you want? *Pho.* [*aside*]. Hold on here; before she pardons him, I must look out for myself and Phædria. Say, Nausistrata, wait a minute before you answer him. *Naus.* Well? *Pho.* I tricked Chremes out of six hundred dollars; I gave the money to your son, and he has used it to buy his wife with. *Chr.* [*angrily*]. How? What do you say? *Naus.* [*to Chremes*]. How now? Does it seem to you a shameful thing for your son, a young man, to have one wife, when you, an old man, have had two? Shame on you! With what face will you rebuke him? Answer me that? [*Chremes slinks back without a word.*] *Dem.* He will do as you say. *Naus.* Well, then, here is my decision: I'll neither pardon him, nor promise anything, nor give you any answer at all, until I have seen my son. And I shall do entirely as he says. *Pho.* You are a wise woman, Nausistrata. *Naus.* [*to Chremes*]. Does that suit you? *Chr.* Does it? Indeed and truly I'm getting off well—[*aside*] and better than I expected. *Naus.* [*to Phormio*]. Come, tell me your name. What is it? *Pho.* Mine? It's Phormio; I'm a great friend to your family, and especially to Phædria. *Naus.* Phormio, I vow to you I am at your service after this, to do and to say, so far as I can, just

what you want. *Pho.* I thank you kindly, lady. *Naus.* No, upon my word, you've earned it. *Pho.* Do you want to begin right off, Nausistrata, and do something that will both make me happy and bring tears to your husband's eyes? *Naus.* That I do. *Pho.* Well, then, invite me to dinner. *Naus.* With all my heart, I do. *Dem.* Come then, let's go inside. *Chr.* Agreed; but where is Phædria, my judge? *Pho.* I'll soon have him here.

And so ends this merry play, as the whole party moves toward Chremes' house, where, let us hope, all family differences were forgotten in the good dinner awaiting them.

Meanwhile the man before the curtain reminds us that we still have a duty to perform:

Fare you well, my friends, and give us your applause.

SUMMARY AND QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

The Roman Drama, as illustrated by the works of the early tragedians, from 240 to the first century B. C.: Andronicus Nævius, Ennius, Pacuvius, Accius. The later tragedians to the close of the first century A. D.: Pollio, Varius, Ovid, Maternus, Secundus, Lucan, and Seneca. The writers of comedy, second century B. C.: Plautus and Terence.

1. How did the civilization of Rome in 454 B. C. compare with that of Greece? 2. How did Rome's conquest of the Greek colonies in Italy help the development of Italian literature? 3. How did the First Punic War affect this development? 4. Who was the "first professor of Latin on record"? 5. From what sources were the subjects of the old Roman tragedies taken? 6. How did the Roman spirit differ from that of the Greek? 7. Why did the Romans fail to develop a truly national tragedy? 8. What four names besides that of Andronicus are representative of the old Roman tragedy? 9. What qualities of Accius do we find in the fragments of his writings which remain? 10. What is true of the writers of

tragedy after Accius? 11. Why have the tragedies of Seneca special interest? 12. What are their defects? 13. What their strong qualities? 14. Why did the plays of Seneca have such an influence in England? 15. What is the outline of the story of Medea? 16. How does it illustrate Seneca's defects of style? 17. Quote passages which illustrate his skill in epigram. 18. In graphic description. 19. In pathos and passion. 20. In subtile analysis of character and motive. 21. Describe the three great types of Greek comedy. 22. What result followed the attempts of Nævius to write in the spirit of Old Comedy? 23. What two writers alone of comedy are known to us from their works? 24. What are the chief characteristics of *Phormio* of Terence?

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PART II

SATIRE

Satire has always shone among the rest,
And is the boldest way, if not the best,
To tell men freely of their foulest faults,
To laugh at their vain deeds and vainer thoughts.

I. INTRODUCTION AND EARLY SATIRE

What prophecy was to the ancient Hebrews, the drama to the Greeks, the purpose-novel and the newspaper editorial to our own day, satire was to the Roman of the republic and the early empire—the moral mentor of contemporary society. This conception of the prophet as the preacher of his day is often obscured by the conception of him as one who could reveal the future; but a closer study of the life and times of these great religious leaders shows them to have been men profoundly interested in current life, who gave all their energies to the task of raising the standard of the religious and social thought of their own day. The function of Greek tragedy was ever religious. It had its very origin in the worship of the gods; and the presence of the altar as the center of the strophic movements of the chorus was a constant reminder that the drama was dealing with the highest problems of human life. Added to the general religious atmosphere of tragedy were the direct moral

teachings, the highest sentiments of ancient culture, which constantly sounded through the play. Greek comedy, especially of the old and middle type, also served a distinct moral purpose in society. It did not, indeed, sound the same lofty notes as did its sister tragedy; but it was the lash which was mercilessly applied, at first with bolder license to individual sinners in high places, and afterward in a more guarded manner to the vices and follies of men in general. In either case, the powerful stimulus of fear of public ridicule and castigation must have had a real effect upon the manners and morals of the ancient Greeks.

When we turn to our own time, we find the literary preacher at the novelist's desk or in the editor's chair. The influence of the purpose-novel and the editorial can hardly be overestimated. In the generation immediately preceding our own, a very direct influence upon the public social life of his day was wielded by the pen of Dickens. His eyes were open to abuses of every kind—in educational, charitable, legal, and criminal institutions; and he used every weapon known to literary art to right these wrongs. In this task he was ably assisted by men like Thackeray, Reade, Kingsley, and others. And there can be little doubt that the improved conditions in the England of to-day are due in generous measure to the work of these novelist preachers. The editor's function is still more intimately and constantly to hold the mirror up to society, revealing and reproving its faults. And to-day there is probably no more potent force acting directly upon the opinions and conduct of men than the daily editorial.

Now, the literary weapon of the Roman moralist was satire. It flourished in all periods of Roman literature, both the word *satire* and the thing itself being of Latin origin. In other fields of literature there is a large imitation of Greek models. Roman tragedy was at first but little more than a translation of the Greek plays, and the same is true of comedy. Cato, Varro, Vergil, and the rest who wrote of agriculture, had a Greek prototype in Hesiod, who in his *Works and Days* had treated of the same theme; Lucretius was the professed disciple and imitator of Epicurus; Cicero, in oratory, had ever before his eyes his Demosthenes, and in philosophy his Plato and Aristotle; Vergil had his Homer in epic and his Theocritus in pastoral; Horace, in his lyrics, is Greek through and through, both in form and spirit, for Pindar and Anacreon, Sappho, Alcæus, Archilochus, and the whole tuneful line are forever echoing through his verse. Ovid, in his greatest work, only succeeded in setting Greek mythology in a frame of Latin verse, though he told those fascinating stories as they had never been told before; while the historians, the rhetoricians, the philosophers—all had their Greek originals and models.

But in the field of satire the Romans struck out a new literary path for themselves. Even here we are bound to admit that the spirit is Greek, the spirit of the old comedy, of bold assault upon the evils of government, of society, of individuals. But still satire, as a form of literature, is the Roman's own; and beginning with Lucilius, the father of satire in the modern sense, the long line of satirists who followed

his lead sufficiently attests the strong hold which this particular form of literature gained upon the Roman mind.

We have said that Lucilius was the father of satire in the modern sense; but the name at least, together with many of the features of his satire and that of his successors, reaches far back of him into the recesses of an ancient Italian literature, long since vanished, of which we can gain only the faintest hints. These hints as to the character of that ancient forerunner of the Lucilian satire come to us from two sources—the discussions of the Latin grammarians as to the derivation of the word *satura* (satire), and the remote reflections and imitations of the old *satura* in later works.

These far-off imitations give some idea of the character of the genuine satire of the earliest time,—that of a medley of verse of different meters, intermingled with prose, introducing words and phrases of other languages, and treating of a great variety of subjects. This literary medley or jumble probably had its origin in the farm or vineyard, where, in celebration of the "harvest home" or other joyous festival, it would be brought out, perhaps accompanied by some kind of musical recitation, and of course loaded with the rude wit of the time.

Such, then, we may suppose, was the character of the rude satire of ancient Italy. But alas for any real personal knowledge which we may gain of it, those merry, clumsy jests, those rustic songs, are vanished with the simple sun-loving race which produced them. The olive orchards still wave gray-green upon the sunny slopes, the vineyards still cling to every hillside

and nestle in every valley; but the ancient peasantry who once called this land their home, whose simple annals old Cato loved to tell, and who could have given us material for precious volumes upon the folk-lore and customs of their times, have gone, and left scarcely a trace of their rude, unlettered literature.

The first tangible literary link that binds us to the old Roman satire is found in the poet Ennius, who flourished about two hundred years before Christ. The story of his life is outlined elsewhere in this book. His satires seem to have been a sort of literary miscellany which included such of his writings as could not conveniently be classified elsewhere.

The merest handful of fragments of these satires remains, although there is good ground for believing that there were six books of these. No adequate judgment can therefore be formed as to their character. It can with safety be said, however, that they were in a sense the connecting link between the early satire and the literary satire of the modern type. As has been said above, they were a literary miscellany or medley, and as such contain some salient features of their predecessors; and it is highly probable that they contained attacks upon the vices and follies of the time, in which respect they looked forward to a more complete development in Lucilian satire.

A most interesting fragment of the *Epicharmus* describes the nature of the gods according to the philosophy of Ennius:

And that is he whom we call Jove, whom Grecians call
The atmosphere: who in one person is the wind and clouds,
then rain,

And after, freezing hail; and once again, thin air.
For this, those things are Jove considered which I name to you,
Since by these elements do men and cities, beasts,
And all things else exist.

There was a satire by Ennius, as Quintilian tells us, containing a dialogue between Life and Death; but of this we have not a remnant. He also introduced the fables of Æsop into his writings. The following is the moral which he deduces from the story of the lark and the farmers—a moral which Aulus Gellius assures us that it would be worth our while to take well to heart. It may be freely translated as follows:

Now list to this warning, give diligent heed,
Whether seeking for pleasure or pelf:
Don't wait for your neighbors to help in your need,
But just go and do it yourself!

Surely Miles Standish might have gained from his Ennius, as well as from his Cæsar, that famous motto:

If you wish a thing well done,
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!

We may leave our present notice of Ennius with a glance at the epitaph which he wrote for himself. It is classed with his epigrams, but it may properly be considered in connection with the medley of his satires. In it he claims that unsubstantial immortality of remembrance and of mention among men which is even now, as we write and read, being vouchsafed to him.

Behold, O friends, old Ennius' carvéd stone,
Who wrote your father's deeds with lambent pen;
Let no tears deck my funeral, for lo,
My soul immortal lives on lips of men.

We have seen that the spirit of invective in Lucilius, which became in his hands the spirit of satire, is trace-

able to the old Greek comedy. The poetic form (the dactylic hexameter in which he wrote twenty of the thirty books of his satire) had already been naturalized in Roman literature by Ennius in his great epic poem. But to Lucilius is due the credit of being the first to incarnate this spirit in this form, and thus to establish an entirely new type in literature.

His satires contain invectives against luxury, avarice, and kindred vices, and prevalent superstitions; an attack upon the rich; ridicule of certain rhetorical affectations; grammatical remarks, and criticisms on art; observations upon the Stoic philosophy; the poet's own political experiences and expectations, also other anecdotes and incidents gathered from his own experience; an interesting account of a journey to Sicily, from which Horace probably obtained the model for his famous journey to Brundisium. These and many other subjects filled his pages, and suggest by their wide range the old-time medley-satire.

The poet lived in stirring times. Born in 180 B. C., eleven years before the death of Ennius, he died about 103 B.C., three years after Cicero's birth and the year before the birth of Cæsar. He was thus contemporary with some of the most important and striking events in Roman history—the third Macedonian War; the Third Punic War; the Numantian War, in which he himself served as a knight under Scipio Africanus in 133 B. C.; the troubled times of the two Gracchi; the Jugurthine War, and the rise of Caius Marius. He was of equestrian rank, and lived on terms of intimacy with some of the best men at Rome, notably the younger Scipio and Lælius. With such backing as this, of family and

friends, he was in good position to direct his satire against the wicked and unscrupulous men of his time, regardless of their rank, without fear or favor.

What did the Romans themselves think of Lucilius? To judge from the frequency and character of their references to him, the poet must have made a profound impression upon his countrymen. A study of these references shows that in the main this impression was favorable. He is *doctus*, that is, profoundly learned in the wisdom of the Greeks; and, according to Aulus Gellius, he was equally well versed in the language and literature of his own land. He is to Juvenal the *magnus*, the "father of satire," who has well-nigh preempted the field, to follow whom requires elaborate explanation and apology on the part of the would-be satirist. He is to Cicero *perurbanus*, preëminently endowed with that subtile something in spirit and expression which marks at once the polished man of the world. He is to Fronto remarkable for his *gracilitas*, that plainness, directness, and simplicity of style which, joined with the "harshness" and "roughness" of his "eager" spirit and of his righteous indignation, made his satire such a formidable weapon against the vices of his day. Persius says of him that he "slashed the citizens of his time and broke his jaw-teeth on them." And the testimony of Juvenal is still more striking: "But whenever Lucilius with drawn sword fiercely rages, his hearer, whose soul is cold within him because of his crimes, blushes with shame, and his heart quakes in silent fear because of his guilty secrets."

Like those of so many of his predecessors in literature, the works of Lucilius remain to us only in the

merest fragments. For these we are indebted largely to the Latin grammarians, who quote freely from him, usually in illustration of the meaning of some word which they may be discussing. A comparatively small number of the fragments have come down to us through quotations on account of their sentiment, as when Cicero says: "Lucilius used to say that he did not write to be read by either of the extremes of society, because one would not understand him, and the other knew more than he did."

We shall now examine a few of the more important of the fragments which have been preserved to us. The following has been thought to be a vivid picture of the unworthy struggle of life as he saw it in the Rome of his own time. Lactantius, however, whose quotation of the fragment has saved it, thinks that the poet is portraying in a more general way the unhappy, unrestful life of mankind, unrelieved, as Lucretius would say, by the comforting reflections of philosophy.

But now, from morning to night, on holidays and work days, in the same place, the whole day long, high and low, all busy themselves in the forum and never depart. To one and the same pursuit and practice have they all devoted themselves: to cheat as guardedly as possible, to strive craftily, to vie in flattery, to make a pretense of being good men, to lay snares just as if they were all the foes of all.

There was a certain Titus Albucius, who, it seems, was so enamored with everything Greek that he was continually affecting the manners and language of that country. Such running after foreign customs and speech has not yet wholly disappeared. This weak-

ness is the object of the poet's wit in the following passage, in which he tells how Scævola, the proprætor of Asia, once "took down" the silly Albucius in Athens:

A Greek, Albucius, you would be called, and not a Roman and a Sabine, a fellow-townsman of Pontius and Tritanius, though they are both illustrious men, and first-rate standard-bearers. And so, as prætor at Athens, when I meet you, I salute you in the foreign style which you are so fond of: "χαῖρε!"* I say; and my lictors and all my retinue inquire: "χαῖρε?" Fie, Albucius! for this thou art my country's foe, and my own enemy!

The fourth satire, says an ancient scholiast, was an attack upon luxury and the vices of the rich. The following passage might well have been the opening lines of this satire, representing Lælius as exclaiming in praise of a vegetable diet and against gluttony:

"O sorrel, how praiseworthy art thou,
And yet how little art thou really known!"

over his mess of sorrel Lælius the wise used to cry out, chiding one by one the gluttons of our day.

And that he did not hesitate to call the glutton and spendthrift by name is shown by this fragment, which is evidently a continuation of the same diatribe:

"O Publius Gallonius, thou spendthrift," said he, "thou art a wretched fellow. Never in all thy life hast thou dined well, though all thy wealth on that lobster and that sturgeon thou consumest."

The last selection which we shall present from Lucilius is the longest extant fragment. The passage is a somewhat elaborate definition of *virtue* as the old

* Hail.

Roman understood it. We use the translation of Sellar.

Virtue, Albinus, consists in being able to give their true worth to the things on which we are engaged, among which we live. The virtue of a man is to understand the real meaning of each thing: to understand what is right, useful, honorable for him; what things are good, what bad, what is unprofitable, base, dishonorable; to know the due limit and measure in making money; to give its proper worth to wealth; to assign what is really due to office; to be a foe and enemy of bad men and bad principles; to extol the good, to wish them well, to be their friend through life. Lastly, it is true worth to look on our country's weal as the chief good; next to that the weal of our parents; third and last, our own weal.

2. QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS

Horace well sustains the character of preacher whose function it has already been said that satire performs. He found in his world the same frail human nature which had aroused the righteous scorn of Lucilius, and had led him to those bitter attacks upon the follies of his time for which his satire was justly dreaded. But Horace is cast in a different mold from Lucilius. While he sees just as clearly the shortcomings of society, he has a realizing sense that he himself is a part of that same society, guilty of the same sins, subject to the same criticism.

This consciousness of common frailty leads to moderation on the part of the preacher. He manifests a kindly sense of human brotherhood for better or for worse, which forms one of his most charming characteristics, and differentiates him from his great predecessor as well as from those who followed in the

field of satire. It is true that Horace is sufficiently strenuous and severe in his polemics against the prevalent frailties of society as he saw them; but he has a habit of taking his hearers into his confidence at the end of his lecture, and reassuring them by some whimsical jest or the information that the sermon was meant as much for himself as for them. He had no idea of reforming society from the outside as from a separate world; but he proceeded upon the principle that, as real reformation and progress must be the result of reformed internal conditions, so the reformer himself must be a sympathetic part of his world.

It was in a homely and wholesome school that our poet learned his moral philosophy. In a glowing tribute of filial affection for his father, he tells us how that worthy man, who was himself only a freedman—a humble collector of debts by trade, or possibly a fishmonger, away down in his provincial home in Apulia—decided that his son should have a better chance in life than had fallen to his own lot. The local school in the boy's native village of Venusia, where the big-boned sons of retired centurions gained their meager education, was not good enough for our young man. He must to Rome and afterward to Athens, and have all the chances which were open to the sons of the noblest families of the land. And so we have the pleasing picture of the sensible old father, not sending but taking his boy to Rome, where he was the young student's constant companion, his "guide, philosopher, and friend," attending him in all his ways, both in school and out.

Horace tells us how this practical old father taught

him to avoid the vices of the day. No fine-spun, theoretical philosophy for him; but practical illustration drove every lesson home. The poet dwells with pleasure upon this element in his education.

That Horace was a worthy son of a worthy father is proved in many ways, but in none more clearly than when, in after years, as a welcome member of the most exclusive social set in Rome, he affectionately recalls his father's training, and tells his high-born friends that, if he had the chance to choose his ancestry, he would not change one circumstance of his birth.

The practice of personal observations of the life around him, which he learned from his father, the poet carried with him through life, and is the explanation of the intensely practical and realistic character of his satire. See him as he comes home at night and sits alone recalling the varied happenings of the day. These are some of the thoughts, as he himself tells us, which come to him at such times, and find half-unconscious audible expression:

> Now that's the better course. — I should live better if I acted along that line.—So-and-so didn't do the right thing that time.—I wonder if I shall ever be foolish enough to do the like.

It is after such meditations as these that he takes up his tablets and outlines his satires. We are reminded in this of the practice of the great Cæsar, who is said to have recalled, as he rested in his tent at night, the stirring events of each day, and to have noted these for his history.

This method of composition from practical observation explains many peculiarities of the style of

Horace's satires. They are absolutely unpretentious, prevailingly conversational in tone, abounding in homely similes and colloquialisms, pithy anecdotes, familiar proverbs, and references to current people and events which make up the popular gossip of the day. He also has an embarrassing habit of suddenly turning his "thou-art-the-man" search-light upon us just when we are most enjoying his castigation of our neighbors. He employs burlesque and irony also among his assortment of satiric weapons. He is, above all, personal, rarely allowing the discourse to stray from the personality of himself and his audience.

The following outline of one of his "sermons" will afford a good illustration of his style and method of handling a discourse. Its subject is the sin and folly of discontent and greed for gain, a sin which he frequently denounces, not alone in his satires, but in his odes as well. This satire is addressed by way of compliment to his patron Mæcenas, and is placed at the beginning of his two books of satires.

How strange it is that no one lives content with his lot, but must always be envying his neighbor! The soldier would be a merchant, the merchant a soldier; the lawyer would be a farmer, the farmer a lawyer. But these malcontents are not in earnest in this prayer for a change; should some god grant their petition, they would one and all refuse to accept the boon.

The excuse of those who toil early and late is, that when they have "made their pile" and have a modest competency for a peaceful old age, they will retire. They say that they seek gold only as a means to an end, and cite the example of the thrifty ant. But herein they show their insincerity; for, while the ant lives upon its hoarded wealth in winter, and stops its active life, the gain-getter never stops so long as there is more to be gotten.

"But," you say, "it is so delightful to have a whole river to drink from." Why so? You can't possibly drink it all, and besides, the river water is apt to be muddy. I prefer to drink from a clear little spring myself. And then, too, you are liable to be drowned in your attempt to drink from the river.

"But one *must* have money. A man's social standing depends upon his bank account." It's useless to argue with such a man. He can see nothing but the almighty dollar. If he did but know it, he is simply another Tantalus, surrounded by riches which he cannot, or, in his case, will not enjoy. And besides he does not really care for popular opinion as he professes to do. Poor wretch! he has all the care and none of the pleasures of his wealth. Heaven keep me poor in such possessions!

You say that money secures help in sickness? But *such* help! Your greed has alienated all who would naturally love and care for you; and you must not be surprised if you do not keep the love which you are doing nothing to preserve.

No, no! away with your greed; cease to think that lack of money is necessarily an evil; and beware lest your fate at last be miserably to lose your all by a violent death. No, I am not asking you to be a spendthrift. Only seek a proper mean between this and the miser's character.

But, to get back to the original proposition, no one is content with his lot, but is constantly trying to surpass his fellows. And so the jostling struggle for existence goes on, and rare indeed is it to find a man who leaves this life satisfied that he has had his share of its blessings.

With this conclusion another man would have been content. But Horace somehow feels that he has been a little hard upon his kind, and by way of softening down the seriousness of the lecture, and at the same time saving himself from the fault of verbosity, which he detests, he ends with a characteristic jibe at the wordy Stoic philosophers:

But enough of this. Lest you think that I have stolen the notes of the blear-eyed Crispinus, I'll say no more.

In another satire, Horace rebukes the fault of censoriousness. His text practically is: "Judge not that ye be not judged." With characteristic indirect approach to his subject, he begins with a tirade against one Tigellius, until we begin to be indignant with this censorious preacher; when suddenly he whips around to the other side, assumes the rôle of one of his hearers, and puts the question to himself: "Have you no faults of your own?" And then we see that he has only been playing a part, and giving us an objective illustration of how it sounds when the other man finds fault, thus exposing to themselves those who, habitually blind to their own faults, are quick to discover those of other men.

The dramatic element, which seems to have been inherent in satire from the beginning, is one of the most noticeable characteristics of style in the satires of Horace. Indeed, his favorite method of expression is the dialogue, carried on either between himself and some other person, real or imaginary, or between two characters of his creation, whom he introduces as best fitted to conduct the discussion of a theme.

The most dramatic of his satires is that in which he introduces the bore. In this, the poem consists solely of dialogue and descriptions of action which may be taken as stage direction. It therefore needs but slight change to give it perfect dramatic form. The problem of the episode is how to get rid of the bore and at the same time keep within the bounds of

gentlemanly conduct. This famous satire is given below in full.

THE BORE: A DRAMATIC SATIRE IN ONE ACT

The persons of the drama: Horace; the Bore; Aristius Fuscus, a friend of Horace; an adversary of the Bore; Horace's slave-boy; a street mob.

SCENE: The Sacred Way in Rome, extending on during the action into the Forum.

[*Enter Horace, walking along the street in deep thought. To him enters Bore, who grasps his hand with great show of affection and slaps him familiarly on the shoulder.*]

Bore. How are you, my dear old fellow? *Horace* [*stiffly*]. Fairly well, as times go. I trust all is well with you? [*As the Bore follows him up, Horace attempts to forestall conversation, and to dismiss his companion with the question of formal leave:*] There's nothing I can do for you is there? *Bore.* Yes, make my acquaintance. I am really worth knowing; I'm a scholar. *Horace.* Really? You will be more interesting to me on that account, I am sure. [*He tries desperately to get rid of the Bore, goes faster, stops, whispers in the slave-boy's ear; while the sweat pours down his face, which he mops desperately. He exclaims aside:*] O Bolanus, how I wish I had your hot temper! *Bore* [*chatters empty nothings, praises the scenery, the buildings, etc. As Horace continues silent, he says:*] You're terribly anxious to get rid of me; I've seen that all along. But it's no use, I'll stay by you, I'll follow you. Where are you going from here? *Horace* [*trying to discourage him*]. There's no need of your going out of your way. I'm going to visit a man—an entire stranger to you. He lies sick at his house away over beyond the Tiber, near Cæsar's gardens. *Bore.* O, I have nothing else to do, and I m a good walker. I'll just go along with you. [*As Horace keeps on doggedly in sullen silence, he continues:*] Unless I am much mistaken in myself, you will find me a more valuable friend than Viscus or Varius. There's no one can write more poetry in a given time than I, or dance more gracefully; and as for singing, Hermogenes himself would envy me.

Horace [*interrupting, tries to frighten him off by suggesting that the sick man whom he is going to visit may be suffering from some contagious disease*]. Have you a mother or other relative dependent on you? *Bore.* No, I have no one at all. I've buried every one of them. *Horace* [*aside*]. Lucky dogs! Now I'm the only victim left. Finish me up; for a dreadful fate is dogging my steps, which an old Sabine fortune-teller once warned me of when I was a boy. She said: "No poisonous drug shall carry this boy off, nor deadly sword, nor wasting consumption, nor crippling gout; in the fulness of time some chatterbox will talk him to death. So then, if he be wise, when he shall come to man's estate, let him beware of all chatterboxes." [*They have now come opposite the Temple of Vesta in the south end of the Forum, near which the courts of justice were held. The hour for opening court has arrived.*] *Bore* [*suddenly remembering that he has given bond to appear in a certain suit, and that if he fails to appear this suit will go against him by default*]. Won't you kindly attend me here in court a little while? *Horace.* I can't help you any. Hang it, I'm too tired to stand around here; and I don't know anything about law, anyhow. Besides, I'm in a hurry to get—you know where. *Bore.* I'm in doubt what to do, whether to leave you or my case. *Horace.* Leave me, by all means. *Bore* [*after a brief meditation*]. No, I don't believe I will. [*He takes the lead, and Horace helplessly follows. The Bore starts in on the subject which is uppermost in his mind.*] How do you and Mæcenas get on? He's a very exclusive and level-headed fellow, now, isn't he? No one has made a better use of his chances. You would have an excellent assistant in that quarter, one who could ably support you, if only you would introduce yours truly. Strike me dead, if you wouldn't show your heels to all competitors in no time. *Horace.* Why, we don't live there on any such basis as you seem to think. There is no circle in Rome more free from self-seeking on the part of its members, or more at variance with such a feeling. It makes no difference to me if another man is richer or more learned than I. Every man has his own place there. *Bore.* You don't really mean that? I can scarcely believe it. *Horace.* And yet such is the case.

Bore. You only make me more eager to be admitted. *Horace* [*with contemptuous sarcasm*]. O, you have only to wish it: such is your excellence, you'll be sure to gain your point. To tell the truth, Mæcenas is a soft-hearted fellow, and for this very reason guards the first approach to his friendship more carefully. *Bore* [*taking Horace's suggestion in earnest*]. O, I shall keep my eyes open. I'll bribe his servants. And if I don't get in to-day, I'll try again. I'll lie in wait for chances, I'll meet him on the street corners, and walk down town with him. You can't get anything in this life without working for it. [*Enter Aristius Fuscus, an intimate friend of Horace. They meet and exchange greetings*]. *Horace* [*to Fuscus*]. Hello! where do you come from? *Fuscus.* Where are you going? [*Horace slyly plucks his friend's toga, pinches his arm, and tries by nods and winks to get Fuscus to rescue him from the Bore. But Fuscus pretends not to understand.*] *Horace* [*to Fuscus*]. Didn't you say that you had something to say to me in private? *Fuscus.* Yes, but I'll tell you some other time. To-day is a Jewish festival. You wouldn't have me insult the Jews, would you? *Horace.* O, I have no such scruples myself. *Fuscus.* But I have. I'm just one of the plain people—not as strong-minded as you are. You really must excuse me; I'll tell you some other time. [*Fuscus hurries away, with a wicked wink, leaving his friend in the lurch.*] *Horace* [*in a despairing aside*]. O, to think that so dark a day as this should ever have dawned for me! [*At this juncture the Bore's adversary at law comes running up.*] *The Adversary* [*to Bore, in a loud voice.*] Where are you going, you bail-breaking rascal? [*To Horace.*] Will you come witness against him? [*Horace gives him his ear to touch in token of his assent, and the Bore is hurried off to court, with loud expostulations on both sides, and with the inevitable jeering street crowd following after.*] *Horace* [*left alone*]. Saved, by the grace of Apollo!

The fourth and tenth satires of the first book are of especial value to us, because they contain Horace's own estimate of his predecessor, Lucilius; answers to popular criticism against the spirit and form of satire;

much general literary criticism; and many personal comments by the poet upon his own method and spirit as a satirist. Following is an abstract of the tenth:

Yes, Lucilius *is* rough—anybody will admit that. I also admit that he is to be praised for his great wit. But wit of itself does not constitute great poetry. There must also be polish, variety of style, sprightliness and versatility. This is what caused the success of the old Greek comedy. "But," you say, "Lucilius was so skilled in mingling Latin and Greek." That, I reply, neither requires any great skill, nor is it a thing to be desired. This last assertion is at once apparent if you take the discussion into other fields of literature than poetry. I myself have been warned by Quirinus not to attempt Greek verse.

I have looked over the literary field and found it occupied by men who could write better than I in each department—comedy, tragedy, epic, pastoral. Satire alone promised success to me; but still I do not profess to excel Lucilius. I freely leave the crown to him.

But for all that I cannot help seeing his faults which I mentioned in my former satire—his extreme verbosity and roughness. In criticizing him I take the same license which he himself used toward his predecessors, and which he would use now toward his own extant works were he alive to-day. He surely would be more careful, and take more pains with his work, if he were now among us.

And that is just the point. One must write and rewrite, and polish to the utmost, if he would produce anything worth reading. He must not be eager to rush into print and cater to the public taste. Let him be content with the applause of men of culture, and strive to win that; and let him leave popular favor to men who are themselves no better than the rabble whom they court.

Few Roman writers are more frankly autobiographical than Horace. His odes, epodes, satires, and epistles are full of his own personality and history. From various references in these poems, we learn that

he was born in 65 B. C., in Venusia, a municipal town in Apulia; that his father was a freedman, a small farmer, and debt collector by trade; that he was educated in Rome under his father's personal care; that he finished his education in Athens, where he eagerly imbibed Greek philosophy and literature. But now the long storm of civil war, which had attended the rise of Julius Cæsar and the struggle between that leader and Pompey for supremacy, and which had been temporarily allayed by the complete ascendency of Cæsar, broke out afresh with renewed violence upon the assassination of the great dictator. The verse of Horace, especially in his odes, is full of the consciousness of this civil strife, and of deep and sincere regret for its consequence to the state.

The young student was just twenty-one years of age when the fall of Cæsar startled the world. And when Brutus reached Athens on his way to Macedonia, and called upon the young Romans there to rally to the republic and liberty, the ardent heart of the youthful Horace responded to the summons. He joined the ill-fated army of the liberators, was made a military tribune, and served as such until the disastrous day of Philippi, when Horace's military and political ambition left him forever, together with all hope which he may have cherished of the lost cause. He made his way back to Rome under shelter of the amnesty which the merciful conqueror had granted, and there found himself in an unfortunate plight indeed; for his father was now dead, his modest estate lost, probably swallowed up in the general confiscations, and he himself with neither money, friends, nor occupation. He managed in some

way, however, to secure a small clerkship, the income from which served to keep the wolf from his humble door.

But in this obscure, unfriended clerk one was now walking the streets of Rome to whom Rome's proudest and most princely mansions were before many years to open as to a welcome guest. For he carried within him, concealed in a most unpretentious personality, a rich store of education, experience, and genius, which was to prove the open sesame for him to the world's best gifts. To the exercise of this genius he now turned; and the appearance of the earliest of his satires, with perhaps some of his odes and epodes as well, was the result. All these things and much more the poet tells us, frankly giving the whole of his story with neither boasting on the one hand nor false pride on the other.

And now the event occurred which was the first link that bound Horace tangibly to his future greatness—his meeting with the poet Vergil, who was at this time famous and powerful in the friendship of Mæcenas, Pollio, and even the emperor himself. This sweet and generous-souled poet, recognizing the kindred spirit of genius in the youthful Horace, straightway admitted him to his own friendship, a friendship which is one of the most charming pictures of that brilliant age, and which was destined to endure unbroken until parted by the death of Vergil himself. It was Vergil who in due time introduced Horace to another friend, a man who was one of the great personages of that age, a leading statesman, a man of letters himself, and a generous patron of letters.

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Mæcenas, under whose sheltering patronage our poet grew and expanded to the full development of those poetic powers which first had brought him recognition.

From this shelter Horace writes a satire addressed to Mæcenas, in which he recounts, among other circumstances of his life, the occasion of his introduction to his patron; and takes occasion to answer the envious criticisms which were aimed against him, that he, a mere freedman's son, should be elevated above his betters to this high social position. The theme of this satire, which he sturdily maintains, is, that in social, even if not in political matters, character, not family, should be the standard; or, in the language of another gifted son of poverty:

> The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
> The man's the gowd for a' that.

We give quotations from this satire in the translation of Francis.

The poet feels justified in addressing it to his patron, because, though Mæcenas is of noble birth himself, he does not hold in contempt the worthy of lowly descent. Horace says that it is all very well to deny a man political advancement on the score of low birth; but when it comes to denying social advancement upon this score to a man of worth, that is quite unbearable. Horace cannot rightly be envied or criticized for his friendship with Mæcenas, for this came to him purely on his merits and not by chance. A pleasing picture is given of his first introduction to Mæcenas, and his final admission to that nobleman's charmed circle of friends.

As for myself, a freedman's son confessed;
A freedman's son, the public scorn and jest,
That now with you I joy the social hour,—
That once a Roman legion owned my power;
But though they envied my command in war,
Justly, perhaps, yet sure 'tis different far
To gain your friendship, where no servile art,
Where only men of merit claim a part.
Nor yet to chance this happiness I owe;
Friendship like yours it had not to bestow.
First my best Vergil, then my Varius, told
Among my friends what character I hold;
When introduced, in few and faltering words
(Such as an infant modesty affords),
I did not tell you my descent was great,
Or that I wandered round my country seat
On a proud steed in richer pastures bred;
But what I really was I frankly said.
Short was your answer, in your usual strain;
I take my leave, nor wait on you again,
Till, nine months past, engaged and bid to hold
A place among your nearer friends enrolled.
An honor this, methinks, of nobler kind,
That, innocent of heart and pure of mind,
Though with no titled birth, I gained his love,
Whose judgment can discern, whose choice approve.

The poet here pays a glowing tribute of filial affection to his father, to whose faithful care and instruction he owes it that he has been shielded from the grosser sins and defects of character.

If some few venial faults deform my soul
(Like a fair face when spotted with a mole),
If none with avarice justly brand my fame,
With sordidness, or deeds too vile to name;
If pure and innocent, if dear (forgive
These little praises) to my friends I live,

My father was the cause, who, though maintained
By a lean farm but poorly, yet disdained
The country schoolmaster, to whose low care
The mighty captain sent his high-born heir,
With satchel, copy-book, and pelf to pay
The wretched teacher on th' appointed day.
To Rome by this bold father was I brought,
To learn those arts which well-born youth are taught;
So dressed and so attended, you would swear
I was some senator's expensive heir;
Himself my guardian, of unblemished truth,
Among my tutors would attend my youth,
And thus preserved my chastity of mind
(That prime of virtue in its highest kind)
Not only pure from guilt, but even the shame
That might with vile suspicion hurt my fame;
Nor feared to be reproached, although my fate
Should fix my fortune in some meaner state,
From which some trivial perquisites arise,
Or make me, like himself, collector of excise.
For this my heart, far from complaining, pays
A larger debt of gratitude and praise;
Nor, while my senses hold, shall I repent
Of such a father, nor with pride resent,
As many do, th' involuntary disgrace
Not to be born of an illustrious race.
But not with theirs my sentiments agree,
Or language; for if Nature should decree
That we from any stated point might live
Our former years, and to our choice should give
The sires to whom we wished to be allied,
Let others choose to gratify their pride;
While I, contented with my own, resign
The titled honors of an ancient line.

Horace proceeds to draw a strong contrast between the very onerous duties and social obligations which

fall to the lot of the high-born, and his own simple, quiet, independent life.

This friendship with Mæcenas, of which the preceding satire relates the foundation, began in the year 38 B. C., when Horace was twenty-seven years of age. From this time on the poet received many substantial proofs of his patron's regard for him, the most notable of which was the gift of a farm among the Sabine hills about thirty miles from Rome.

Such a gift meant to Horace freedom from the drudgery of the workaday world, consequent leisure for the development of his literary powers, a proper setting and atmosphere for the rustic moods of his muse; while his intimacy in the palace of Mæcenas on the Esquiline gave him standing in the city and ample opportunity for indulging his urban tastes.

Although this gift of the farm and other favors derived from the friendship of Mæcenas were so important to Horace as to color all his after life and work, he nowhere manifests the slightest spirit of sycophancy toward his patron. While always grateful, he makes it very clear that the favors of Mæcenas cannot be accepted at the price of his own personal independence. Rather than lose this, he would willingly resign all that he has received.

The following satire expresses that deep content which the poet experiences upon his farm, the simple delights which he enjoys there, and, by contrast, some of the amusing as well as annoying incidents of his life in Rome as the favorite of the great minister Mæcenas. The satire is in the translation of Sir Theodore Martin.

My prayers with this I used to charge,—
A piece of land not over large,
Wherein there should a garden be,
A clear spring flowing ceaselessly,
And where, to crown the whole, there should
A patch be found of growing wood.
All this and more the gods have sent,
And I am heartily content.
O son of Maia,* that I may
These bounties keep is all I pray.
If ne'er by craft or base design
I've swelled what little store is mine,
Nor mean it ever shall be wrecked
By profligacy or neglect;
If never from my lips a word
Shall drop of wishes so absurd
As, "Had I but that little nook,
Next to my land, that spoils its look!"
Or, "Would some lucky chance unfold
A crock to me of hidden gold,
As to the man whom Hercules
Enriched and settled at his ease,
Who, with the treasure he had found,
Bought for himself the very ground
Which he before for hire had tilled!"
If I with gratitude am filled
For what I have—by this I dare
Adjure you to fulfil my prayer,
That you with fatness will endow
My little herd of cattle now,
And all things else their lord may own
Except what wits he has, alone,
And be, as heretofore, my chief
Protector, guardian, and relief!
So, when from town and all its ills
I to my perch among the hills

*Mercury, the god of gain, and protector of poets.

Retreat, what better theme to choose
Than Satire for my homely muse?
No fell ambition wastes me there,
No, nor the south wind's leaden air,
Nor Autumn's pestilential breath,
With victims feeding hungry death.

The poet proceeds to contrast with his restful country life the vexatious bustle of the city, and the officious attentions which people thrust upon him because of his supposed influence with Mæcenas.

Some chilling news through lane and street
Spreads from the Forum. All I meet
Accost me thus—"Dear friend, you're so
Close to the gods, that you must know;
About the Dacians have you heard
Any fresh tidings?" "Not a word."
"You're always jesting!" "Now may all
The gods confound me, great and small,
If I have heard one word!" "Well, well,
But you at any rate can tell
If Cæsar means the lands which he
Has promised to his troops shall be
Selected from Italian ground,
Or in Trinacria be found?"
And when I swear, as well I can,
That I know nothing, for a man
Of silence rare and most discreet
They cry me up to all the street.
Thus do my wasted days slip by,
Not without many a wish and sigh:
Oh, when shall I the country see,
Its woodlands green? Oh, when be free,
With books of great old men, and sleep,
And hours of dreamy ease, to creep
Into oblivion sweet of life,
Its agitations and its strife?

When on my table shall be seen
Pythagoras' kinsman bean,
And bacon, not too fat, embellish
My dish of greens, and give it relish?
Oh happy nights, oh feasts divine,
When, with the friends I love, I dine
At mine own hearth-fire, and the meat
We leave gives my bluff hinds a treat!
No stupid laws our feasts control,
But each guest drains or leaves the bowl,
Precisely as he feels inclined.
If he be strong, and have a mind
For bumpers, good! If not, he's free
To sip his liquor leisurely.
And then the talk our banquet rouses!
Not gossip 'bout our neighbors' houses,
But what concerns us nearer, and
Is harmful not to understand;
Whether by wealth or worth, 'tis plain
That men to happiness attain;
By what we're led to choose our friends,—
Regard for them, or our own ends;
In what does good consist, and what
Is the supremest form of that.

At some such informal gathering of neighbors as this the story of the city mouse and the country mouse would be told. The poet's own moral of this homely tale is gathered from the farewell words of the country mouse as he escapes from the splendors—and terrors of the city:

"Ho!" cries the country mouse. "This kind
Of life is not for me, I find.
Give me my woods and cavern. There
At least I'm safe! And though both spare
And poor my food may be, rebel
I never will; so, fare ye well!"

3. AULUS PERSIUS FLACCUS

The mantle of the satirist preacher which had fallen from Horace found no worthy claimant for nearly half a century. The successor, and, so far as in him lay, the sincere imitator of Horace, was Aulus Persius Flaccus. His circumstances were as unlike those of his great predecessor as can well be imagined. Horace was the son of a freedman, with no financial or social backing save that which he won by his own genius; Persius was, like Lucilius, of noble equestrian rank, rich, and related by birth to some of the first men of his time. Horace, while he had every opportunity for learning all that books and the schools could teach him, was, as we have already seen, preëminently a student of real life, having been taught by his father to study men as they actually were. Persius, on the other hand, saw little of the world except through the medium of books and teachers. When the future satirist was but six years of age, his father died, and he was brought up chiefly in the society of his mother and sister, carefully shielded from contact with the rough and wicked world. At the age of twelve he was taken from his native Volaterræ in Etruria to Rome, where his formal education was continued in the same careful seclusion until he assumed the toga of manhood. His writings do not, therefore, smack of the street and the world of men as do those of Horace, but they savor of the cloister and the library. Horace preached against the sins of men as he saw them; Persius, as he imagined them and read of them, taking his texts often from the more virile satires of Horace

himself. Horace was devoted to no school of philosophy, but accepted what seemed to him best and sanest from all schools, and jeered alike at the follies of all. But Persius was by birth, education, and choice a Stoic. He became an ardent preacher and expounder of the Stoic philosophy, just as Lucretius had thrown his whole heart into expounding the doctrine of Epicurus a hundred years before.

Stoicism, as Tyrrell says, was the "philosophy in which under the Roman Empire the human conscience sought and found an asylum. It had ceased now to be a philosophy, and had become a religion, appealing to the rich and great as Christianity appealed to the poor and humble."

Persius, accordingly, following his early bent, as soon as he arrived at man's estate, placed himself under the care and instruction of Cornutus, a Stoic philosopher. His own account of this event forms one of the most pleasing passages in his works, and is found in the fifth satire, which is a confession of his own ardent devotion both to his friend the Stoic, and to Stoicism as well.

The lofty and almost Christian tone of this ardent young Stoic preacher was greatly admired in the Middle Ages, and he was much quoted by the Church Fathers. His high moral truths sounded out in an age of moral laxity, when faith in the old religious beliefs had given way, and had not yet laid hold upon the nascent doctrine of Christianity which was even now marching westward and was soon to gain admission to Rome itself. To the Stoic, virtue was the bright goal of all living. To gain her was to gain life indeed;

and to lose her was to suffer loss irreparable. This loss the poet invokes in a masterly apostrophe in the third satire upon those rulers who basely abuse their power.

> Dread sire of gods! when lust's envenomed stings
> Stir the fierce nature of tyrannic kings;
> When storms of rage within their bosoms roll,
> And call in thunder for thy just control;
> O then relax the bolt, suspend the blow,
> And thus and thus alone thy vengeance show:
> In all her charms set Virtue in their eye,
> And let them see their loss, despair, and die!
>
> Gifford.

The Christian tone of Persius is perhaps best seen in the second satire, which is a sermon on prayer. The tone throughout is far above the level of the thinking of his time, and shows a lofty conception of the deity and of spiritual things. In the closing lines especially, he reaches so high and true a spiritual note that he seems almost to have caught a glimpse of those high conceptions which inspired his great contemporary, the apostle Paul. This sermon might well have had for its text the inspired words of the Old Testament prophet Hosea: "For I desired mercy and not sacrifice; and the knowledge of God more than burnt offerings."

That the Romans were not without their own light as to the acceptable offering to heaven is further seen in an ode of Horace, in which he voices the same high truth, that the thought of the heart is of more moment in the sight of God than the offering of the hand. This fine ode ends with the following stanza:

If thy hand, free from ill, the altar touch,
Thou shalt the offended gods appease as much
With gifts of sparkling salt and pious meal
As if thy vows more costly victims seal.
Hawkins.

But let us now return to our poet's sermon on prayer. Persius addresses it to his friend Plotius Macrinus, congratulating him upon the returning anniversary of his birthday.

Health to my friend! and while my vows I pay,
O mark, Macrinus, this auspicious day,
Which, to your sum of years already flown,
Adds yet another — with a whiter stone.

Amid the prayers to his tutelary genius this day, Macrinus will not offer those selfish and impious prayers with which men are too prone to come before the gods, prayers which they would not dare to utter to a man, or even in the hearing of men.

Indulge your genius, drench in wine your cares:
It is not yours, with mercenary prayers,
To ask of heaven what you would die with shame,
Unless you drew the gods aside, to name;
While other great ones stand, with downcast eyes,
And with a silent censer tempt the skies! —
Sound sense, integrity, a conscience clear,
Are begged aloud, that all at hand may hear;
But prayers like these (half whispered, half suppressed)
The tongue scarce hazards from the conscious breast:
"O that I could my rich old uncle see
In funeral pomp! — O that some deity
To pots of buried gold would guide my share!
O that my ward, whom I succeed as heir,
Were once at rest! Poor child, he lives in pain,
And death to him must be accounted gain.—

By wedlock thrice has Nerius swelled his store,
And now — he is a widower once more!"

The ingenious manner in which this prayer is framed so as to calm the conscience of the votary is admirably pointed out by Gifford. "The supplicant meditates no injury to any one. The death of his uncle is concealed under a wish that he could see his magnificent funeral, which, as the poor man must one day die, is a prayer becoming a pious nephew. The second petition is quite innocent.—If people will foolishly bury their gold and forget it, there is no more harm in his finding it than another. The third is even laudable; it is a prayer uttered in pure tenderness of heart, for the relief of a poor suffering child. With respect to the last, there can be no wrong in mentioning a fact which everybody knows. Not a syllable is said of his own wife; if the gods are pleased to take a hint and remove her, that is their concern; he never asked it."

One question, friend, an easy one, in fine:
What are thy thoughts of Jove? "My thoughts?" Yes, thine.
Wouldst thou prefer him to the herd of Rome?
To any individual? — But to whom?
To Statius, for example. Heavens! a pause?
Which of the two would best dispense of laws?
Best shield th' unfriended orphan? Good! Now move
The suit to Statius, late preferred to Jove:
"O Jove! Good Jove!" he cries, o'erwhelmed with shame,
And must not Jove himself "O Jove!" exclaim?
Or dost thou think the impious wish forgiven,
Because, when thunder shakes the vault of heaven,
The bolt innoxious flies o'er thee and thine,
To rend the forest oak and mountain pine?
Because, yet livid from the lightning's scath,
Thy smoldering corpse, a monument of wrath,

Lies in no blasted grove, for public care
To expiate, with sacrifice and prayer;
Must, therefore, Jove, unsceptered and unfeared
Give to thy ruder mirth his foolish beard?
What bribe hast thou to win the powers divine
Thus to thy rod? — The lungs and lights of swine!

Again, the ears of heaven are assailed by ignorant and superstitious prayers, against which the poet inveighs. Then follows a rebuke to those who pray for health and happiness, but who, by their vices and folly, thwart their own prayer.

Why do men pray so impiously and foolishly? It is because they entertain such ignorant and unworthy conceptions of the gods, because they think that they are beings of like passions with themselves. No, no! the gods have no such carnal passions, nor do they care for gold and the rich offerings of men's hands. They regard the heart of the worshiper, and if this is pure, even empty hands may bring an acceptable offering.

O grovelling souls, and void of things divine!
Why bring our passions to the Immortals' shrine,
And judge, from what this carnal sense delights,
Of what is pleasing in their purer sights?
This the Calabrian fleece with purple soils,
And mingles cassia with our native oils;
Tears from the rocky conch its pearly store,
And strains the metal from the glowing ore.
This, this, indeed, is vicious; yet it tends
To gladden life, perhaps, and boasts its ends;
But you, ye priests (for sure ye can), unfold —
In heavenly things, what boots this pomp of gold?
No more, in truth, than dolls to Venus paid,
The toys of childhood, by the riper maid!

No! let me bring the Immortals what the race
Of great Messala, now depraved and base,
On their huge charger, cannot; — bring a mind
Where legal and where moral sense are joined
With the pure essence; holy thoughts that dwell
In the soul's most retired and sacred cell;
A bosom dyed in honor's noblest grain,
Deep-dyed: — with these let me approach the fane,
And heaven will hear the humble prayer I make,
Though all my offering be a barley cake.

Gifford.

4. DECIMUS JUNIUS JUVENALIS

When one has read his Horace, one feels personally acquainted with the poet, so frankly biographical is he. This is true, though to a much less extent, of Persius. But Juvenal is almost sphinxlike in regard to himself. What little we know is gained from a few indirect references in his writings themselves, and from the numerous and contradictory ancient lives which have come down to us prefaced to the different manuscripts of Juvenal's satires. From these we gather that he was born sometime between 48 and 55 A. D., at the town of Aquinum in Latium, and was the son of a well-to-do freedman who left him a patrimony sufficient for his modest maintenance through life. He had a good education in grammar and rhetoric, and devoted himself through a large part of his earlier life to rhetorical declamation; though he seems not to have made any professional or profitable use of the talent which he undoubtedly possessed for the vocation of the advocate. He enjoyed some unimportant though honorable civil employment under Titus and Domitian,

and served for one period of his life in the army, probably in Britain, with the rank of military tribune.

In Juvenal's later life he seems to have given offense either to Domitian by some lines which he wrote upon a favorite pantomime dancer of the emperor, or to Hadrian for a similar cause. By one or the other of these emperors, according to tradition, he was practically exiled by an appointment to a command of a legion in Africa. The date of his death is as uncertain as that of his birth, but it seems to lie between 128 and 138 A. D.

It will be seen, therefore, that our poet was contemporaneous with ten Roman emperors, his life covering the period from Nero to Hadrian, inclusive. It was during the reign of Domitian, however, that Juvenal, now already well advanced to middle life, took up his residence in Rome and began that work which was to be his material contribution to life and letters.

Life in Rome under Domitian!—what a challenge to the satirist! what a field for the preacher! These were the crowning years of well-nigh a century of ever-increasing horror. With the downfall of liberty and the republic, both of which had perished in fact long before their name and semblance vanished, wealth and luxury had poured into Rome from the conquered provinces, and with these that moral laxity against which Horace had aimed his satire, then in four successive reigns Rome had cringed and groaned under the absolute sway of cynic, madman, fool, and flippant murderer, each more recklessly disregardful than the last of civic virtue and the lives and common rights of man Then three puppets within a year involving the

world in civil strife were themselves swept off the stage by Vespasian and Titus, who did indeed give passing respite to the state. And then for fifteen years—Domitian! Of these fifteen years Tacitus, just emerging into the grateful light of Nerva's and of Trajan's reigns, indignantly exclaims:

They had besides expelled all the professors of philosophy, and driven every laudable science into exile, that naught which was worthy and honest might anywhere be seen. Mighty, surely, was the testimony which we gave of our patience; and as our forefathers had beheld the ultimate consummation of liberty, so did we of bondage, since through dread of informers and inquisitions of state, we were bereft of the common intercourse of speech and attention. Nay, with our utterance we had likewise lost our memory, had it been equally in our power to forget as to be silent. . . . Few we are who have escaped; and, if I may so speak, we have survived not only others, but even ourselves, when from the middle of our lives so many years were rent; whence from being young we are arrived at old age, from being old we are nigh come to the utmost verge of mortality, all in a long course of awful silence.—*Galton.*

Somewhat earlier than this, though within the same generation, Paul the apostle to the Gentiles, *the* preacher of that dark age, had written a letter to the infant Christian church at Rome in which he had drawn a terrible picture of what human society can become when it has thrown off all checks and abandoned itself to profligacy. His picture, we may be sure, was drawn from the life.

And even as they refused to have God in their knowledge, God gave them up unto a reprobate mind, to do those things which are not fitting; being filled with all unrighteousness, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, strife, deceit, malignity; whisperers, backbiters, hateful to God,

insolent, haughty, boastful, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant-breakers, without natural affection, unmerciful: who, knowing the ordinance of God, that they which practice such things are worthy of death, not only do the same, but also consent with them that practice them.

Upon such a world as this did Juvenal, in the prime of manhood, his powers of reason, observation, and expression fully ripened, look out from his home in the Roman Subura;* with the product of such times did he mingle in the crowded reception-rooms of rich and noble patrons. He looked upon society and noted it, and long restrained his speech. But at last, as Tyrrell has well expressed it, "the flood of indignation, pent up in furious silence for forty years, once loose, carried away on its current or tossed aside every obstacle that impeded its onward rush."

And this is that which mainly distinguishes him from Horace—his tremendous moral earnestness, his fiery indignation. His spirit did not allow him to play with his theme; there were hard blows to strike at outbreaking sins, and he would strike them. And if venial faults were struck as hard as more serious offenses, that was a proof not of inconsistency, but of an earnestness that could not stop to distinguish; if he writes of practices too shameful for telling in the hearing of polite ears, it is because his righteous indignation was in no mood to mince words, but would hold up vice in all its hideousness to the fatal light. He speaks with frankness of shameful sins, but only to hurl his denunciations at them. He is always in a

*A quarter in Rome given up to markets and tenement-houses.

rage,—strenuous where Horace is gently satirical and whimsical; didactic and straightforward where Horace is conversational and dramatic. At the same time he paints most vivid pictures, filling in the lines with tremendous sweeps of his rhetorical brush.

He tells us that he was fairly driven to write satire by the very atmosphere and daily occurrences of folly and sin around him.*

For who so tolerant of this wrong-headed city, who so callous, that he can contain himself when lawyer Matho's brand-new litter comes along, filled with his Greatness, and after him the betrayer of his distinguished friend, who will soon finish off the remnants of our nobility already preyed upon. . . . Is not one moved to fill a bulky note-book right in the middle of the cross-roads, when a man is carried past, already indulging in six bearers, showing himself to view on both sides—a forger who has made himself aristocrat and millionaire with a little tablet and a damp seal? Now you are confronted by a lady of position, who, when her husband is thirsty, just before she hands him the mild Calenian, puts in a dash of poison, and, like a superior Lucusta, teaches her unsophisticated kinswomen to carry their livid husbands to burial right through the town and all its gossip. . . . It is to crime that men owe their pleasure-grounds, their castles, banquets, old silver, and goblets with goat's figure in relief. . . . When nature refuses, sheer scorn produces verse—the best it can.

He cannot abide the Greeks. His national pride is touched at the thought that not only do they swarm in Rome, monopolizing by their superior shrewdness all profitable employments, but that Rome itself has gone crazy after them, and things Greek are all the rage.

*The quotations from Juvenal which follow are taken from the excellent prose version of Leeper.

And now I will at once admit to you,—no false shame shall stop me,—what class is most in favor with our wealthy men, and whom most of all I am flying from. I cannot abide, fellow-citizen, a Greecized Rome. . . . Your yeoman citizen, Quirinus, dons his Greek boots and wears a Greek collar upon a neck rubbed with Greek ointment. . . . What a quick intellect, what desperate effrontery, what a ready tongue, surpassing Isæus himself in fluency. Tell me now, what do you take him for? In his own person he has brought us—why, whom you will—critic, rhetorician, geometer, painter, trainer, prophet, rope-dancer, doctor, sorcerer. The starveling Greek knows everything. . . . Mark how that race, so adroit in flattery, extols the foolish friend's conversation, the ill-favored friend's features; how they compare some weakling's scraggy neck with the throat of a Hercules, or admire a harsh voice which is not a whit better than the cry of a cock. . . . The whole breed of them are actors. If you but smile, your Greek shakes his sides with heartier merriment; he weeps, if he has spied a tear in his friend's eye, and yet he feels no grief. If you ask in winter time for a bit of a fire, he takes an overcoat: should you remark, "I feel warm," he is in a sweat.

Juvenal complains bitterly of the unproductiveness of honest toil in literature and the professions. It's all very well to talk about the poet's inspiration, but Pegasus does not fly upon an empty stomach.

He has dined, has Horace, when he shouts his "Evoe." . . . Were Vergil left without a slave and a decent lodging, then every snake would tumble from his locks: his trumpet would be hushed, and sound forth no more impressive notes. . . . Historians, is your toil more productive? It demands more time and more oil. Each of you, doubtless, has his pages rising by the hundred, knowing no limit, growing towards bankruptcy with the pile of papyrus. But what is your harvest—what does opening up that field yield you? Who will pay a historian as much as he would pay a reporter? . . . Then say what public services and the ever-present big packet of documents bring in to our advocates. Would you know their

real gains? In one scale set a hundred advocates' estates; in the other just that of Lacerna, the Red Jockey.

The teacher fares no better:

Who places in Celadus' and learned Palæmon's lap a due reward for their scholastic toils? Yet, little as it is, the pupil's stupid body servant takes the first bite, and the steward will snip off a something for himself. Submit to it, Palæmon; let something be abated of your due, as if you were a-huckstering winter blankets and white counterpanes.

Here is his exhortation to those degenerate Roman nobles who prided themselves upon their blue blood and ancient names, but whose lives belied their birth. The sentiment may seem a commonplace, but it still inspires our modern poets, as in Tennyson:

> 'Tis only noble to be good.
> Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood.

Of what avail are pedigrees? What boots it, Ponticus, taking rank by length of descent, and having one's ancestors' portrait-masks to show off? What do you gain by the display of a Corvinus in your big family roll, or by your affinity with smoke-begrimed Masters of the Horse, if you live a life of shame in the very face of the Lepidi? . . . No, though time-honored waxen likenesses adorn the length and breadth of your hall, still virtue is the sole and only nobility. Be a Paulus, a Cossus, or a Drusus in *character*. Rank that above the statues of your ancestors. The first thing you are bound to show me is a good heart. If by word and deed you deserve the character of a blameless man, one who cleaves to the right—good: I recognize the noble; I salute you, Gætulicus be you, or Silanus, or of whatever other blood you come. . . . For who will call "noble" one who shames his race, and challenges notice by the luster of his name alone?

The very horse is ranked and valued by what he does; so much more man, and besides, *noblesse oblige:*

He is a "noble" steed, whatever grass he comes from, who takes rank above his fellows—in pace, and who raises the dust upon the course ahead of all; but the progeny of Coryphæus and Hirpinus are "stock for sale"—if Victory has rarely perched on their collar. *There* is no regard for ancestors, no favoritism toward the shades of the departed. . . . Therefore, so that we may admire yourself and not your belongings, give me something of your own to carve 'neath your statue, beyond the honors which we have rendered, and render still, to those who made you all you are.

Juvenal's most famous satire is the tenth, upon the theme "The Vanity of Human Wishes." It is more general in scope than the other satires, but is nevertheless full of the moral earnestness that everywhere characterizes the author. Here is the broad thesis:

Through all lands but few are they who can clear themselves of the mists of errors, and discriminate between the real blessings and what are quite the reverse. For in what fear or wish of ours are we guided by reason's rule? No matter how auspiciously you start with a plan, do you not live to regret your efforts and the attainment of your desire? Whole households have been overthrown ere now, at their own petition, by a too gracious heaven. By the arts of peace and war alike we strive for what will only hurt us.

Wealth is notoriously a fatal gift, and should be shunned, not sought. No one need fear poison if he drinks his wine out of a cheap cup. If the love of money is the root of all evil, the possession of money is a challenge to all evil-doers. What, then, may one rightly desire? Power? This is just as fatal to its possessor.

Some are brought to ruin through their great power, subject itself to envy just as great; they are wrecked by their long and

brilliant roll of honors; down from the pedestals come their statues, and now the stroke of the axe shatters the very wheels of the triumphal cars. Hark! now the fires are hissing, now, by dint of bellows and forge, that head, the people's idol, is aglow; and the great Sejanus is a crackling! And soon from the face, second to one only in the whole world, they are making pipkins, and basins, and a pan—ay, and even meaner vessels! . . . What laid low a Crassus, and a Pompey, and that leader who broke the proud Romans' spirit and brought them under his lash? Why, it was just the unscrupulous struggling for the highest place, and the prayer of ambition, heard but too well by the malicious gods. It is but seldom that a king does not take a murderous crowd with him down to Ceres' son-in-law; seldom that a despot dies without bloodletting. . . . Just weigh Hannibal. How many pounds' weight will you find in that greatest of leaders? This is the man for whom Africa is too small—Africa, lashed by the Moorish main, and stretching thence to the tepid Nile; and, on another side again, to the Ethiopian tribes with their towering elephants! He adds Spain to his empire; he bounds over the Pyrenees; Nature barred his path with her Alp and her snow; he rives the rocks and bursts the mountain with vinegar. Now he holds Italy, yet he still strains forward. "Nothing," cries he, "is gained unless we storm the city gates with our Punic soldiery, and this hand plants my standard in the very heart of Rome!" Oh, what a sight! oh, what a subject for a caricature—the one-eyed general bestriding the Gætulian monster! What, then, is his end? Fie, glory! Why, he in his turn is conquered, and flies headlong into exile; and there he sits, that august dependent—a gazing stock at a king's gates—until it may please His Majesty of Bithynia to awake. The soul which once turned the world upside down shall be quelled, not by a sword, not by a stone, no, nor by a javelin; but by that Nemesis of Cannæ, the avenger of all that blood—just a ring.* Off with you, madman! Scour the bleak Alps, that so you may—catch the fancy of schoolboys, and become a theme for declamation!

*Hannibal always carried with him, concealed in a ring, a dose of poison, with which, at last, he took his own life, to escape capture by the Romans.

If any are disposed to pray for long life and length of days, Juvenal's dark and repulsive picture of old age would effectually banish that desire. One by one the physical and mental powers fail and the man is left but a pitiful wreck of his former self.

But suppose his faculties be sound, yet still he must conduct his sons to their burial; must gaze at the pyre of his beloved wife, and of his brother, and on urns filled with what was once his sisters. This is the forfeit laid upon longevity, to pass to old age amid bereavement after bereavement, thick-coming griefs, and one weary round of lamentations, with the garb of the mourner never laid aside.

But age brings not alone loss of friends, but in many instances personal suffering and disaster from which one would be mercifully delivered by a more timely death. This, Caius Marius, the great Roman general, found to his cost:

That banishment, that jail, Minturnæ's swamps, and the bread of beggary in conquered Carthage, all had their origin in a long life. What happier being in the world than that Roman could nature, could Rome ever have produced, if, after leading round the train of captives amid all the circumstance of war, he had breathed out his soul in glory, when just stepping down from his Teutonic car?

As for beauty, foolish indeed is that mother who prays for her son or her daughter that he or she may possess this; for it is the most fatal possession of all. Not even the most rugged training of the old Sabine school of morality can shield the possessor of great beauty from the poisonous, insidious temptations, if not actual violence, of the wicked world. What then?

Shall men then pray for nothing? If you will take my advice, you will allow the gods themselves to determine what

is meet for us, and suited to our lot; for the gods will give us —not what is pleasant, but what is most befitting in each case. Man is dearer to them than to himself. Urged on by impulse, by blind and violent desires, we pray for a wife, and for offspring; but only they (the gods) know what the children will be, and of what character the wife. Still, if you must make your petition, and must vow a meat offering at the shrine, then pray for a healthy mind in a healthy body; pray for a brave spirit free from the fear of death—a spirit that regards life's close as one of nature's boons, that can endure any toil, that is innocent of anger and free from desire, and that looks on the sufferings of Hercules and his cruel labors as more blessed than all the wantoning, and reveling, and down-couches of a Sardanapalus.

Perhaps the appeal of Juvenal that comes most powerfully to the present generation, and contains the most solemn lesson for us, is his warning to fathers and mothers that all unconsciously to them their sons and daughters are following in their footsteps, bound to copy them, and reproduce their faults in later life. The presence of a child is as sacred as a temple shrine, and should be as carefully guarded from every profaning influence. It is surely notable to find this wholesome teaching springing like a lily out of the mire of that degenerate age. It smacks neither of fervid rhetoric nor of cold and formal philosophy, but rings true and natural as childhood itself.

Let no foul word or sight come nigh the threshold where dwells the father of a family. *You owe your boy the profoundest respect. If meditating aught that is base, despise not your boy's tender years; but let the image of your infant son arrest you on the verge of sin.* For should he some day do a deed to earn the censor's wrath, and show himself not only your counterpart in face and figure, but heir of your character as well—one to follow in your steps, and sin every sin in worse degree—you will chide

and scold him, no doubt, with loud reproaches, and then proceed to change your will. But whence that boldness, whence those parental rights, when you do worse, despite your age? If company is coming, none of your people will have any rest. Sweep the pavement! Let me see the pillars glistening! Down with the shriveled spider and all her web! Ho! you polish the plain silver, and you the figured cups! So the master storms at the top of his voice, urging them on, with rod in hand. Poor wretch! are you in such a fidget lest the hall may offend your friend's eye, when he comes, and lest the vestibule be splashed with mud—all of which one little page with one half-peck of sawdust puts to rights—but yet bestow no thought on this, that your son's eye shall rest upon a household unsullied, stainless, innocent of vice? We thank you that you gave a citizen to your country and your people, if you make him worthy of that country, helpful to its soil, helpful in public work, in peace and war; for it will matter much in what lessons and principles you train him.

Such wholesome truths as these and many more did Juvenal press home upon his generation. And he speaks no less to all humanity; for the problems of human life and conduct are not peculiar to any age, but are always and everywhere the same.

We have now reviewed two centuries of Roman preachers, and it may naturally be asked, "What was their influence upon the Roman world?" No direct results are traceable to their efforts. Society went on its accustomed course; the seeds of decay and death sprang up, grew to maturity, and brought forth their natural fruits of national destruction in due season, apparently unchecked by the counter influences of which we have spoken. These influences cannot yet be weighed and known—not until account has been taken of all the factors in the world's life problem, the grand totals

cast up and the trial balance made. But in that time the bead-roll of the world's real benefactors will contain the names of these Roman satirists whose voices were raised against an age of wrong in immemorial protest, who were the numb and dormant conscience of the human race awakened and incarnate in a human tongue.

SUMMARY AND QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

Roman Satire, as illustrated by the works of Ennius (239–169 B. C.), Lucilius (180–103 B. C.), Horace (65–8 B. C.), Persius (34–62 A. D.), and Juvenal (48(?)–138(?) A. D.).

1. What position did the Roman satirist occupy as a teacher of morals? 2. Show how the great Greek writers served as models for the leading Roman men of letters. 3. In what literary field did the Romans strike out for themselves? 4. What may we suppose was the character of the rude satire of ancient Italy? 5. What position does Ennius hold among Roman satirists? 6. What famous events took place within the lifetime of Lucilius? 7. How did his social position help to make his writings effective? 8. What did the Romans themselves think of him? 9. How have fragments of his works been preserved to us? 10. What picture of life in the Roman Forum does he present? 11. Give other examples of the teachings of Lucilius. 12. Quote his definition of virtue. 13. How does Horace's attitude toward his fellow-men differ from that of Lucilius? 14. What advantage had he in his early education? 15. Illustrate his habit of personal reflection upon the events of the day. 16. What are the marked qualities of his style? 17. Describe his argument in favor of contentment. 18. What qualities of the "bore" are brought out in his famous satire on this subject? 19. What is his criticism of Lucilius? 20. Give an account of Horace's own life. 21. What ideas does he set forth in his satire to Mæcenas? 22. What description does he give of his father? 23. What picture does he give of

his life on his farm as contrasted with his life in Rome? 24. How did the circumstances of the life of Persius differ from those of Horace? 25. How different is his poetry for this reason? 26. Illustrate the poet's high estimate of Stoicism. 27. How does he treat the subject of prayer in one of his famous satires? 28. How is his skill shown in his picture of the false suppliant? 29. What do we know of the life of Juvenal? 30. What was the character of the times in which he lived? 31. How does his style differ from that of Horace? 32. How does he deal with the Hellenizing tendencies of his time? 33. Give an outline of his satire upon the vanity of human wishes. 34. What is his solemn warning to parents?

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PART III

EPIC POETRY

Who
Show'd me that epic was of all the king,
Round, vast, and spanning all, like Saturn's ring?

I. CN. NÆVIUS—THE FIRST NATIONAL ROMAN EPIC

We have already seen how the national pride of Rome was stirred by the completed subjugation of Italy and the first successful step in foreign conquest as the result of the First Punic War, and how this quickened national pride gave a new impulse to literature. We have seen how from this period under the powerful stimulus of Greek influence the drama sprang into being in its literary form. And it was in this same soil of awakened national consciousness, and in this same atmosphere of Greek thought and expression that the Roman epic had its beginnings.

The rude translation of Homer's *Odyssey* made by Livius Andronicus is not to be considered in this connection, for this was produced with no national feeling, but only that he might have a text-book from which to instruct his Roman schoolboys in their native tongue. The honor of producing the first heroic poem in Roman literature belongs to Cn. Nævius, to whom Mommsen accords the high praise of "the first Roman

who deserves to be called a poet." He was a native of the district of Campania, of plebeian family, of most sturdy and independent character. The period of his life falls approximately between the years 269 and 199 B. C. We know that he was a soldier in his earlier life, serving in the First Punic War in Sicily, that he was imprisoned for his bold attacks from the stage upon the noble family of the Metelli, and afterward banished to Africa, where he ended his days.

The tragedies and comedies of Nævius date from his life in Rome, but the occupation, and we may well believe the solace, of his old age in exile was the composition of his *Bellum Punicum*, a heroic poem upon the First Punic War. This poem is a truly national epic written in the rough old Saturnian verse which came down from hoary antiquity as a native Roman metrical product. This verse has a jingle not unlike some of our familiar nursery rhymes, of which

The king was in his counting-house counting out his money,

is a fair sample. Roman in form, the epic of Nævius was also intensely national in spirit and content. It was written in seven books, of which the first two form a kind of mythological background or prelude, and the remaining five books tell the story of the first great duel between Rome and Carthage.

In the scanty fragments of this poem, especially in the introductory books, we are surprised to find ourselves upon familiar ground, until we discover that we are dealing with one of the great sources of Vergil's inspiration. For here in these broken scraps as in a shattered mirror we catch glimpses of Æneas and

Anchises departing from Troy with their wives and treasure, and of the storm that drove the Trojans out of their course and wrecked them upon the shores of Africa; we hear snatches of Venus' appeal to Jupiter in their behalf, of Jove's reply promising to the Trojans a mighty destiny, and of Dido's request to Æneas for his tale of the Trojan War.

The whole seems to have been written in an exceedingly simple and direct style, without much attempt at poetic embellishment. The poet prided himself upon his unadulterated Latinity, and protested against the strong Hellenizing tendency that was setting in. His epitaph (Roman writers had a weakness for composing their own epitaphs) may seem a bit over-laudatory of self from our modest modern standpoint, but it is quite in keeping with the outspoken style of his time, and is very interesting in the claim that he makes to be the mouthpiece and perhaps the last disciple of the native Italian muses (Camenæ). Here is his epitaph:

If it were meet that th' immortals' tears should fall on mortal clay,
Then would our native Muses weep for this our Nævius;
For truly, since to Death's great garner he was gathered in,
Our Romans born have clean forgot to speak their mother tongue.

2. QUINTUS ENNIUS

The Hellenizing tendency of which Nævius complains was setting in strongly already during his life at Rome. But it was especially the influence of his literary successor, an influence still more strongly tending toward Greek forms and motives, which the unfortu-

nate Nævius mourned from his place of exile and which gave added bitterness to the lament which the sturdy old Roman has left us in his epitaph.

This literary successor was the poet Quintus Ennius, who may almost be said to have met Nævius at the gates of Rome, since he arrived at Rome at about the time when Nævius went into banishment. Ennius was not a Roman citizen at this time, having been born and reared down in the extreme heel of Italy, at Rudiæ in Calabria, a section which had for many generations been under Greek influence. He was of good local family, familiar with the rough Oscan speech of his native village, with the polished Greek of neighboring Tarentum, where he was probably at school, and with the Roman tongue, which had become the official language of his district after Rome had pushed her conquests to the limits of Italy. He was wont to say of himself that he had three hearts—Oscan, Latin, and Greek; and certainly by the circumstances of his birth and education he was a good representative of the threefold national influences which were rapidly converging.

Ennius was born in 239 B. C., shortly after the close of the First Punic War; but he comes first into notice as a centurion in the Roman army in Sardinia during the Second Punic War. Here Cato, while acting as quæstor in the island, found him, and no doubt attracted by the sturdy scholarly soldier, took him to Rome in 204 in his own train. The poet afterward accompanied M. Fulvius Nobilior on that general's expedition to Ætolia, a privilege which he richly repaid later by immortalizing in verse the Ætolian campaign.

He obtained Roman citizenship in 184 through the instrumentality of the son of Fulvius. He was most fortunate, moreover, in enjoying the friendship of the great Scipio, with whom he lived on the most intimate terms. For himself, he lived always at Rome in humble fashion on a slope of the Aventine Hill, and gained a modest living by teaching Greek to the youths of Rome. There is a tradition not very trustworthy that it was of him that Cato himself "learned Greek at eighty."

That Ennius was fitted to be a confidential friend to great men of affairs we may well believe if, as Aulus Gellius, who has preserved the passage, would have us understand, the following picture was intended by the poet as a self-portraiture. The passage is from the seventh book of the "Annals," and has a setting of its own, but may well represent the familiar intercourse of the poet with Marcus Fulvius or with Scipio. If this is indeed a portrait, it is a passage of great value, for it pictures the character in great detail.

So having spoken, he called for a man with whom often and gladly
Table he shared, and talk, and all his burden of duties,
When with debate all day on important affairs he was wearied,
Whether perchance in the Forum wide, or the reverend Senate;
One with whom he could frankly speak of his serious matters,—
Trifles also, and jests,—could pour out freely together
Pleasant or bitter words, and know they were uttered in safety.
Many the joys and the griefs he had shared, whether public or secret!
This was a man in whom no impulse prompted to evil,
Whether of folly or malice; a scholarly man and a loyal,
Graceful, ready of speech, with his own contented and happy;
Tactful, speaking in season, yet courteous, never loquacious.

Vast was the buried and antique lore that was his, for the fore-
time
Made him master of earlier customs as well as of newer.
Versed in the laws was he of the ancients, men or immortals.
Wisely he knew both when he should talk and when to be silent.
So unto him Servilius spoke in the midst of the fighting. . . .
Lawton.

Ennius died in 169 B. C., and tradition says that his bust was placed in the tomb of the family of his great patron, whereby the poet-soldier and the soldier-statesman were mutually honored. Upon that sarcophagus of Scipio surmounted by the poet's bust might well have been inscribed the saying of Sellar: "Ennius was in letters what Scipio was in action—the most vital representative of his epoch."

Ennius wrote satires and tragedies as we have seen; but it is because of his great epic poem, the *Annales*, the work of his ripe age, that he deserves the high title accorded to him by the Romans themselves—"the father of Roman literature." This work is epoch-making because of its form and because of its important contribution to the development of the Latin language itself. The poet perceived that the native Saturnian verse was rude and unfitted to serve as a vehicle for the highest form of literary expression. His feeling toward this verse is shown in a fragment upon the First Punic War in which he refers to the *Bellum Punicum* of Nævius:

Others have treated the subject in the verses which in days of old the Fauns and bards used to sing, before any one had climbed to the cliffs of the Muses, or gave any care to style.
Sellar.

From the Saturnian he turned to the hexameter, whose "ocean-roll of rhythm" had resounded in the great epics of Homer. But it was one thing to admire the Greek dactylic hexameter, with its smooth-flowing cadences, and quite another to force the heavy, rough Latin speech into this measure. But this task, difficult as it was, Ennius essayed, and by the very attempt to force the Latin into the shapely Greek mold, he modified and polished that language itself, and handed it down to his literary successors as a far more fitting vehicle of noble expression than he had found it. It is true that in comparison with the hexameters of Vergil and Ovid the lines of Ennius are noticeably rough and heavy; but still it must be remembered that it was the older poet's pioneer labors that made the verse of Vergil and Ovid possible.

The "Annals" of Ennius is an attempt to gather up the traditions of early Roman history and the facts of later times, and present them in a continuous narrative. Ennius was the pioneer in this work, and shows, as he says in the supposed self-portraiture quoted above, a very extensive knowledge of Roman antiquities, as well as a vivid first-hand perception of contemporary men and events. His active service as a soldier in the Second Punic War especially fitted him to write the story of a warlike nation. His descriptions of wars and stirring events are *con amore*. He breathed the air of victory in the long series of Roman triumphs following the Second Punic War, and infused into his great national poem something of that exaltation of spirit which animated his times, and which raised his work far above the plane which his modest

title suggests. The poem sank deep into the national heart, and became a very bible of the race, from which his successors drew freely as from a public fountain.

This poem, the work of the poet's old age, contained eighteen books, of which only about six hundred lines of fragments remain. The first book covers the period from the death of Priam to the death of Romulus. This period is, however, not as long as it is usually represented by tradition, for Ennius passes over the three hundred years of the Alban kings and represents Æneas as the father of Ilia, the mother of Romulus. One of the longest fragments describes the dream of Ilia in which the birth of Romulus and Remus is foreshadowed.

Then follow scattered fragments relating to the birth and exposure of the twins, their nourishment by the wolf, their growth to manhood, a long fragment on the taking of the auspices by which the sovereignty of Romulus over his brother was decided, and at the end a spirited passage from the lamentation of the Romans over the death of Romulus.

The second and third books give a history of the Roman kings after Romulus, with glimpses of the victory of the Horatii, the dreadful death of the treacherous Mettius Fufetius, the disgusting impiety of Tullia, and the rape of Lucretia, which precipitated the banishment of the Tarquins. The fourth and fifth books cover the period from the founding of the republic to the beginning of the war with Pyrrhus, which is described in the sixth book. This contains the fine passage in which King Pyrrhus refuses to accept

money for the ransom of captives. He says to the Roman ambassadors:

Gold for myself I wish not; ye need not proffer a ransom.
Not as hucksters might let us wage our war, but as soldiers:
Not with gold but the sword. Our lives we will set on the issue.
Whether your rule or mine be Fortune's pleasure,—our mistress,—
Let us by valor decide. And to this word hearken ye also:
Every valorous man who is spared by the fortune of battle,
Fully determined am I of his freedom as well to accord him.
Count it a gift. At the wish of the gods in heaven I grant it.
Lawton.

The seventh book treats of the First Punic War, which he touches upon but lightly, since this subject had been so fully covered by his predecessor. Then follow, in the remaining books, the Macedonian, Ætolian, and Istrian wars, the history being brought down to within a few years of the writer's death. In the last book the old poet very fittingly compares himself to a spirited horse who has won victories in his day, but now enjoys his well-earned rest in the dignity and inactivity of age.

As we survey these broken fragments, we gain some appreciation of the cruelty of that fate which preserved to posterity the ten tedious books of Lucan's *Pharsalia*, the seventeen books of Silius' *Punica*, and the twelve books of the *Thebaid* of Statius, but swept away this great work of Rome's first genuine poet—a work rendered triply valuable because it was the first Roman experiment in hexameters, because in it the Latin language was just molding into literary form, retaining still much of its early roughness and heavi-

ness, and because of the priceless contribution to Roman antiquities which it could have furnished us.

3. PUBLIUS VERGILIUS MARO

We turn from Ennius to Vergil as from prophecy to fulfilment. A hundred years separated the death of the one from the birth of the other, and nearly a century and a half stood between their maturer works, a period covering almost the whole range of republican literature. During this time many hands had been at work importing literary treasures from Greece, gleaning from native Italian sources the riches of ancient folk-lore, customs, traditions, and annals; many minds had pondered over the problems of life and human destiny, evolving and compiling treasures of philosophy. And the combined labors of all these had so enlarged, polished, and enriched the Latin speech, their common instrument, that, in the single generation embracing the Augustan age, that finished product was reached which we call the golden age of the language and its literature, and to the standard of which we refer all Latinity of earlier or later date.

During this period of development the "inspired" Accius, the immediate successor of Ennius, had given to the world those works which won for him the name of the greatest Roman tragic poet; Lucilius, the father of Roman satire, had left his strong imprint upon his country's life and language; Varro's tremendous diligence had stored up, among much other treasure, material upon agriculture and Roman history and antiquities; Lucretius had written his great didactic poem upon the Epicurean philosophy; Catullus, an

older contemporary of Vergil, had finished his brief literary as well as earthly career before Vergil had well begun to write; and lastly, Cicero, Cæsar, and Sallust had wrought in their strong, polished prose for the further perfecting of the Latin speech.

With such a birthright was Vergil born; in such a school and from such masters did he gain the equipment for his literary career, which was destined to make him the most brilliant representative of the most brilliant period in Roman literature.

His origin was certainly humble enough to hide him from fate. He was born (B. C. 70) the son of a potter, or as some say a farmer, in an obscure little village near Mantua, in northern Italy, and received his early education in the not far away towns of Cremona and Mediolanum. Thence he went to Rome for his higher education, where he acquired the usual accomplishments of the Roman youth. His studies fitted him for the profession of the advocate, but not so his nature. His one appearance at the bar taught him his utter unfitness for that pursuit, for his natural shyness on that occasion quite overcame him. As Ovid tells us of his own experience, the Muses wooed him irresistibly away from the practical pursuits of the "wordy forum," and claimed him for their own. Nature had marked him for a poet. We are told that he was framed on large and generous lines, tall, with the genuine Italian swarthiness of hue, simple and gentle, almost rustic in appearance, with face so suggestive of the purity of character within that the Neapolitans, among whom he loved most to make his home, called him *Parthenias*, "the maiden-like one." Even after

he had attained fame, his natural shyness was so great that the popular notice which he attracted upon the streets was a torture to him, from which he always took refuge, as Donatus says, "into the nearest house," as from a hostile mob.

The steps which led our poet from obscurity to fame we cannot trace in detail. Local circumstances and his marked poetic ability brought him early under the influence and patronage of Asinius Pollio, soldier, statesman, and littérateur; he was admitted also to the select circle of Mæcenas, to which he himself was privileged later to introduce his friend Horace; and Mæcenas in turn introduced both these poets, so unlike and yet so firmly knit together in the bonds of friendship, to the Emperor Augustus.

Vergil's own works, aside from certain minor poems attributed to him, were three in number: the *Eclogues*, *Georgics*, and the *Æneid*, all composed in the dactylic hexameter. His book of *Eclogues* was written during the period from 43 to 39 B. C., and consists of ten bucolic or pastoral poems after the style of the Sicilian Greek poet Theocritus. These poems, while somewhat artificial in style, are full of genuine feeling for nature, and contain many valuable references to the poet himself and his contemporaries. The *Georgics* are, as their name implies, a series of treatises in four books upon farming. The first book is devoted to the tilling of the soil, the second to the cultivation of the vine and fruit trees, the third to the breeding of cattle, and the fourth to the care of bees. The whole shows a minute and first-hand knowledge of the subjects treated which only long and loving personal observa-

tion could have given. The composition of this book occupied the seven years from 37 to 30 B. C. The work was done chiefly at Naples, where he seems to have passed the most of the remainder of his life. His third and greatest work was his epic poem in twelve books called the *Æneid*, because it relates the story of the Trojan prince Æneas and his followers.

This poem, whose merits are so evident to us, and whose faults are so slight in comparison, never in fact received the finishing touches from the author. Having spent eleven years upon the work, Vergil made a journey to Greece, intending to continue his travels to Asia also. But in Athens he met his friend Augustus, who easily persuaded him to return in his train to Italy. It was but coming home to die. Always of frail health, the poet's final sickness seized him on the homeward voyage, and increased so rapidly that he died shortly after landing at Brundisium, B. C. 19. His remains were buried in his beloved Naples, where still is proudly pointed out, upon the side of Posilippo hill, the so-called "tomb of Vergil." A further evidence of the pride which the modern Neapolitans feel in their great adopted fellow-townsman is to be seen in the beautiful memorial shrine of white marble which to-day stands to the poet's (and the city's) honor in the *Villa Nazionale*, the famous seaside park of Naples.

Vergil, conscious of the incomplete condition of the *Æneid*, left instructions to Varius and Tucca, his literary executors, to destroy all his unpublished manuscript; but this great loss to the world was prevented by the interference of the emperor, who directed Varius

to revise and publish the *Æneid*, which was accordingly done, probably in the year 17 B. C.

What is the *Æneid?* The Roman no doubt saw in it a national epic, celebrating the greatness and glory of the Roman race. His heart swelled with renewed pride of citizenship as he read those glorious lines in which world dominion was promised to his race:

> Others, belike, with happier grace
> From bronze or stone shall call the face,
> Plead doubtful causes, map the skies,
> And tell when planets set or rise:
> But, Roman, thou, do thou control
> The nations far and wide;
> Be this thy genius, to impose
> The rule of peace on vanquished foes,
> Show pity to the humbled soul,
> And crush the sons of pride.
>
> Conington.

But Vergil was not alone an intense patriot. He was also ardently attached to the new imperial administration; and he seems to have set himself the difficult task of knitting together again into harmony with Augustus' rule the different classes of Roman citizens so long rent asunder by factional strife and civil war. He attempts this by reminding his fellow-citizens of their glorious past and tracing the hand of destiny in unbroken manifestation from Æneas to Cæsar and to Cæsar's heir. Thus Jupiter is seen promising to Venus for her Trojan descendants "endless, boundless reign." This glorious reign is to culminate in the great Cæsar, who with his heir Augustus shall inaugurate the Golden Age again.

The *Æneid* itself may be said in a sense to focus

upon Augustus, for in the vision which is granted to Æneas in the underworld of the long line of his mighty descendants, it is Augustus who is singled out for most glowing tribute as the chief glory of the race that is to be:

> This, this is he, so oft the theme
> Of your prophetic fancy's dream,
> Augustus Cæsar, god by birth,
> Restorer of the age of gold
> In lands where Saturn ruled of old,
> O'er Ind and Garamant extreme
> Shall stretch his reign, that spans the earth.
> Look to that land which lies afar,
> Beyond the path of sun or star,
> Where Atlas on his shoulder rears
> The burden of the incumbent spheres.
> Egypt e'en now and Caspia hear
> The muttered voice of many a seer,
> And Nile's seven mouths, disturbed with fear,
> Their coming conqueror know.
> Conington.

Such strains as these in the setting of such a poem, embodying all that most delicately and most powerfully stimulated the Roman pride of birth and country, would do much to confer upon the ruling emperor historic and divine sanction.

Perhaps connected with the national character of the *Æneid* is the strong religious motive which animates the whole. Rome was not produced by chance. The poet never lets us lose sight of the fact that all has been predestined for ages past. Æneas from the first is in the hands of heaven, fated indeed to wander, to endure disappointment, suffering, loss that would have tried beyond endurance a man of weaker faith;

but fated as well to work out a glorious destiny. And Æneas, like the typical Roman after him, believed in his destiny. He calmly consoles his shipwrecked friends upon the wild shores of Africa in the face of seemingly irreparable disaster:

> Comrades! for comrades we are, no strangers to hardships already; hearts that have felt deeper wounds! for these too heaven will find a balm. Why, men, you have even looked on Scylla in her madness, and heard those yells that thrill the rocks; you have even made trial of the crags of the Cyclops. Come, call your spirits back, and banish these doleful fears. Who knows but some day this too will be remembered with pleasure? Through manifold chances, through these many perils of fortune, we are making our way to Latium, where the Fates hold out to us a quiet settlement; there Troy's empire has leave to rise again from its ashes. Bear up, and reserve yourselves for brighter days.
>
> Conington.

The *Æneid* breathes throughout a tone of reverence for the gods. This is best seen if we contrast Vergil's and Ovid's attitude. The latter poet affects a free and easy familiarity with the deities of tradition, whose deeds, adventures, and escapades are told, often with slight reverence, and much to the detriment of their divine dignity. But in Vergil's poem the reader enters a stately temple filled with an all-pervading reverence for the gods of heaven, who are to be approached by men only in fitting wise, with veiled face and pure hands; whose power is over all and wielded in righteousness. It should be added that the whole sixth book is devoted to an account of the spirit world, where human souls receive their rewards and punishments for the deeds of their life on earth.

Vergil's poems have always been thought to have a decidedly Christian tone, so much so, indeed, that he was revered by the early Christian fathers, who regarded him in the light of a semi-inspired pagan. There is a tradition of the medieval church preserved in a mass sung in honor of St. Paul, in which that saint is said to have stood at the tomb of Vergil and to have exclaimed: "O greatest of poets, what a man I should have made of thee had I but met thee in thy day!"

Vergil's standing with the early church was no doubt much enhanced by his remarkable fourth eclogue, in which he foretells the golden age to be inaugurated by the birth of the infant son of Pollio. There is a remarkable similarity between the poet's description of the happy time of "peace on earth" which the Child shall bring and the language of the Messianic prophecies of Isaiah.

But entirely aside from its national, religious, or other characteristics, and so far as its place in the world's literature is concerned, the *Æneid* is first of all a story. It has not, indeed, the simple grandeur of the *Iliad*, upon the model of which it was probably composed. The passing of nearly a millennium of world-life after Homer's time made that impossible; and it is obviously unfair to compare any product of the refined and artificial society of the Augustan with the product of the simple and fresh life of the Homeric age when the world was young. But the *Æneid* has a grandeur, a grace, a polished beauty all its own; and, compared with the epic product of his own and later ages, Vergil's poem stands colossal—the unapproachable epic of the Roman tongue.

It is the heroic story of the last night of Troy, and the subsequent wanderings of a band of Trojans under Æneas, prince of Troy; their long, vain search for their fate-promised land; their shipwreck upon the shores of Africa; their sojourn in Carthage and the love tragedy of Dido and Æneas; their memorial games in Sicily; Æneas' visit to the underworld, and the struggle of the Trojan exiles against native princes for a foothold in their destined Italy—all a story of heroes and heroic deeds, sketched on broad lines and with a free hand, but worked out with exquisite grace and beauty of detail.

Vergil follows common usage in telling his story in an order not chronological. The introduction reminds us that the struggle of the Trojan exiles is not confined to earth, but has its counterpart in heaven, where Juno cherishes many old grudges against the Trojans, while Venus champions them for the sake of her son Æneas. A recognition of this divine element is all essential to an understanding of the story, for it is through the agency of these rival goddesses that much of the action for better and for worse is wrought out.

The first view of our Trojan band shows them helpless in the grasp of a raging storm, wave-tossed and all but wrecked, they know not where. Through the uproar of the elements we hear the despairing cry of stout-hearted Æneas himself:

> O happy, thrice and yet again,
> Who died at Troy like valiant men,
> E'en in their parents' view!
> O Diomed, first of Greeks in fray,
> Why pressed I not the plain that day,
> Yielding my life to you,

Where, stretched beneath a Phrygian sky,
Fierce Hector, tall Sarpedon lie:
Where Simoïs tumbles 'neath his wave
Shields, helms, and bodies of the brave?
Conington.

But even as he speaks, the mountain waves break and drive his frail ships upon the quicksands near some wild and unknown shore.

In striking contrast to this wild scene is the calm haven to which a portion of the shipwrecked band is guided by the kindly divinities of the sea. The description of this spot, and the rest and refreshment of the weary toilers forms one of the most charming bits of realism in the poem.

After the necessary refreshment of food and sleep, Æneas, with his faithful Achates as sole companion, sets out at early dawn to explore this wild region upon the shores of which they have been cast. As they wander through a deep forest they meet Venus in the disguise of a huntress, and from her they inquire the name of this land.

Æneas now learns that he has been wrecked upon the coast of Africa, not far from the new city which Dido, a Tyrian princess, is building. He learns her tragic story: how her brother had killed her husband Sychæus out of greed for gain, and how she had fled, in consequence, with a band of Tyrian followers. The goddess points out the way to this new city, bids them be of good cheer and follow it, and vanishes from their sight, revealing her true nature to her son as she departs.

They soon reach a height which overlooks the new

city of Carthage, and find themselves before a temple of Juno, upon whose architrave are sculptured scenes from the Trojan War. It is early morning, and the city is all a-buzz with toil of its inhabitants who urge on the many busy works. Æneas, homesick for his lost city, and long baffled in his search for his own promised home, cries out in longing as he looks upon this scene:

> Yea, all, like busy bees throughout the flowery mead,
> Are all astir with eager toil. O blessed toil!
> O happy ye, whose walls already rise! But I,—
> When shall I see *my* city and my city's walls?
>
> Miller.*

Soon they discover the pictures on the architrave, and are much moved as well as comforted to know that here, so far from home, their heroic struggles are known and appreciated. And now the strains of music and the stir of an approaching throng is heard, and, themselves unseen, Æneas and Achates behold the beautiful and stately queen Dido entering the temple with her train of maidens and courtiers. The queen takes her seat and proceeds to hold an impromptu court, planning the work of the day, and assigning tasks to her lieutenants.

Again the approach of a more noisy throng is heard, and into the stately temple breaks a group of desperate men whom Æneas at once recognizes to be a part of his own band who had been cast up upon another part of the shore. They are followed by a mob of jeering Carthaginians. Old Ilioneus, one of the Trojans,

*These quotations are made from Miller and Nelson's *Dido, an Epic Tragedy*, by permission of Silver, Burdett & Co.

pleads their cause before the queen in a speech of mingled supplication and reproach, while at the same time he bewails the loss of his beloved prince Æneas.

The queen receives the wanderers with open-handed generosity, disclaims all intentional harshness, bids the Trojans freely share her city and her realm, and expresses the wish that their king himself, Æneas, were before her. These, we may be sure, were glad words to Æneas and his companions. They at once stand forth before the eyes of the astonished throng, joyfully greet their comrades, and Æneas salutes the queen with grateful and courtly speech:

Lo, him you ask for! I am he,
Æneas, saved from Libya's sea.
O, only heart that deigns to mourn
    For Ilium's cruel care!
That bids e'en us, poor relics, torn
From Danaan fury, all outworn
By earth and ocean, all forlorn,
    Its home, it's city share!
We cannot thank you; no, nor they,
    Our brethren of the Dardan race,
    Who, driven from their ancestral place,
Throughout the wide world stray.
May heaven, if virtue claim its thought,
If justice yet avail for aught,
Heaven, and the sense of conscious right,
With worthier meed your acts requite!
What happy ages gave you birth?
What glorious sires begat such worth?
While rivers run into the deep,
While shadows o'er the hillside sweep,
While stars in heaven's fair pasture graze,
Shall live your honor, name, and praise,
Whate'er my destined home.

Conington.

The astonished Dido finds fitting words of welcome for her royal guest, again assures the Trojans that her city is their own, and proclaims a great feast on the ensuing night in honor of the distinguished strangers.

This feast is a scene of royal and barbaric splendor. The Tyrian lords and Trojan princes throng the banquet-hall with its rich tapestries and flashing lights, vessels of massive silver and of gold, while the bright-hued robes of Dido and her train add gladness and color to the scene. Amidst the feasting there was a song by an old minstrel, which he accompanied by the strains of his lyre. The song was upon the ever fascinating theme of natural phenomena, the powers of the air, the earth, the sea—all the dim mysteries of being. We are told that he sang about these things. Let us phrase them for his lyric measures.

Of the orb of the wandering moon I sing,
As she wheels through the darkening skies;
Where the storm-brooding band of the Hyades swing,
And the circling Triones arise;
Of the sun's struggling ball
Which the shadows appall
Till the menacing darkness flies;

Of the all-potent forces that dwell in the air,
With its measureless reaches of blue;
The soft, floating clouds of gossamer there,
And the loud-wailing storm-rack too;
Of the rain and the winds
And the lightning that blinds
When its swift-darting bolt flashes through;

Of the marvels deep hid in the bowels of earth,
In the dark caves of Ocean confined,
Where the rivers in snow-trickling rills have their birth,
And the dense tangled mazes unwind;
In the deep underland,
In the dim wonderland,
Where broods the vast cosmical mind.

Of the manifold wonders of life I sing,
Its mysterious striving to scan,
In the rippling wave, on the fluttering wing,
In beast and all-dominant man.
'Tis the indwelling soul
Of the god of the whole,
Since the dawn of creation began.

Meanwhile the queen, deeply moved with pity first, and now with admiration for her heroic guest, hangs breathless on his words, asks eagerly of the famous war, and at last begs him to tell entire the story of that last sad night of Troy. We listen too while he, whose tears start as he speaks, relates that tragic story. He tells how, at the end of the long struggle, when both warring nations were well-nigh exhausted of their strength, the Greeks at last gained entrance to their Trojan city by the trick of the wooden horse. This huge image, found without their walls, filled all unknown to them with their bravest foes, they draw through their gates, and place upon their very citadel, amid dancing children and the joyous shouts of all the citizens; for they have been assured by the lying Sinon that the Greeks have gone home, and have left this horse as an offering to Minerva for their safe return.

In the deep night watches, when all are drowned in careless slumber and their festal draughts of wine,

Æneas dreams that Hector stands before him, begrimed with gory dust and weeping bitterly.

"Ah! fly, goddess-born!" cries he, "and escape from these flames—the walls are in the enemy's hands—Troy is tumbling from its summit—the claims of country and king are satisfied—if Pergamus could be defended by force of hand, it would have been defended by mine, in my day. Your country's worship and her gods are what she intrusts to you now—take them to share your destiny—seek for them a mighty city, which you shall one day build when you have wandered the ocean over."

Conington.

As Æneas springs up from his couch, warned by this vision, his ears are greeted by the confused sound of distant clamor, hoarse cries, and the accustomed noise of battle. The sky is red with flames. Rushing out, he finds that the Greek forces from wooden horse and fleet have filled the city, while the Trojans, taken unawares, are making brave but desultory resistance. Collecting a band of men, he makes stubborn stand again and again; but at last overpowered, his men flee in scattered twos and threes.

Æneas finds himself near Priam's palace. This is beset by swarms of Greeks, who scale the walls and batter at the doors, while desperate defenders on the roof hurl down whatever comes to hand. Æneas gains the roof by a private way, and looking down upon the inner court, he is witness to the darkest tragedy of that night. Old Priam, with Hecuba his wife and helpless daughters, sits cowering upon the steps of the central shrine. A mighty crash and outcry from within tell that the Greeks have gained an entrance at the door. Now out into the peristyle, along the beautiful col-

onnades of the spacious court, comes Priam's youthful son Polites, hard-pressed by the spear of Pyrrhus, leader of the Greeks. In breathless fascination they watch the race for life until the boy falls slain just at his parent's feet. The aged king, roused by this outrage, stands forth; clad in his time-worn armor, and weak and trembling with age, he chides the Greek:

"Aye," cries he, "for a crime, for an outrage like this, may the gods, if there is any sense of right in heaven to take cognizance of such deeds, give you the full thanks you merit, and pay you your due reward; you, who have made me look with my own eyes on my son's death, and stained a father's presence with the sight of blood. But he whom your lying tongue calls your sire, Achilles, dealt not thus with Priam his foe—he had a cheek that could crimson at a suppliant's rights, a suppliant's honor. Hector's lifeless body he gave back to the tomb, and sent me home to my realms in peace." So said the poor old man, and hurled at him a dart unwarlike, unwounding, which the ringing brass at once shook off, and left hanging helplessly from the end of the shield's boss. Pyrrhus retorts: "You shall take your complaint, then, and carry your news to my father, Pelides. Tell him about my shocking deeds, about his degenerate Neoptolemus, and do not forget. Now die." With these words he dragged him to the very altar, palsied and sliding in a pool of his son's blood, wreathed his left hand in his hair, and with his right flashed forth and sheathed in his side the sword to the hilt. Such was the end of Priam's fortunes, such the fatal lot that fell upon him, with Troy blazing and Pergamus in ruins before his eyes—upon him, once the haughty ruler of those many nations and kingdoms, the sovereign lord of Asia! There he lies on the shore, a gigantic trunk, a head severed from the shoulders, a body without a name.

Conington.

The tide of carnage sucks out of the palace and ebbs away. As Æneas descends from the palace roof,

he sees Helen skulking in a neighboring shrine. His heart is hot at sight of her who has been the firebrand of the war, and he resolves to kill her. But Venus flashes before his vision and warns him to hasten to the defense of his own home would he not see his own father lying even as Priam. Conscience-smitten, he hurries thither, divinely shielded from fire and sword. His plan is fixed to take his household and seek a place of safety without the city.

The unexpected resistance of his aged father, who is resolved not to survive his beloved Troy, is at last overcome; and soon, with his sire upon his shoulders, his little son held by the hand, and his household following, Æneas steals out the city gate on the side toward Mount Ida, and makes his way to a preconcerted place of meeting. Here, to his consternation, he discovers that his wife Creüsa is missing, and wildly rushes back to the city in search of her. Regardless of danger to himself, he is calling her name loudly through the desolate streets when her shade appears to him and says:

"Whence this strange pleasure in indulging frantic grief, my darling husband? It is not without heaven's will that these things are happening. That you should carry your Creüsa with you on your journey is forbidden by fate, forbidden by the mighty ruler of heaven above. You have long years of exile, a vast expanse of ocean to traverse—and then you will arrive at the land of Hesperia, where Tiber, Lydia's river, rolls his gentle volumes through rich and cultured plains. There you have a smiling future, a kingdom and a royal bride waiting your coming. Dry your tears for Creüsa, your heart's choice though she be. I am not to see the face of Myrmidons or Dolopes in their haughty homes, or to enter the service of some Grecian matron—I, a Dardan princess, daughter by mar-

riage of Venus the immortal. No, I am kept in this country by heaven's mighty mother. And now farewell, and continue to love your son and mine." Thus having spoken, spite of my tears, spite of the thousand things I longed to say, she left me and vanished into unsubstantial air. Thrice, as I stood, I essayed to fling my arms round her neck—thrice the phantom escaped the hands that caught at it in vain—impalpable as the wind, fleeting as the wings of sleep.

So passed my night, and such was my return to my comrades. Arrived there, I find with wonder their band swelled by a vast multitude of new companions, matrons and warriors both, an army mustered for exile, a crowd of the wretched. From every side they were met, prepared in heart as in fortune to follow me over the sea to any land where I might take them to settle. And now the morning star was rising over Ida's loftiest ridge with the day in its train—Danaan sentinels were blocking up the entry of the gates, and no hope of succor appeared. I retired at last, took up my father, and made for the mountains.

Conington.

Thus simply ends the thrilling story of the Trojan War, told by one who was himself an active participant in those mighty deeds. It passes from turbulent action to pathetic rest like the tired sobbing of a child which has cried itself to sleep.

The banquet-hall of Dido has remained throughout this recital in breathless silence, and now a long sigh of relief from the strained tension of passionate sympathy breathes along the couches.

After an impressive pause, during which no word is spoken, Æneas resumes his story and tells of the seven years of wandering over the sea in search of the land that fate has promised him. With his little fleet of vessels, built at the foot of Ida, he touches first at a point in Thrace, intending to found a city there; but

he is warned away by a horrible portent. He touches next at Delos, and implores the sacred oracle for a word of guidance to his destined home. To this prayer the oracle makes answer by a voice wafted from the inner shrine, while the whole place rocks and trembles:

> Sons of Dardanus, strong to endure, the land which first gave you birth from your ancestral tree, the same land shall welcome you back, restored to its fruitful bosom; seek for your old mother till you find her. There it is that the house of Æneas shall set up a throne over all nations, they, and their children's children, and those that shall yet come after.
>
> Conington.

So it is "Ho, for the mother-land!" But where is that? Whence sprang the Trojans? Here old Anchises, father of Æneas, rich in the lore of old tradition, says:

> Listen, lords of Troy, and learn where your hopes are. Crete lies in the midst of the deep, the island of mighty Jove. There is Mount Ida, and there the cradle of our race. It has a hundred peopled cities, a realm of richest plenty. Thence it was that our first father, Teucer, if I rightly recall what I have heard, came in the beginning to the Rhœtean coast, and fixed on the site of empire. Ilion and the towers of Pergamus had not yet been reared; the people dwelt low in the valley. Hence came our mighty mother, the dweller on Mount Cybele, and the symbols of the Corybants, and the forest of Ida: hence the inviolate mystery of her worship, and the lions harnessed to the car of their queen. Come, then, and let us follow where the ordinance of heaven points the way; let us propitiate the winds, and make for the realm of Gnossus—the voyage is no long one—let but Jupiter go with us, and the third day will land our fleet on the Cretan shore.
>
> Conington.

They quickly reach the Cretan shore, joyfully lay out their new city, and begin again the sweet, simple

life in home and field which had been theirs before Paris brought the curse on Troy. But alas for their bright hopes! A blighting pestilence falls on man and beast, on tree and shrub; the very ground is accursed. It is the harsh warning of fate that they must not settle here. But where? To Æneas, as he tosses in sleepless anxiety through the night, there appear in the white moonlight the images of his country's gods, who give him the needed counsel:

> We, the followers of you and your fortune since the Dardan land sank in flame—we, the comrades of the fleet which you have been guiding over the swollen main—we it is that will raise to the stars the posterity that shall come after you, and crown your city with imperial sway. Be it yours to build mighty walls for mighty dwellers, and not abandon the task of flight for its tedious length. Change your settlement; it is not this coast that the Delian god moved you to accept—not in Crete that Apollo bade you sit down. No, there is a place—the Greeks call it Hesperia—a land old in story, strong in arms and in the fruitfulness of its soil—the Œnotrians were its settlers. Now report says that later generations have called the nation Italian, from the name of their leader. That is our true home: thence sprung Dardanus and father Iasius, the first founder of our line. Quick! rise, and tell the glad tale, which brooks no question, to your aged sire; tell him that he is to look for Corythus and the country of Ausonia. Jupiter bars you from the fields of Dicte.
>
> Conington.

Again on board, they sail for many stormy days until they reach the islands of the Strophades. Here dwell the Harpies, loathsome human birds, whose touch is defilement and whose speech is bitter with railing. Yet even here Æneas finds a prophecy of his destiny. Offended by the onslaught of the Trojans, Celæno, one of the Harpy band, thus reviles and prophesies:

What, is it war for the oxen you have slain and the bullocks you have felled, true sons of Laomedon? Is it war that *you* are going to make on *us*, to expel us, blameless Harpies, from our ancestral realm? Take, then, into your minds these my words, and print them there. The prophecy which the Almighty Sire imparted to Phœbus, Phœbus Apollo to me, I, the chief of the Furies, make known to you. For Italy, I know, you are crowding all sail: well, the winds shall be at your call as you go to Italy, and you shall be free to enter its harbors; but you shall not build walls around your fated city, before fell hunger and your murderous wrong against us drive you to gnaw and eat up your very tables.

Conington.

Hastily Æneas leaves this place with an earnest prayer that this dire threat may be averted. Past green Zacynthos, Dulichium, and craggy Neritos they go, past Ithaca, cursing it for crafty Ulysses' sake, and reach the rocky shores of Actium; then on past the Phæacian land to Buthrotum in Epirus, on the western shore of Greece. He is astounded and delighted to find that the strange fortunes of war have set Helenus, son of Priam, here as king, with Andromache, wife of the lamented Hector, as his queen. We may be sure that the meeting was sweet and bitter too for all the exiles.

They pass many days in hospitable intercourse, recalling the vanished life of their old Phrygian home, and recounting the checkered experiences of their recent years. And now, one bright morning, the breezes call loudly to the sails, and Æneas would pursue his way. He knows by now that Italy is the object of his quest, but how he may reach the destined spot in that vast stretch of coast, and what wanderings still await him, he does not know. But Helenus, his

host, is famed as a diviner of hidden things, and to him Æneas appeals.

Helenus first warns his friend that he must shun that part of Italy which seems so near at hand, for on this eastern shore the Greeks have many cities; but he must sail far around, until he reach the farthest shore. Above all, let him not try to speed his course through the straits of Sicily, for here the dread monsters Scylla and Charybdis keep the way. They shall at last come to "Cumæ on the western shore, and the haunted lake, and the woods that rustle over Avernus," and there shall they learn further of their fates from the inspired prophetess of Apollo's shrine. Their final resting-place, where heaven shall permit them to found their city and end their wanderings, by this strange token they shall know—a huge white sow with thirty young, lying at ease beneath a spreading oak. "Such," says Helenus, "are the counsels which it is given you to receive from my lips. Go on your way, and by your actions lift to heaven the greatness of Troy."

With exchange of gifts, tokens of mutual love, sad at parting, but with high thoughts of glorious destiny, the royal pair speed their guests on their way. One reach to the northward, a night on the sandy shore, an early embarkation in the misty dusk of the morning, and Æneas turns his prows once more to the unknown west.

And now the stars were fled, and Aurora was just reddening in the sky, when in the distance we see the dim hills and low plains of Italy. "Italy!" Achates was the first to cry. Italy, our crews welcome with a shout of rapture. Then, my father

Anchises wreathed a mighty bowl with a garland, and filled it with wine, and called on the gods, standing upon the tall stern: "Ye powers that rule sea and land and weather, waft us a fair wind and a smooth passage, and breathe auspiciously!"

Conington.

They make a hasty landing on this nearest shore, pay solemn tribute to Juno as Helenus had bidden them, and speeding across the great curving bay of Tarentum, hug fast the shores of southern Italy. Barely escaping the dangerous straits of Sicily, they pass the night upon the shore near Ætna, whose awful rumblings, whirlwinds of glowing ashes, and belched up avalanches of molten stone, appall their hearts. This night of dread ends in a morning of horror, for there, upon the mountainside, they see the Cyclopean monsters whom Ulysses and his band had so narrowly escaped. Hastily they push away from this dread coast, and sail clear around to western Sicily, where Æneas' aged father dies, and is buried in the friendly realm of King Acestes.

From here one more short course would have brought them to their journey's end; but Juno's implacable hate had stirred the winds against them, and by that dark storm they had been driven far away and wrecked on the coast of Africa.

Thus father Æneas, alone, amid the hush of all around, was recounting heaven's destined dealings, and telling of his voyages; and now at length he was silent, made an end, and took his rest.

Conington.

Ages after this, Othello the Moor won the love of Desdemona by tales of valor and of suffering;

My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs;
She wished she had not heard it, yet she wished
That heaven had made her such a man. She thanked me,
And bade me if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her.

By these same means, unwittingly has Æneas stirred the love in Dido's heart. She goes to her bed, but not to sleep. All night she tosses restlessly, picturing the hero's face and recalling his words; and in the morning, sick of soul, she pours her tears and cares into her sister Anna's bosom.

O sister, what dread visions of the night invade
My troubled soul! What of this stranger lodged within
Our halls, how noble in his mien, how brave in heart,
Of what puissant arms! From heav'n in truth his race
Must be derived, for fear betokens low-born souls.
Alas, how tempest-tossed of fate was he! How to
The dregs the bitter cup of war's reverses hath
He drained! If in my soul the purpose were not fixed
That not to any suitor would I yield myself
In wedlock, since the time when he who won my love
Was reft away, perchance I might have yielded now.
For sister, I confess it, since my husband's fate,
Since that sad day when by his blood my father's house
Was sprinkled, this of all men has my feelings moved.
Again I feel the force of passion's sway. But no!
May I be gulfed within earth's yawning depths; may Jove
Almighty hurl me with his thunders to the shades,
The pallid shades of Erebus and night profound,
Before, O constancy, I violate thy laws!
He took my heart who first engaged my maiden love.
Still may he keep his own, and in the silent tomb
Preserve my love inviolate.

Miller.

Anna advises her sister to yield to this new love, and argues that policy as well as inclination is on her side. Such a union as this would strengthen her against her brother, and exalt the sway of Carthage to unhoped for glory.

> And to what glory shalt thou see thy city rise,
> What strong, far-reaching sway upreared on such a tie!
> Assisted by the Trojan arms, our youthful state
> Up to the very pinnacle of fame shall soar.
>
> Miller.

Thus advised, Dido gives herself up to passion's sway. Her city is forgotten, her queenly ambition gone. In hospitality, in feasting, and the dalliance of love the days go by. And seemingly Æneas, too, has forgotten his glorious destiny, his promised land of Italy, and is sunk in a languorous dream of present bliss.

But the fates of future Rome must not be thwarted. He is rudely awakened from his dream by Mercury, who at the command of Jove suddenly appears before him as he is engaged in urging on the walls and towers of Carthage.

> And can it be that thou art building here the walls
> Of Tyrian Carthage, and uprearing her fair towers,
> Thou dotard, of thy realm and thy great destiny
> Forgetful! Jove himself, the ruler of the gods,
> Who holds the heavens and earth and moves them at his will,
> To thee from bright Olympus straight hath sent me here.
> He bade me bear on speeding pinions these commands:
> What dost thou here? or with what hopes dost thou delay
> Upon the Libyan shores? If thou, indeed, art moved
> By no regard of thine own glorious destiny,
> Respect at least the budding hopes of him, thy son,
> Who after thee shall hold the scepter; for to him
> Are due the realms of Italy, the land of Rome.
>
> Miller.

Æneas is overwhelmed with astonishment and remorse. At once all his old ambitions regain their sway, and his mind is bent upon instant departure. He cries aloud:

O Jove, and I had near forgot my destiny,
To oblivion lulled amid the sweets of this fair land!
But now my heart's sole longing is for Italy,
Which waits me by the promise of the fates. But how
From this benumbing passion shall I free myself?
How face the queen and put away her clinging love?
[*To his attendants.*] "Go ye, and swiftly call the Trojans
to the shore;
Bid them equip the vessels quickly for the sea,
And frame for this our sudden voyage some fitting cause."
Miller.

But Dido has seen the hurrying Trojan mariners, and with her natural perceptions sharpened by suspicious fear, at once divines the meaning of this sudden stir. Maddened with the pangs of blighted love, she seeks Æneas and pours out her hot indignation mingled with pitiful pleadings.

And didst thou hope that thou couldst hide thy fell design,
O faithless, and in silence steal away from this
My land? Does not our love, and pledge of faith once given,
Nor thought of Dido, doomed to die a cruel death,
Detain thee? Can it be that under wintry skies
Thou wouldest launch thy fleet and urge thy onward way
'Mid stormy blasts across the sea, O cruel one?
But what if not a stranger's land and unknown homes
Thou soughtest; what if Troy, thy city, still remained:
Still wouldst thou fare to Troy along the wave-tossed sea?
Is't I thou fleest? By these tears and thy right hand —
Since in my depth of crushing woe I 've nothing left —
And by our marriage bond and sacred union joined,
If ever aught of mercy I have earned of thee,

If I have ever giv'n thee one sweet drop of joy,
Have pity on my falling house, and change, I pray,
Thy cruel purpose if there still is room for prayer.
For thee the Libyan races hate me, and my lords
Of Tyre; for thee my latest scruple was o'ercome;
My fame, by which I was ascending to the stars,
My kingdom, fates, — all these have I giv'n up for thee.
And thou, for whom dost thou abandon me, O guest? --
Since from the name of husband this sole name remains.
What wait I more? Is't till Pygmalion shall come,
And lay my walls in ruins, or the desert prince,
Iarbus, lead me captive home? O cruel fate!
If only ere thou fledst some pledge had been conceived
Of thee, if round my halls some son of thine might sport,
To bear thy name and bring thine image back to me,
Then truly should I seem not utterly bereft.

Miller.

Æneas is seemingly unmoved by this appeal. With the warnings of Jupiter still sounding in his ears, he dares not let his love answer a word to Dido's pleadings. And so he coldly answers her that he is but following the bidding of his fate, which is leading him to Italy, even as hers had led her to this land of Africa.

Dido has stood during this reply with averted face and scornful look, and now turns upon him in a passion of grief and rage. No pleadings now, but scornful denunciation and curses.

Thou art no son of Venus, nor was Dardanus
The ancient founder of thy race, thou faithless one;
But Caucasus with rough and flinty crags begot,
And fierce Hyrcanian tigers suckled thee. For why
Should I restrain my speech, or greater evil wait?
Did he one sympathetic sigh of sorrow heave?
Did he one tear let fall, o'ermastered by my grief?

Now neither Juno, mighty queen, nor father Jove
Impartial sees; for faith is everywhere betrayed.
That shipwrecked beggar in my folly did I take
And cause to sit upon my throne; I saved his fleet,
His friends I rescued — Oh, the furies drive me mad!
Now 'tis Apollo's dictate, now the Lycian lots,
And now "the very messenger of heaven sent down
By Jove himself" to bring this mandate through the air!
A fitting task is that for heaven's immortal lords!
Such cares as these disturb their everlasting calm!
I seek not to detain nor answer thee; sail on
To Italy, seek fated realms beyond the seas.
For me, if pious prayers can aught avail, I pray
That thou amid the wrecking reefs mayst drain the cup
Of retribution to the dregs and vainly call
Upon the name of Dido. Distant though I be,
With fury's torch will I pursue thee, and when death
Shall free my spirit, will I haunt thee everywhere.
O thou shalt meet thy punishment, perfidious one;
My soul shall know, for such glad news would penetrate
The lowest depths of hell. Miller.

She works herself up to a frenzy, and as she finishes she turns to leave him with queenly scorn, staggers, and falls. The servants carry her from the scene, leaving Æneas in agony of soul, struggling between love and duty. Meanwhile the Trojan preparations go on with feverish haste. The ships are launched, hurried final preparations made, and all is now ready for departure. Dido sends her sister to Æneas with one last appeal, but all in vain. No tears or prayers can move him now.

The queen resolves on death. She has a huge pyre built within her palace court under the pretense of magic rites which shall free her from her unhappy love. The Trojans spend the night sleeping on their

oars; the queen, in sleepless torment. As the dawn begins to brighten, the sailors are heard singing in the distance as they joyfully hoist their sails. Dido rushes to her window and beholds the fleet just putting out from shore. She cries aloud in impotent frenzy.

Ye gods! and shall he go and mock our royal power?
Why not to arms, and send our forces in pursuit,
And bid them hurry down the vessels from the shore?
Ho there, my men, quick, fetch the torches, seize your arms,
And man the oars!—What am I saying? where am I?
What madness turns my brain?. O most unhappy queen,
Is it thus thy evil deeds are coming back to thee?
Such fate was just when thou didst yield thy scepter up.—
Lo, *there's* the fealty of him who, rumor says,
His country's gods with him in all his wandering bears,
And on his shoulders bore his sire from burning Troy!
Why could I not have torn his body limb from limb,
And strewed his members on the deep? and slain his friends,
His son Aschanius, and served his mangled limbs
To grace his father's feast?—Such conflict might have had
A doubtful issue.—Grant it might, but whom had I,
Foredoomed to death, to fear? I might have fired his camp,
His ships, and wrapped in common ruin father, son,
And all the race, and given myself to crown the doom
Of all.—O Sun, who with thy shining rays dost see
All mortal deeds; O Juno, who dost know and thus
Canst judge the grievous cares of wedlock; thou whom wild
And shrieking women worship through the dusky streets,
O Hecate; and ye avenging Furies—ye,
The gods of failing Dido, come and bend your power
To these my woes and hear my prayer. If yonder wretch
Must enter port and reach his land decreed by fate,
If thus the laws of Jove ordain, this order holds;
But, torn in war, a hardy people's foeman, far
From friends and young Iulus' arms, may he be forced
To seek a Grecian stranger's aid, and may he see
The death of many whom he loves. And when at last

A meager peace on doubtful terms he has secured,
May he no pleasure find in kingdom or in life;
But may he fall untimely, and unburied lie
Upon some solitary strand. This, this I pray,
And with my latest breath this final wish proclaim.
Then, O my Tyrians, with a bitter hate pursue
The whole accurséd race, and send this to my shade
As welcome tribute. Let there be no amity
Between our peoples. Rise thou from my bones,
O some avenger, who with deadly sword and brand
Shall scathe the Trojan exiles, now, in time to come,
Whenever chance and strength shall favor. Be our shores
To shores opposed, our waves to waves, and arms to arms,
Eternal, deadly foes through all posterity.

Miller.

With this prophetic curse, to be fulfilled centuries hence, on the bloody fields of the Trebia, Trasumenus, and of Cannæ, she snatches up Æneas' sword, rushes out of the room, and mounts the pyre which she has prepared. Here have been placed all the objects which her Trojan lover has left behind. Passionately kissing these and pressing them to her breast, she utters her last words.

Sweet pledges of my lord, while fate and god allowed,
Accept this soul of mine, and free me from my cares.
For I have lived and run the course that Fortune set;
And now my stately soul to Hades shall descend.
A noble city have I built; my husband's death
Have I avenged, and on my brother's head my wrath
Inflicted. Happy, ah too happy, had the keels
Of Troy ne'er touched my shores!—And shall I perish thus?—
But let me perish. Thus, oh thus, 'tis sweet to seek
The land of shadows.—May the heartless Trojan see,
As on he fares across the deep, my blazing pyre,
And bear with him the gloomy omens of my death.

Miller.

So saying, she falls upon the sword and perishes. The report of the queen's tragic death

runs wild through the convulsed city. With wailing and groaning, and screams of women, the palace rings; the sky resounds with mighty cries and beating of breasts—even as if the foe were to burst the gates and topple down Carthage or ancient Tyre, and the infuriate flame were leaping from roof to roof among the dwellings of men and gods.

Conington.

With the southern sky murky with the smoke and lurid with the glare of Dido's funeral pyre, Æneas sails away with sad forebodings, and comes again to Sicily. By chance this return to Sicily has fallen upon the anniversary of Anchises' death. Æneas therefore determines to hold a solemn festival in honor of his father, which he celebrates with the accustomed funeral games.

While these games are in progress, by the machinations of Juno, the Trojan women, weary of their long wanderings, attempt to burn the fleet. But the vessels are saved, with the loss of four, by the miraculous intervention of Jupiter. Æneas thereupon is advised by Nautes, a Trojan prince, to build a town here in Sicily, and to leave behind all those who have grown weak or out of sympathy with his great enterprise.

This advice is ratified by the shade of Anchises, who gives Æneas further direction for his way.

My son, more dear, while life remained,
E'en than that life to me,
My son, long exercised and trained
In Ilium's destiny,

My errand is from Jove the sire,
Who saved your vessels from the fire,
And sent at last from heaven above
The wished-for token of his love.
Hear and obey the counsel sage
Bestowed by Nautes' reverend age:
Picked youths, the bravest of the brave,
Be these your comrades o'er the wave,
For haughty are the tribes and rude
That Latium has to be subdued.
But ere you yet confront the foe,
First seek the halls of Dis below,
Pass deep Avernus' vale, and meet
Your father in his own retreat.
Not Tartarus' prison-house of crime
Detains me, nor the mournful shades:
My home is in the Elysian clime,
With righteous souls, 'mid happy glades.
The virgin Sibyl with the gore
Of sable sheep shall ope the door;
Then shall you learn your future line,
And what the walls the Fates assign.
And now farewell: dew-sprinkled Night
Has scaled Olympus' topmost height:
I catch their panting breath from far,
The steeds of morning's cruel star.

Conington.

Moved by this vision, Æneas builds a town for the dispirited members of his band; and consigning these to King Acestes, sets his face once more toward Italy. This time, by Venus' aid, he reaches the Italian port of Cumæ, with no misadventure except the loss of his faithful pilot, Palinurus.

Once more on land, the Trojans joyfully scour the woods, seek out fresh springs of water, and collect fuel for their fires. Æneas, however, turns his steps

to the temple of Apollo upon a neighboring height, and prays the guidance of the god upon his further way. But most of all it is upon the hero's heart to visit his father in the underworld according to the mandate of his father's shade in Sicily. At the advice of the Sibyl who presides over the temple of Apollo, Æneas performs the necessary rites preliminary to this journey, and entering the dread cave near Lake Avernus, they take their gloomy way below.

> Obscure they went thro' dreary shades, that led
> Along the waste dominions of the dead.
> Thus wander travelers in wood by night,
> By the moon's doubtful and malignant light,
> When Jove in dusky clouds involves the skies,
> And the faint crescent shoots by fits before their eyes.
>
> Dryden

They reach at last the gates of Hades, where hover the dreadful shapes of Cares, Disease and Death, Want, Famine, Toil and Strife. Through these they fare, and stand upon the sedgy bank of the river of death. They see approaching them across the stream the old boatman Charon, who in his frail skiff ferries souls across the water.

> A sordid god: down from his hoary chin
> A length of beard descends, uncomb'd, unclean:
> His eyes, like hollow furnaces on fire;
> A girdle foul with grease binds his obscene attire.
> He spreads his canvas; with his pole he steers;
> The freights of flitting ghosts in his thin bottom bears.
> He looked in years; yet in his years were seen
> A youthful vigor, and autumnal green.
>
> Dryden.

The unsubstantial shades throng down to Charon's boat, where some are accepted for passage, and some

rejected. Æneas in wonder turns to his guide for an explanation of this. She replies:

> Son of Anchises! offspring of the gods!
> (The Sibyl said) you see the Stygian floods,
> The sacred streams, which heav'n's imperial state
> Attests in oaths, and fears to violate.
> The ghosts rejected are th' unhappy crew
> Depriv'd of sepulchres and fun'ral due:
> The boatman, Charon: those, the buried host,
> He ferries over to the farther coast;
> Nor dares his transport vessel cross the waves
> With such whose bones are not compos'd in graves.
> A hundred years they wander on the shore;
> At length, their penance done, are wafted o'er.
>
> Dryden.

Æneas and his guide now present themselves for passage, but the old boatman refuses his boat to mortal bodies, until he is appeased by the Sibyl. Grim Cerberus, the three-headed dog who guards the farther bank of the stream and blocks their onward way, is next appeased. And on they go, past where the cries of wailing infants fill their ears; where Minos sits in judgment on the shades and assigns to each his place of punishment; past the abode of suicides, who rushed so rashly out of life, but now sigh vainly for the life which they threw away; past the Mourning Fields, dark groves where wander those who died of love. Here Æneas meets the shade of Dido, and learns what he had only feared before. With tears of love and pity he approaches and addresses her; but she, in indignant silence, turns away.

They reach the fields where souls of slain warriors dwell, still handling their shadowy arms and ghostly chariots. With empty, voiceless shouts the Trojan

dead greet their hero, in wonder that he comes still living among them, while the Grecian shades flee gibbering away.

Still on the Sibyl leads her charge, and pausing before the horrid gates of Tartarus, the abode of lost souls, they listen to the dreadful sounds within, "the groans of ghosts, the pains of sounding lashes and of dragging chains." Standing before the gates, Æneas is told of the suffering which these must undergo whose souls, by reason of impious lives on earth, are past all reach of cure. What are the crimes that brought them here? What does Vergil regard as unpardonable sins?

> They, who brothers' better claim disown,
> Expel their parents, and usurp the throne;
> Defraud their clients, and, to lucre sold,
> Sit brooding on unprofitable gold;
> Who dare not give, and e'en refuse to lend,
> To their poor kindred, or a wanting friend—
> Vast is the throng of these; nor less the train
> Of lustful youths, for foul adult'ry slain—
> Hosts of deserters, who their honor sold,
> And basely broke their faith for bribes of gold;
> All these within the dungeon's depth remain,
> Despairing pardon, and expecting pain.
> To tyrants, others have their countries sold,
> Imposing foreign lords, for foreign gold;
> Some have old laws repeal'd, new statutes made,
> Not as the people pleas'd, but as they paid.
> With incest some their daughters' bed profan'd.
> All dar'd th' worst of ills, and what they dar'd, attain'd.
>
> Dryden.

As they turn away from this dread place, a tortured voice sounds after them:

> Learn righteousness, and dread th' avenging deities.

Far off from here they reach the abode of the blessed—the Elysian Fields,

> Where long extended plains of pleasure lay.
> The verdant fields with those of heav'n may vie,
> With ether vested, and a purple sky—
> The blissful seats of happy souls below:
> Stars of their own, and their own suns, they know.
> There airy limbs in sports they exercise,
> And on the green contend the wrestlers' prize.
> Some, in heroic verse, divinely sing;
> Others in artful measures lead the ring.
> Here patriots live, who, for their country's good,
> In fighting fields were prodigal of blood;
> Priests of unblemish'd lives here make abode,
> And poets worthy their inspiring god;
> And searching wits of more mechanic parts,
> Who grac'd their age with new-invented arts;
> Those who to worth their bounty did extend,
> And those who knew that bounty to commend.
> The heads of these, with holy fillets bound,
> And all their temples were with garlands crown'd.
>
> Dryden.

Seeking Anchises among these happy shades, the two are directed to a remote valley, where, beside the waters of Oblivion, old Anchises is passing in review the long train of his posterity, marshaled in the order of their birth into the world. When Anchises sees his son approaching, he cries out joyfully to him:

> And are you come at last? Has love fulfilled a father's hopes and surmounted the perils of the way? Is it mine to look on your face, my son, and listen and reply as we talked of old? Yes; I was even thinking so in my own mind. I was reckoning that it would be, counting over the days. Nor has my longing played me false. Oh, the lands and the mighty seas from which you have come to my presence! the dangers,

my son, that have tossed and smitten you! Oh, how I have feared lest you should come to harm in that realm of Libya!
Conington.

Then follows a revelation of the mysteries of transmigration of souls, the nature of soul essence, its purgation after years of contact with its old body, and its ages of preparation for another mortal habitation.

Anchises now calls his son's attention to his own posterity, standing in majestic review before him—noble shades, some of whom are destined to go to the upper world at once, and some to wait long centuries in the land of preëxistent souls. The mighty host of Roman worthies are marshaled here, who, as yet unknown, are to make the name of Rome known and feared or honored to the farthest bounds of earth. Here stalk the shadowy forms of kings, consuls, generals, and statesmen, who on earth shall be Romulus, Numa, and Tarquin; Brutus, Decius, Camillus, Cato, and the Gracchi; the Scipios, the Fabii; Cæsar and Pompey, and he whose brow shall be first to wear the imperial crown as ruler of the world—Augustus Cæsar.

And now Æneas, fortified for any hardships upon earth by these glorious visions of his posterity, turns his face back to the upper world.

There are two gates of Sleep: the one, as story tells, of horn, supplying a ready exit for true spirits; the other gleaming with the polish of dazzling ivory, but through it the powers below send false dreams to the world above. Thither Anchises, talking thus, conducts his son and the Sibyl, and dismisses them by the gate of ivory. Æneas traces his way to the fleet, and returns to his comrades; then sails along the shore for Caieta's haven. The anchor is cast from the prow; the keels are ranged on the beach.
Conington.

The Trojans sail up the coast, touch once more upon the land, skirt wide past Circe's realm of dreadful magic, and then they come to where a wide-mouthed river pours out into the sea.

> The sea was just reddening in the dawn, and Aurora was shining down from heaven's height in saffron robe and rosy car, when all at once the winds were laid, and every breath sank in sudden sleep, and the oars pull slowly against the smooth unmoving wave. In the same moment Æneas, looking out from the sea, beholds a mighty forest. Among the trees Tiber, that beauteous river, with his gulfy rapids and the burden of his yellow sand, breaks into the main. Around and above, birds of all plumes, the constant tenants of bank and stream, were filling the air with their notes and flying among the woods. He bids his comrades turn aside and set their prows landward, and enters with joy the river's shadowed bed.
>
> Conington.

Up this great stream they sail, and reach at last the spot which Fate has held in store for them. When that Italy which has so long eluded the grasp of the hero is actually reached, and he stands upon the fated ground to which prophecy and the visions of his eager fancy have long been pointing him, the poem is complete; and all that follows is another poem, actuated by another spirit. To this point Fate has led him, through the smoke of his burning city, through storms and shipwreck, and the unceasing opposition of adverse powers, and here she has finally rewarded his piety and unswerving faith in his destiny. The first six books of the *Æneid* present the hero as the all-enduring one, the last as the warrior king. The first six books are the story of hope and anticipation; the last, of attainment and realization.

The incidents of the last six books which constitute the second part of the *Æneid* may be briefly told. King Latinus, who ruled over Latium, received the Trojan prince with kindness and promised him Lavinia for his wife, the king's only daughter and heiress of his crown. But Juno's spite still pursued the Trojans, and through her machinations the Latins and their allies were aroused against these foreigners. Especially was Italian Turnus roused, a mighty prince of the Rutuli, for he had long been suitor for Lavinia, and had won the favor of the Queen Amata to his cause.

And now all Italy is ablaze with sudden war. Against his allied foes Æneas secures the aid of the Greek Evander with his Arcadians, and of the Etruscan tribes. The plains of Troy are transferred to Italy. Again are heard the clashing of arms, the trumpet's blare, the snorting of horses, the heavy tread of marching feet, hoarse challenges to conflict, the hollow groans of the wounded and dying; the air is lit with the gleam of torches; the ground is red with streams of blood. Juno and Venus are active throughout, as of old in the Homeric story, each in the interest of her own favorite.

But Juno's implacable hate is no match for destiny. Æneas must triumph, for the fates have spoken it. The interest of the whole conflict centers in the rival heroes; and when these two, after endless slaughter, on both sides, of lesser men, meet at last in single conflict, there is no doubt, even in the Italian's own heart, that he is foredoomed. And when he falls, wounded by Æneas' spear and slain by his sword,

the poem ends abruptly, for the story can contain no more.

With these words, fierce as flame, he plunged the steel into the breast that lay before him. That other's frame grows chill and motionless, and the soul, resenting its lot, flies groaningly to the shades. Conington.

SUMMARY AND QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

Roman Epic Poetry, as illustrated by Nævius (269–199 B. C.), "the first Roman who deserves to be called a poet," *Bellum Punicum;* Ennius (239–169 B. C.), "the father of Roman literature," the *Annals;* Vergil (70–19 B. C.), greatest of Roman poets, the *Æneid.*

1. What is known of the life of Nævius? 2. What is the nature of his *Bellum Punicum?* 3. What did Vergil owe to this poem? 4. Quote the epitaph of Nævius. 5. What is the significance of it? 6. What were the chief events in the life of Ennius? 7. What interesting bit of self-portraiture appears in his *Annals?* 8. Why does he deserve the title of "the father of Roman literature"? 9. What is the nature of the *Annals?* 10. Why is the loss of the great body of this work so much to be regretted? 11. What progress did Latin literature make between the time of Ennius and that of Vergil? 12. How was Vergil fitted for his career both by nature and training? 13. Into what select circle was he privileged to enter? 14. What was the nature of the *Eclogues?* 15. What of the *Georgics?* 16. Why did the *Æneid* never receive its finishing touches? 17. How was the poem saved from destruction? 18. What was Vergil's probable purpose in writing the *Æneid?* 19. Quote the lines which promise world dominion to the Romans. 20. What religious motive seems to guide Æneas? 21. How does Vergil's treatment of the gods compare with that of Ovid? 22. What in brief is the story of the *Æneid?* 23. What characteristic passages in the poem deal with the mystery of nature? 24. From what different sources

does Æneas throughout the poem receive guidance as to his future home? 25. On what occasions do the gods interfere to influence the progress of events? 26. What characteristic customs of the times are portrayed in the poem? 27. What picture of life after death does the poem present? 28. What crimes does Vergil represent as unpardonable sins? 29. How does Vergil glorify Æneas in his descendants? 30. How many books of the poem are devoted to the wanderings of Æneas? 31. What in brief is the story of the remaining books?

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Studies in the Poetry of Italy

II. ITALIAN

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PREFACE

In writing this book the author has endeavored to give a connected story of the development of Italian literature from its origin down to the present. In so doing, however, he has laid chief stress on those writers whose fame is world-wide, and thus, owing to lack of space, has been obliged to treat in the briefest manner those writers who, although famous in Italy itself, are not generally known to the world at large. It is hoped that the reader may be led to study more in detail this literature, which although ranking with the greatest of the world-literatures, has been to a large degree neglected in England and America. The translations from Dante's New Life and of the story from Boccaccio have been made by the author, inasmuch as during the writing of this book he could not obtain access to the standard translations.

It is to be noted also, that owing to unavoidable delay in the transmission of the manuscript, the author has not been able to read the proof.

FLORENCE, Italy, April 27, 1901.

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STUDIES IN THE POETRY OF ITALY

CHAPTER I

THE ORIGINS OF ITALIAN LITERATURE

The first thing that strikes the attention of the student of Italian literature is its comparatively recent origin. In the north and south of France the Old French and Provençal languages had begun to develop a literature before the tenth century, which by the end of the twelfth had risen to a high degree of cultivation; indeed, by that time the Provençal had attained its highest point, and had already begun to decline. In Italy, however, we cannot trace the beginning of a literature, properly so-called, farther back than the thirteenth century.

Among the various causes which may be assigned for this phenomenon, the most important undoubtedly is the fact that the Italians have always looked upon themselves as of one race with the ancient Romans, and the heirs of all the glorious traditions attached to the names of the heroes, poets, and artists of the Eternal City. In similar manner they regarded Latin as their true mother-tongue, of which the vernacular was a mere corruption. Hence it came to pass that

all the literature which we find in Italy before the thirteenth century, and a large proportion of that written in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, was in Latin and not in Italian, which seemed to the writers of those days unworthy of forming the medium of poetry and learning.

This feeling of kinship was a natural one for those who lived in the same cities in which the Romans had lived, surrounded by the imposing ruins of the ancient world, speaking a language, which although essentially a modern one, with all its characteristics, was still nearer to Latin than French, Provençal, or Spanish. For these men the irruptions of the northern barbarians, the Goths, the Lombards, and later the Normans, were only a break in the continuity of the historical development of the Latin race in Italy. This spirit—which explains the popularity and temporary success of Arnold of Brescia, in the twelfth century, and of Cola di Rienzi, in the fourteenth, in their efforts to restore the old forms of the Roman republic—must be kept constantly in mind by the student, not only of the political history of Italy, but of its literature and art as well.

Yet this natural feeling does not rest altogether on fact. The Italians of to-day are not the pure descendants of the ancient Romans, but, like the other so-called Latin races, are of mixed origin, more nearly related, it is true, to the Romans, yet in general formed in the same ethnical way as their neighbors.

With the downfall of Rome, Italy, like France and Spain, was overrun by the hordes of German tribes, who, leaving the cold and inhospitable regions of the

North sought for more congenial climes in the sunny South. As the Franks in France, the Visigoths and Vandals in Spain, so the Ostrogoths in Italy, toward the end of the fifth century, conquered and colonized the country, and under Theodoric restored for a brief time an appearance of prosperity. In the sixth century came the Lombards, and after destroying and devastating city and country as far south as Rome, and even beyond, finally settled in upper Italy now known from them as Lombardy. Several centuries later came the Normans from France and conquered Sicily and the southern extremity of the peninsula. All these peoples were of German origin, and being gradually merged with the conquered race, formed what we now call the Italian people.[1]

It goes without saying that the Latin language was profoundly affected by all these changes. Although the German invaders gradually adopted the civilization of the conquered land, including the language, yet they could not help influencing this civilization and impressing it with their own individual stamp.

With regard to the language, we must bear in mind that even in the time of Vergil and Cicero, Latin had two forms, one the elegant and artificial language of literature, and the other the idiom of the common people, or the vernacular. Many of the peculiar phonetic, grammatical, and syntactical phenomena which characterize the modern Romance languages existed in this so-called "vulgar Latin," long before the fall of Rome, the irruption of the northern barbarians, and

[1] In Southern Italy, especially in Sicily, there is a large infusion of Greek and Saracen blood.

the consequent formation of new nations and new tongues.

All the Romance languages have been derived from this "vulgar Latin," each one being specially moulded by its peculiar environments, and by the various German, Celtic, and other dialects by which it was influenced. Thus the "vulgar Latin" imported by Roman colonists into Gaul, and influenced by the Franks, produced the French language; in the same way "vulgar Latin" plus the various local and foreign influences to which it was subjected in Italy, produced the various dialects of that country — Venetian, Tuscan, Neapolitan, and Sicilian. While literary Latin, although becoming more and more corrupt as the years went by, continued in Italy to be the language of the church, of the courts of law, and of what literature there was, the vernacular—*i. e.*, the various dialects—was used in all the operations of daily life.

We have evidence that this popular tongue must have been in existence as far back as the seventh century, for in Latin public documents dating from that period on, we find occasional words and fragments of phrases, especially the names of persons and places, which are marked by the special characteristics of the Italian language. These expressions, embedded in the Latin documents, like pebbles in sand, become more and more numerous as we approach the tenth century, until finally, in the year 960, we meet for the first time with a complete Italian sentence, in a legal document concerning the boundaries of a certain piece of property in Capua; four years later we find almost the same formula in a similar document. Toward the

end of the eleventh century certain frescoes were painted in the lower church of Saint Clement in Rome, where they may still be seen, and among them is one beneath which is found an explanation in Italian.

In spite of the fact, however, that these monuments of early Italian increase from year to year, they were not numerous before the thirteenth century. The very scarcity of them shows the tenacity with which the people clung to the traditions of Rome, since not only literature, but even public and private documents were written in Latin. This literary tradition never wholly died out in Italy, even in the darkest days of her history. It is true that in the terrible disorders that accompanied the slow agony of dying Rome, a long period of darkness and ignorance occurred. The empire was split into two parts and the seat of the emperor was transferred to Constantinople; the Goths and Lombards conquered Northern Italy, the Saracens and Normans the South. All through the Dark Ages Italy was the prey of foreign marauders; the Huns—those scourges of the nations—came as far as Rome; the Arabs obtained a foothold in Sicily, scoured the seas, and even ravaged the Campagna up to the very walls of the Eternal City.

Not only did devoted Italy suffer from outsiders, but discord and civil conflicts rent her very entrails. When Charlemagne was crowned emperor in 800 by Leo III., as a reward for having defended Rome against the incursions of the Lombards, it was thought that the reëstablishment of the Roman empire would bring in a new era of peace and glory. With the death of the great king, however, anarchy once more reigned

supreme. His successors in the empire (for the most part weaklings) were kept busy with the affairs of Germany, and regarded Italy, "the garden of the empire," as Dante calls it, with indifference. In Italy itself there was no such thing as patriotism or feeling of national unity. The people were oppressed by the nobles, who themselves were in a continual state of warfare with each other. In the eleventh century a new power arose in the form of free cities, chief among them being Venice, Genoa, Pisa, and Florence. These, however, only increased the disorder which already existed; city fought with city, and even within the same walls the various families formed parties and feuds, which led to incessant strife, of which murder, rapine, and arson were the usual concomitants.

No wonder, then, that in the midst of all this anarchy and confusion Roman civilization almost died out. What the barbarians had spared, the church itself tried to destroy. Having finally triumphed over pagan Rome, it fought pagan civilization; the early Christian fathers looked upon art and literature as the work of demons; the clergy were forbidden to read the classic writers except for grammatical purposes, the subject matter being deemed poisonous to the souls of Christians. Even so great a man as Pope Gregory despised classical antiquity. During the long period when Italy was the prey of Saracen and Hun, when pestilence and famine stalked gauntly through the desolated land, civilization sank to its lowest point. Superstition and asceticism held full sway in religion; men sought relief from the sufferings of the life that now is in the contemplation of a new and happier state in the life to

come. Hence arose the widespread conviction that God is best pleased with those who despise this life, with all its beauty and pleasure, its pride and glory, its pomp and power.

In spite of this apparent death, however, a spark of life still existed. Through all this dolorous period, schools could be found, in which a half-barbarous Latin was rudely taught, as being the language of the church. There never was a time when Latin authors were not read to some extent in school and monastery.

With the eleventh century a change for the better began in the intellectual, as well as in the political life of Italy. The rise of cities, the crusades, even the unholy contest between pope and emperor gave new impulse to the minds of all, and led to the beginning of a new era. The defeat of the German emperors, through papal intrigue, added to the power of the free cities, which were thus made independent of trans-Alpine over-lordship, and now began to enter upon that long career of prosperity and intellectual conquest which is the wonder of the student of the history of medieval Italy.

This intellectual movement of the eleventh century, which gave a new and strong impulse to the study of philosophy and theology, resulted in a rich literature in these departments of learning. Peter Damian, the right hand of Gregory VII. in his war with the emperors, became a leader in the study of philosophy and wrote many celebrated works. Other Italian philosophers and theologians—Lanfranc, Anselm, and Peter Lombard—taught in foreign schools. In the thirteenth century Italy produced two of the greatest of the

medieval philosophers, St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Bonaventura. Later the newly founded University of Bologna became the center of an eager study of law, which resulted in the writing of many books on jurisprudence.

This late and artificial bloom of Latin literature in theology and philosophy brought the necessity of a more satisfactory study of the Latin language itself. Hence arose many new grammars, rhetorics, and texts. In a similar manner the newly awakened interest in science (such as it was) brought in a new class of books, corresponding to our modern encyclopedias. From the twelfth century on, all over Europe, large numbers of these compendiums were compiled, containing a summary of all the knowledge of the times; chief among these encyclopedias was the vast *Speculum Majus* (the Greater Mirror) of Vincent of Beauvais, containing 82 books and 9,905 chapters. Very popular, also, were the moral and didactic treatises. Symbolism took possession of all literature. The phenomena of nature became types of religious life—even the writings of pagan antiquity were treated symbolically and made to reveal prophecies of Christian doctrine; Vergil, in a famous passage, was supposed to have foretold the coming of the Savior, and even the *Ars Amatoria* of Ovid, "of the earth earthy," if ever poem was, was interpreted in terms of Christian mysticism.

All the above-mentioned literature, however, so far as it existed in Italy before the thirteenth century, was writtten in Latin; we must dismiss it, therefore, with this brief mention, and pass on to the true subject of

this book, Italian literature properly so-called, which, as we have already seen, cannot be said to have existed before the thirteenth century.

One feature which is largely characteristic of all subsequent periods of Italian literature marks the formative period thereof, that is, the comparative lack of invention and originality, and the spirit of imitation of other literatures, distant either in time or space. In order to trace its early beginnings to their sources, we must go outside the borders of Italy. For nearly two hundred years the south of France had been the home of a large number of elegant lyrical poets, whose fame and influence had spread over all Europe. These troubadours, as they were called, were welcomed not only at the courts of princes and nobles in Provence, but were likewise honored guests in Northern France, in Spain, and in Italy. The latter country had long been closely connected with Southern France by means of commerce and politics. Hence it was natural for the troubadours to seek the rewards of their art in the brilliant courts of Italy. Toward the end of the twelfth century some of the best known of them, among them the famous Pierre Vidal and Rambaud de Vaqueiras, made their way thither. After the terrible crusades against the Albigenses—which not only cruelly slaughtered tens of thousands of earnest Christians, but likewise destroyed forever the independence and prosperity of Provence, and thus, by destroying the courts of noble families, put a sudden stop to the flourishing literature—large numbers of the wandering minstrels came to Northern Italy.

It was not long before their influence began to

manifest itself, first in Northern Italy, and later in the south and center. The north Italian poets began to imitate the troubadours, and soon a considerable body of poetry had been composed by native poets, in the manner and—a phenomenon worthy of note—in the language itself of the Provençal poets. This is due to the relationship between the dialects of Northern Italy and the Provençal, and also to the fact that at that time the latter tongue was far more elegant and cultivated than the other Romance languages. This north Italian poetry is always included in the Provençal collections and the writers are known as troubadours in spite of their Italian nationality. Among the most famous are Bartolomeo Zorzi of Venice, Bonifaccio Calvo of Genoa, and especially Sordello of Mantua, praised by Dante in a famous passage of the Purgatory, and the subject of Browning's well-known poem.

We see, then, that the above poets belong rather to the history of Provençal than that of Italian literature. To find the first springs of national poetry in Italy, we must traverse the whole length of the peninsula and arrive at the court of Frederick II. (1194-1250) in Sicily, which at this time was far ahead of the rest of the country in civilization, art, and literature. Frederick himself was a many-sided man, warrior, statesman, lawyer, and scholar, and stands out among his contemporaries, especially in matters of religious tolerance. He welcomed to his court not only the scholars, poets, and artists of Europe, but likewise Arabs, who were at that time in possession of a high degree of culture. He caused many Greek and Arab authors to be translated into Latin, among them Aristotle; he

founded the University of Naples; above all, by his own mighty personality, he made a deep impression on the times.

Frederick's ministers were, like himself, men of culture and learning. Chief among them was Pier delle Vigne, statesman and poet, the cause of whose tragic death by his own hand is told by Dante in the Inferno.

The influence of the troubadours made itself felt in Sicily about the same time as in Northern Italy, only here the imitation was in the Italian language and not in Provençal. Among the early Sicilian poets who wrote after the manner of the troubadours, was the Emperor Frederick II. himself, his son, Enzio, and Pier delle Vigne. From an æsthetic point of view, this early indigenous poetry is of little interest, but as the beginning of a movement which culminated in the New Life and Divine Comedy of Dante, it is of very great importance.

It had no originality or freshness, but was a slavish imitation of Provençal models, the conventions of which were transported bodily, without any change, except to be poorer. Love was the only theme, and the type always remains the same. The lover is humble, a feudal vassal of his lady who stands far above him, all beauty and virtue, but a cold and lifeless abstraction. She usually treats her lover with disdain or indifference, while he pours forth the protestations of his love, extols her beauty, and laments her hardness of heart. All these things, repeated countless times, in almost the same language, became monotonous in the Provençal poets, and naturally much more so in their Italian imitators.

This Sicilian school of poetry did not last long; it perished with the downfall of the Hohenstaufens. It found a continuation, however, in middle Italy, especially in the province of Tuscany, which, from this time on, becomes the center of the literary and artistic life of Italy. The poetry of the court of Frederick had not been written in the Sicilian dialect, but in a sort of court language not very dissimilar to the Tuscan. It is probable that among the poets of the Sicilian school some were Tuscans, and that after the death of Frederick they returned home, bringing with them the poetical doctrines which they had learned.

However this may be, we find a direct continuation of the movement in Tuscany. We see the same slavish imitation of the troubadours, the same ideas, and the same poetical language and tricks of style. In addition to the influence of the Sicilian school, there was a direct imitation of the Provençal poets; thus Guittone d'Arezzo, the leader of the early Tuscan school, wrote and spoke Provençal, and Dante, in his Purgatory, introduces the Troubadour Arnaut Daniel, speaking in his native tongue.

One phase of Provençal poetry—the political—strangely enough considering the stormy times, had not been imitated by the poets at the court of Frederick II. From the first, however, the Tuscans included politics in their poetry, and one of the strongest of Guittone's poems is a song on the battle of Montaperti (1260).

Guittone d'Arezzo is the direct literary ancestor of Dante, and the first original Italian poet. Hence he deserves a word or two even in this brief sketch. He

was born in 1230 near Arezzo in Tuscany, hence his name; after a youth spent in the pursuit of pleasure, he was converted, and looking on all things earthly as mere vanities, he left his wife and family and joined the recently founded military-religious order of the Knights of Saint Mary. He died at Florence in 1294. In early life he had been gay and dissipated; his last years he spent in the exercises of religious asceticism. These two parts of his life correspond to two phases of his poetry. In the first he was a follower of the Sicilian school and wrote love poetry; in the second he discarded this "foolishness" and wrote political, moral, and theological discussions in verse. His poetry has little esthetic value, but is important as forming a transition between the early Sicilian school and the group of poets whose greatest member was Dante. His writings against earthly love and his praise of heavenly love mark an important change in the development of Italian poetry and open the path which leads up to Beatrice and the Divine Comedy.

The next important step in this progress is marked by Guido Guinicelli, a learned lawyer and judge of Bologna (situated in the province of Romagna and separated from Tuscany by the Apennines), a city which at that time was the seat of a flourishing university and the center of a keen intellectual life.

Guinicelli was born in 1220, was prominent in political as well as in literary circles, was banished in 1274, and died in 1276. He was a follower of Guittone, and like him his first poetry was in the manner of the Sicilian school. He changed later and began a new

school, the *dolce stile nuova*, as Dante calls it. The change shows itself especially in the new conception of love, and of its origin, growth, and effects. The troubadours and their Sicilian imitators declared that love came from seeing, that it entered through the eyes of the beholder, and thence descended to the heart. Guinicelli says, on the contrary, that love does not come from without, but dwells, "as a bird in its nest," in the heart and is an attribute thereof. This is not true, however, of all men, but only of those who are virtuous and good. Only the gentle heart can love, and a noble character is not the effect of love, but its cause. These sentiments are expressed in the following lines, translated by Rossetti:

> "Within the gentle heart Love shelters him,
> As birds within the green shade of the grove.
> Before the gentle heart, in Nature's scheme,
> Love was not, or the gentle heart ere Love.
> For with the sun, at once,
> So sprang the light immediately, nor was
> Its birth before the sun's.
> And Love hath its effect in gentleness
> Of very self; even as
> Within the middle fire the heat's excess."

Whereas the love of the troubadours was romantic and chivalrous, the love of Guinicelli was intellectual and philosophical. With him earthly affections become purified and spiritualized. The old repertory of conventional expressions is gradually discarded, and new forms take their place, soon to become conventional in their turn. Love and the poet's Lady remain abstract, but have now a different signification. The Lady is still treated as a perfect being, but she

becomes now a symbol of something higher. Love for her leads to virtue and to God; poetry now receives an allegorical character, and its real end becomes the inculcation of philosophical truth under the veil of earthly love. The importance of Guinicelli for us is his influence on Dante, for the new school was not continued in Bologna, but found its chief followers in Florence. We are thus led naturally up to the works of the great Florentine poet whom we shall study in the next two chapters.

In the meantime, however, we must cast a brief glance at certain other early phases of Italian literature, which later developed into important branches of poetry and prose.

Northern Italy, as we have seen, had no share in beginning an indigenous lyrical poetry. It did, however, have an early literature of its own, in the form of religious and didactic poetry, for the most part translations from Latin and French originals. In Umbria, the home of St. Francis, and the center of those waves of religious excitement which so profoundly affected Italy in the thirteenth century, a popular religious lyric arose. St. Francis himself deserves some mention in literary history, if only on account of his famous song of praise, which he instructed his followers to sing as they wandered, like spiritual troubadours, through the land. St. Francis was no mere ascetic, but loved the beauty of nature and had a tender love for all creatures. Quaintly enough he was wont to call birds and animals, and even inanimate objects, such as the sun and moon, by the name of brother and sister.[1] Among

[1] His last words were, "Welcome, sister death."

his followers was Thomas of Celano, who wrote that most solemn and majestic of all Latin hymns, "Dies Iræ."

The astonishing popularity and spread of the new order founded by St. Francis can only be explained by the terrible sufferings of the times. All Italy was stirred by deep religious excitement. In 1233, the movement reached its high-water mark. Old and young, high and low, leaving their ordinary occupations and business, marched in processions through the land singing pious songs; the country folk streamed to the cities to hear the sermons which were given morning, noon, and night.

About the year 1260, a similar movement started, that of the Flagellants, so called from their custom of carrying whips with which they lashed themselves in token of repentance. The times were dark and stormy, the never-ending feuds between the papal and imperial parties brought in their train murder and rapine, while famine and pestilence stalked through the land. Suddenly a priest, named Fasani, appeared in Perugia, who said he had been sent by heaven to prophesy terrible punishments on a sinful world. Once more the processions began, and the aroused and penitent multitudes moved through the land, lashing themselves with whips and singing pious songs.

The literary effect of all this religious excitement was far-reaching, especially important for us in that it prepared the way for Dante, not only by creating the proper atmosphere, but by the production of hymns and visionary journeys into the unseen world. The

religious lyrics or hymns, which the multitudes sang, were known as *Laudi*, or songs of praise. They were not the artificial imitation of foreign poets, like the early Sicilian and Tuscan poetry, but the genuine product of the soil. They were composed for and sung by the great mass of the people who could not understand Latin. They were spread far and wide and made popular by the Flagellants, and thus became true folk-songs.

The most famous of the writers of these *Laudi* in the thirteenth century was Jacopone da Todi, the story of whose conversion is extremely touching. He was a rich young lawyer of Florence, full of the pride of life. At a certain festivity his wife was killed by an accident, and under her costly garments was found, next to her skin, a hair-shirt, such as was worn by penitents. The tragic death of his wife and this evidence of her religious feelings converted the once proud Jacopone, who joined a religious order and devoted the rest of his life to the service of God. Besides being the author of a number of *Laudi* and religious poems, he probably wrote the famous Latin hymn, *Stabat Mater*.

The *Laudi*, beginning in the thirteenth century, lasted down to the sixteenth century. As an example of them we give here the following stanzas, written by Girolamo Benivieni (1453-1542), and translated by John Addington Symonds:

Jesus, whoso with thee
Hangs not in pain and loss
Pierced on the cruel cross,
At peace can never be.

Lord, unto me be kind:
Give me that peace of mind
Which in the world so blind
And false, dwells but with thee.

Here in my heart be lit
Thy fire to feed on it,
Till burning bit by bit
It dies to live with thee.

Before we close this chapter we must say a word or two concerning another branch of early literature, whose influence is not great on Dante or his immediate successors, but which was destined to bloom forth later in a new kind of poetry, which has become the peculiar glory of Italy. The introduction into Italy of the French national heroic epic (the *chansons de geste*) began about the same time as the introduction of the Provençal lyric. In Northern Italy these romances were not only read but imitated, and about the second half of the thirteenth century, arose a mongrel sort of literature, written in a language, half French, half Italian. The most popular of these poems were those dealing with Charlemagne, who, as the protector of the pope and the restorer of the Roman empire, was looked upon by the Italians as one of their own race. These old *chansons de geste*, however, in coming to Italy, lost much of their original significance. The spirit and ideals could scarcely be understood by the Italians, to whom feudal society was largely unknown. What they liked in the French romances was not religious or patriotic sentiments, but adventures and the wonderful deeds of the heroes. The object, then, of the rude early writers of the Franco-Italian epic was

to interest the hearers and arouse curiosity. Hence these poems became monopolized by wandering minstrels, who sang in the streets and public squares to the people who gathered about them, much as their descendants gather about the Punch and Judy shows and the wandering musicians of to-day. For nearly two hundred years the French romances existed in Italy in this humble state, until, as we shall see later, they were incorporated into regular literature by Pulci, Boiardo, and Ariosto.

SUMMARY AND QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

Italian literature of comparatively recent origin — Causes therefor—Italian literature proper does not begin before the thirteenth century—The poetry of Provence and its influence on North Italy—The Italian troubadours—The rise of indigenous poetry in Sicily—Transference of the movement to Tuscany—Guido Guinicelli of Bologna—The "new school"—How it differed from the preceding poetry—Character of literature in North Italy — St. Francis and the religious movements — The Flagellants — Literary effect of these movements — The *Laudi*—Jacopone da Todi— French epic romances and their influence in Italy.

1. Give a brief sketch of the origin of the Italian people.
2. When does Italian literature proper begin?
3. Name three great Italian philosophers who wrote in Latin.
4. What country first influenced Italian lyrical poetry?
5. What do you understand by the Sicilian school?
6. Give the chief characteristics of the poetry of this school.
7. Who was Guittone d'Arezzo?
8. Guido Guinicelli and the "new school"?
9. How did he differ from the Provençal and Sicilian poets?
10. St. Francis of Assisi,—what was his connection with literature?
11. Describe the religious movements in Italy in the thirteenth century.
12. Who was Jacopone da Todi?
13. What was the influence of the French national epic in Italy?

BIBLIOGRAPHY

It is very important in the study of any literature to have some knowledge of the history of the country in question. Those who wish to study more in detail the subject treated in this book, should read some book on the history of Italy. For the early period of the literature, the best authority is Gaspary, who wrote in German,—but the first volume of whose book has just been translated into English, and published in the Bohn Library. An indispensable book is Rossetti's "Dante and his Circle," which contains many excellent translations from the early poets of Italy.

CHAPTER II

DANTE: LIFE AND MINOR WORKS

In the preceding chapter we have outlined the development of early Italian poetry, endeavoring to show how from the Sicilian school it was carried over to Tuscany; how Guido Guinicelli, in Bologna, had transformed it from a slavish imitation of the troubadours into a new school of symbolical philosophical poetry, and finally, how from Bologna the new doctrines spread to Florence.

There were a number of early poets of Florence and other Tuscan cities who wrote in the manner of Guido Guinicelli, among the best known being Cino da Pistoia, Lapo Gianni, Dante da Majano, and especially worthy of note, Guido Cavalcanti. The latter, who was the intimate friend of Dante, was a member of a noble family, and was prominent in all the intellectual and political life of Florence. He was among those who were exiled from the city in 1300, and died soon after his return in the same year. Dante refers to him in the New Life as the "first of his friends," and records in the Inferno a pathetic interview with his father in the city of Dis. To him and a mutual friend, Lapo, he addressed the following beautiful sonnet, so well translated by Shelley:

Guido, I would that Lapo, thou and I,
Led by some strong enchantment, might ascend
A magic ship, whose charmèd sails should fly,
With winds at will where'er our thoughts might wend,
And that no change, nor any evil chance
Should mar our joyous voyage; but it might be,
That even satiety should still enhance
Between our hearts their strict community:
And that the bounteous wizard then would place
Vanna and Bice and my gentle love,
Companions of our wandering, and would grace
With passionate talk, wherever we might rove,
Our time, and each were as content and free
As I believe that thou and I should be.

As a sample of Guido Cavalcanti's own poetical skill we may take the following sonnet, translated by Cary:

Whatso is fair in lady's face or mind,
And gentle knights caparison'd and gay,
Singing of sweet birds unto love inclined,
And gallant barks that cut the watery way;
The white snow falling without any wind,
The cloudless sky at break of early day,
The crystal stream, with flowers the meadow lined,
Silver, and gold, and azure for array:
To him that sees the beauty and the worth
Whose power doth meet and in my lady dwell,
All seem as vile, their price and lustre gone.
And, as the heaven is higher than the earth,
So she in knowledge doth each one excel,
Not slow to good in nature like her own.

It is with Dante alone, however, that we can busy ourselves here, for in him are summed up all the various tendencies and characteristics of his predecessors and contemporaries.

The figure of Dante Alighieri is one of the saddest in literary history; his life seemed to contain all the

sorrow that can fall to the lot of humankind. An exile from his native city, separated from family and friends, deprived of his property, and thus forced to live in poverty or become the recipient of charity, disappointed in his patriotic hopes, the only thing left him to do was to turn his eyes inward and to build up out of his very sufferings and sorrow, his immortal poem:

"Ah! from what agony of heart and brain,
What exultations trampling on despair,
What tenderness, what tears, what hate of wrong,
What passionate outcry of a soul in pain,
Uprose this poem of the earth and air,—
This medieval miracle of song."

We see, then, that even more important than in the case of other poets is some knowledge of the great Florentine.

Unfortunately we have not a reliable and complete record of that life. Legend and fancy have been interwoven with facts so closely that often it is hard to separate one from the other. The following data, however, are well established. Dante Alighieri was born in Florence in the year 1265, the day and month being uncertain, but probably falling between May 18th and June 17th. He belonged to a family which was counted among the lesser nobility. Dante himself does not seem to have been able to trace his ancestry further back than four generations. In the fifteenth canto of Paradise there is a famous passage where the poet tells how he meets in Mars his great-grandfather, Cacciaguida, who gives him certain autobiographical details: That he was baptized at the church of San Gio-

vanni in Florence; that he had two brothers; that his wife came from the Po valley (whence originated the name Alighieri); that he had gone on the crusades with the Emperor Conrad, by whom he had been dubbed knight, and finally, that he had been killed by the Arabs. This is all Dante knew, for he makes Cacciaguida say:

> "They, of whom I sprang,
> And I, had there our birthplace,"

that is, in a certain quarter of Florence—

> "Thus much
> Suffice of my forefathers; who they were,
> And whence they hither came, more honorable
> It is to pass in silence than to tell."

Of Dante's immediate family we know little. Strangely enough for one who reveals himself so completely in his poetry, he says nothing of either father or mother. As to his education we can only infer it from his works and the condition of the times. The statements made by Boccaccio and Villani concerning his early school life, are fables. He did not go to school under Brunetto Latini, for the latter had no school; although Dante was undoubtedly influenced by Latini's *Trésor* (a vast encyclopedical compilation of contemporary knowledge) which laid the foundations of the poet's learning. Moreover, it may well be that the distinguished statesman, judge, and writer directed by his personal counsel the studies of the bright young scholar, for whom he prophesied a brilliant career. Hence Dante's joy and gratitude at meeting in the Inferno the "dear paternal image of him who had taught him how man becomes eternal."

It is certain that Dante studied the regular curriculum of medieval education, the so-called seven liberal arts, consisting of the Quadrivium and the Trivium.[1] He knew Latin, but no Greek; he quotes frequently Vergil, Horace, Statius, and others. He was a profound student of philosophy and theology; loved art, music, and poetry. In the Divine Comedy he shows a wide knowledge, embracing practically all the science and learning of the times. All this he largely taught himself, especially in his early life. Later he visited the universities of Padua and Bologna, and probably Paris. It is quite unlikely that he got as far as Oxford, as Mr. Gladstone endeavored to prove some years ago. He was not unacquainted with military life, having been present at the battle of Campaldino and at the surrender of Caprona.

He was married before 1298 to Gemma Donati, and thus became related to one of the most powerful families in Florence. Here again he shows a strange reticence, never mentioning his wife or children. We have no reason, however, to believe his marriage unhappy, or that he lacked affection for his children. It is true that his wife did not follow him in exile, but there was reason enough for this in his poverty and wandering life. The apotheosis of Beatrice need not presuppose lack of conjugal affection, for his love for her was entirely Platonic and became later a mere symbol of the spiritual life. He had by Gemma several children, two sons, Pietro and Jacopo, and one daughter, Beatrice; that he had another daughter,

[1] The Quadrivium included arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and music; the Trivium, grammar (*i.* e., Latin), dialectics, and rhetoric.

named Antonia, is probable, but not certain. His children joined him later in life in Ravenna.

Of the greatest importance for the understanding of the Divine Comedy is a knowledge of the political doctrines and public life of Dante. Tuscany at that time was in a wild and stormy condition. It shared in the terrible disorders of the struggle between the Guelphs and Ghibellines (the former supporting the pope, the latter the emperor). It likewise had private quarrels of its own. The old feudal nobility had been repressed by the rise of the cities, into which the nobles themselves had migrated, and where they kept up an incessant series of quarrels among themselves or with the free citizens. Yet, in spite of this constant state of warfare, the cities of Tuscany increased in power and prosperity, especially Florence. We need only remember that at the time Dante entered public life (1300) an extraordinary activity manifested itself in all branches of public works; new streets, squares, and bridges were laid out and built; the foundations of the cathedral had been laid, and Santa Croce and the Palazzo Vecchio had been begun. Such extensive works of public improvement presuppose a high degree of prosperity and culture. The political condition of Florence itself at this time was something as follows: In 1265, to go back a few years in order to get the proper perspective, Charles of Anjou, brother of the king of France, had been called by Pope Urban IV. to Italy to aid him in the war with the house of Swabia, and through him the mighty imperial family of the Hohenstaufens, which had counted among its members Frederick Barbarossa and Frederick II., was destroyed.

Manfred, the natural son of Frederick II., was killed at the battle of Beneventum (1260), and his nephew, the sixteen-year-old Conradin, the last member of the family, was betrayed into the hands of Charles after the battle of Tagliacozza and brutally beheaded in the public square of Naples (1268). It was through Charles of Anjou that the Ghibellines, who having been banished from Florence in 1258, had returned after the battle of Montaperti in 1260, were once more driven from the city; and the Guelphs, that is, the supporters of the pope, were restored to power.

The government was subject to frequent changes, becoming, however, more and more democratic in character. The decree of Gian della Bella had declared all nobles ineligible to public office, and granted the right to govern only to those who belonged to a guild or who exercised a profession. It was undoubtedly to render himself eligible to office that Dante joined the guild of physicians. In 1300 he was elected one of the six priors who ruled the city, for a period of two months only. From this brief term of office Dante himself dates all his later misfortunes.

At this time, in addition to the two great parties of Guelphs and Ghibellines, which existed in Florence as in the rest of Italy, there were in the city two minor parties, which at first had nothing to do with papal or imperial politics. These parties, known as Whites and Blacks, came from Pistoia, over which Florence exercised a sort of protectorate. The rulers of the latter city tried to smooth out the quarrels of the above local factions of Pistoia, by taking the chiefs of both parties to themselves; but the quarrels continued in

Florence, and soon the whole city was drawn into the contest, the Blacks being led by Corso Donati, and the Whites by the family of the Cerchi.

Pope Boniface VIII., who claimed Tuscany as the heir of the Countess Matilda, endeavored to take advantage of the state of discord in order to further his own selfish plans. For this purpose he sent the Cardinal Acquasparta to Florence, who, failing to accomplish his mission, excommunicated the recalcitrant city and left it in a rage. At this juncture the priors, of whom, as we have seen, Dante was one, thought to still the discord by banishing the leaders of the Whites and Blacks, an act, however, which only served to bring the hatred of both parties on the heads of the magistrates.

In 1301 Charles of Valois was called to Florence, ostensibly to pacify the divided city; he favored the party of the Blacks, however, and let in Corso Donati, who had been exiled the year before, and for five days murder, fire, and rapine raged through the streets of the devoted city. All the Whites who were not slain were exiled and their property confiscated or destroyed. Among the exiled was Dante. There are several decrees against him still extant in the archives of Florence. The first is dated January 27, 1302, and accuses him, with several others, of extortion, bribery, defalcation of public money, and hostility to the pope and the church. We need not say that of all these accusations the latter was alone true. In case the accused did not appear before the court to answer the charges, they were condemned in contumacy, to pay a fine of five hundred gold florins; if this was not paid within

three days, their property should be confiscated. This decree was followed by another, on March 10, 1302, in which the same charges were repeated, and in which Dante, as a delinquent, was declared an outlaw, and condemned to be burned alive if ever caught within Florentine territory.

Thus begins the poignant story of Dante's exile. We know but few definite details of that long period of wandering. He himself says, in his Banquet, that he traveled all over Italy, "a pilgrim, almost a beggar."

In the seventeenth canto of Paradise Cacciaguida gives a brief summary of Dante's exile in the form of a prophecy:

"Thou shalt leave each thing
Beloved most dearly: this is the first shaft
Shot from the bow of exile. Thou shalt prove
How salt the savor is of other's bread;
How hard the passage, to descend and climb
By other's stairs. But that shall gall thee most,
Will be the worthless and vile company,
With whom thou must be thrown into these straits.
For all ungrateful, impious all, and mad,
Shall turn 'gainst thee: but in a little while,
Theirs, and not thine, shall be the crimson'd brow,
Their course shall so evince their brutishness,
To have ta'en thy stand apart shall well become thee
"First refuge thou must find, first place of rest,
In the great Lombard's courtesy, who bears,
Upon the ladder perch'd, the sacred bird.
He shall behold thee with such kind regard,
That 'twixt ye two, the contrary to that
Which 'falls 'twixt other men, the granting shall
Forerun the asking."

We see from these lines that Dante first went to Verona, the seat of Bartolommeo della Scala (the

"great Lombard," whose coat of arms was a ladder "scala," with an eagle perched upon it). From there he went to Bologna, thence to Padua, and thence to the Lunigiana. It is about this time that he is said to have gone to Paris (this is probable), and to Germany, Flanders, and England; it is not at all probable that he ever saw the last-mentioned place.

Dante never gave up altogether the hope that he might one day return to Florence. He yearned all his life for the "beautiful sheep-fold" where he had lived as a lamb. Yet even this happiness he would not accept at the price of dishonor. When, in 1312, a general amnesty was proclaimed by Florence, and he might have returned if he would consent to certain humiliating conditions, he wrote the following noble words to a friend in Florence:

"This is not the way of coming home, my father! Yet, if you or other find one not beneath the fame of Dante and his honor, that will I gladly pursue. But if by no such way can I enter Florence, then Florence shall I never enter. And what then! Can I not behold the sun and the stars from every spot of earth? Shall I not be able to meditate on the sweetest truths in every place beneath the sky, unless I make myself ignoble, yea, ignominious to the people and state of Florence? Nor shall bread be wanting."

A great hope rose above the horizon of his life when Henry VII., of Luxemburg, came to Italy to restore the ancient power of the empire. Dante's letters written at this time are couched in exultant, almost extravagant, language: "Rejoice, Oh! Italy," he cries, "for thy bridegroom, the comfort of the world, and the glory of the people, the most merciful Henry, the divine Augustus and Cæsar is hastening hither to

the wedding feast." His joy and exultation, alas! were doomed to a speedy end.

In 1312 Henry, who, after the murder of Albert, had been crowned emperor (in 1309), came to Pisa, thence to Rome. Then, after having in vain besieged Florence, which had become the leader of the anti-imperial movement, he retired to Buonconvento, where he died (probably from poison) August 24, 1313.

With the tragic death of Henry, Dante seems to have given up all hope of earthly happiness and from now on turned his eyes to heaven, from which alone he could hope for justice to himself and peace and righteousness for unhappy Italy. The composition of the Divine Comedy dates from this period. His final refuge and place of rest was at Ravenna, at the court of Guido da Polenta, uncle of Francesca da Rimini, whose pathetic story is quoted in the next chapter. Here, in comparative comfort and peace, he spent the evening of his life, occupying his time in writing the Divine Comedy and in occasional journeys in the interest of his patron. In 1321, while on one of these journeys to Venice, he caught fever and died on the 13th of September of that year.

Many anecdotes and legends are told of these years of exile. Thus it is said that while in Verona, as he was walking one day through the streets, some women saw him and said: "Behold, there is the man who has been in hell." A beautiful story is told in a letter, doubtful however, written by Fra Ilario of the Monastery of Santa Croce on Monte Corvo, to the effect that one day a dust-stained, travel-worn man, carrying a roll of manuscript under his arm, knocked at the door

of the monastery, and on being asked what he wanted, answered "pace, pace" (peace, peace). This legend has been beautifully rendered by Longfellow in the following lines:

> "Methinks I see thee stand with pallid cheeks
> By Fra Ilario in his diocese,
> As on the convent walls in golden streaks
> The ascending sunbeams mark the day's decrease.
> And as he asks what there the stranger seeks
> Thy voice along the cloisters whispers 'peace.'"

Dante's character reveals itself in all its phases in his works. His youth as represented in the New Life was a happy one, filled with ardor for study, with affection for friends, and with the ecstasy of a pure and virtuous love. He needed, however, the death of Beatrice, the long years of exile, and the disappointment of all his hopes to develop that strong and noble character which the world admires almost as much as his poetry. He was an enthusiastic student, yet mingled with the affairs of men; never willingly doing wrong himself, he was unyielding in what he conceived to be right, and consecrated his consummate powers to the cause of the noble and the good. His own conscience was clear, and under this "breastplate," as he calls it, he went steadily on his way. He was proud of his learning, strong in his opinions, and does not hesitate to constitute himself the stern judge of all his contemporaries; this in a lesser man would have seemed presumptuous; in Dante it was only the prosecution of a solemn and, as he thought, a Godgiven duty. Yet, in spite of this sternness his heart was soft and tender.

Like Tennyson's poet, Dante was "dowered with love of love," as well as "hate of hate and scorn of scorn."

Those who read only the Inferno, may get the impression of a savage, revengeful spirit, but the Purgatory and Paradise are full of tenderest poetry of sublimest imagination, and show their author to have had a heart full of love and gentleness, sweetness and light. A deep melancholy weighed over the whole later life of Dante; his heart never ceased to long for home and friends, yet this melancholy is not pessimism; he never lost his confidence in God, never doubted right would win.

It is this inspiring combination of noble qualities in Dante's character, reflected in every page of the Divine Comedy, which makes the study of the latter not merely an æsthetic pleasure, but a spiritual exercise, ennobling and uplifting the minds of those who read it with the "spirit and with the understanding also."

The works of Dante are not many. They consist of prose and poetry, the former comprising the so-called Banquet (Convito) and the essay on Universal Monarchy. The former was to have been finished in fifteen books or chapters, but is only a fragment of four. It is a sort of encyclopedia of knowledge, such as were so popular in the Middle Ages, but written in Italian, in order to bring it within the reach of the unlearned reader. It is full of the scholastic learning of the times, and while not attractive to the ordinary reader, is of great importance for a complete understanding of the Divine Comedy. Likewise important

in this respect is the political treatise on the Monarchy, in which Dante sums up his theory of world-politics. This book, written in Latin, is divided into three parts: in Book I., the author shows the necessity of a universal empire; in Book II., he shows the right of Rome to be the seat of this empire; in Book III., he shows the independence of the emperor from the pope. This theory of the separation of the church and state runs like a thread through the whole of the Divine Comedy, in which Dante constantly attributes the sufferings of Italy to the lust for temporal power on the part of the pope and clergy.

For the general reader, however, the most interesting of Dante's writings, after the Divine Comedy, is the New Life, a strange and beautiful little book which serves as a prologue to the Divine Comedy. It is the story of Dante's love for Beatrice Portinari, the daughter of Folco, a neighbor and friend of the poet's father. It is a simple story, containing but few actual events, the details consisting for the most part of repetitions of the theory of love propounded by Guido Guinicelli, of analyses of Dante's own state of mind, and of mystical visions. The form of the book is peculiar, part prose, part poetry, the latter being accompanied by a brief commentary. Yet there is a truth and sincerity in the book which prove that it is no mere allegory or symbol, but the record of an actual love on the part of Dante for the fair young Florentine girl who is its heroine.

Dante tells us in quaint and scholastic language how he first saw Beatrice at a May festival, when she was at the beginning of her ninth year and he was at

the end of his. She was dressed in red, with ornaments suited to her youthful age, and was so beautiful "that surely one could say of her the words of the poet, Homer: 'She seemed not the daughter of mortal man but of God.'" He tells us, further, how he felt the spirit of love awaken within him and how, after that first meeting, he sought every opportunity of seeing her again.

Nine years later, again in May, he records another occasion when he met Beatrice this time dressed in white and accompanied by two ladies, "and passing along the street she turned her eyes toward the place where I stood, very timid, and through her ineffable courtesy she gently saluted me, so that it seemed to me that I experienced all the depths of bliss. The hour was precisely the ninth of that day, and inasmuch as it was the first time that her words reached my ears, such sweetness came upon me that, intoxicated, as it were, with joy, I left the people and went to my solitary chamber, and began to muse upon this most courteous lady." This love, accompanied as it was with violent alternations of joy and sorrow, produced a strong effect on Dante; his health suffered, his nerves were shattered, and he became frail and weak. Yet he refused to tell her name, although he confessed that love was the cause of his sufferings: "And when they asked me by means of whom love brought me to this wretched state, I looked at them with a smile, but said nothing."

In order, however, to put people on the wrong track, he pretended to love another lady, and so successful was this subterfuge, that even Beatrice herself

believed it, so that one day, meeting Dante, she refused to salute him, an act which filled him with deepest affliction: "Now after my happiness was denied me, there came upon me so much grief that leaving all people I went my way to a solitary place to bathe the earth with bitterest tears; and when I was somewhat relieved by this weeping, I entered my chamber where I could lament without being heard. And there I began to call on my lady for mercy, and saying: 'Love, help thy faithful one,' I fell asleep in tears like a little, beaten child."

As we have already said, there is little action in this book, only a few meetings in the street, in church, or at funerals; even the death of Beatrice's father is spoken of vaguely and allusively. The importance of all lies in the psychological analysis of feelings and thoughts of the poet. The descriptions of Beatrice are vague and her figure is wrapped in an atmosphere of "vaporous twilight." Her beauty is not presented to us by means of word-painting, but rather by its effect on all who behold her. This is illustrated in the following sonnet, which is justly considered the most beautiful not only of Dante's poetry but of all Italian literature:

So gentle and so noble doth appear
My lady when she passes through the street,
That none her salutation dare repeat
And all eyes turn from her as if in fear.
She goes her way, and cannot help but hear
The praise of all,—yet modest still and sweet;
Something she seems come down from heaven,—her seat,
To earth a miracle to show men here.

So pleasing doth she seem unto the eye,
That to the heart a sweetness seems to move,
A sweetness only known to those who feel.
And from her lips a spirit seems to steal,—
A gentle spirit, soft and full of love,—
That whispers to the souls of all men,—"sigh."

The effect of all the conflicting sentiments which agitated Dante's bosom was to throw him into a serious illness, in the course of which he had a terrible vision of the approaching death of Beatrice. "Now a few days after this, it happened that there came upon me a dolorous infirmity, whence for nine days I suffered most bitter pain; this led me to such weakness that I was not able to move from my bed. I say, then, that on the ninth day, feeling my pain almost intolerable, there came to me a thought concerning my lady. And when I had thought somewhat of her, and turned again in thought to my own weakened life, and considered how fragile is its duration, even though it be in health, I began to weep to myself over so much misery. Whence I said to myself with sighs: verily the most gentle Beatrice must sometime die. Wherefore there came upon me so great a depression that I closed my eyes and began to wander in mind, so that there appeared to me certain faces of ladies with disheveled hair, who said to me, 'Thou also shalt die.' And after these ladies certain other faces, horribly distorted, appeared and said: 'Thou art dead.' Then I seemed to see ladies with disheveled hair going along the street weeping, and wondrous sad; and the sun grew dark, so that the stars showed themselves, of such color that methought they wept; and the birds

as they flew fell dead; and there were mighty earthquakes; and as I wondered and was smitten with terror in such fancies, methought I saw a friend come to me and say: 'Dost thou not know? Thy peerless lady has departed this life.' Then I began to weep very piteously, and not only in dream, but bathing my cheeks in real tears. And I dreamed that I looked skyward and saw a multitude of angels flying upwards, and they had before them a small cloud, exceedingly white.[1] And the angels seemed to be singing gloriously, and the words which I seemed to hear were these: 'Hosanna in the Highest,' and naught else could I hear. Then it seemed to me that my heart, which was so full of love, said to me: 'It is true, indeed, that our lady lies dead.' And so strong was my wandering fancy that it showed me this lady dead; and I seemed to see ladies covering her head with a very white veil, and her face had so great an aspect of humility that she seemed to say: 'I have gone to behold the beginning of peace.' And then I seemed to have returned to my own room, and there I looked toward heaven and began to cry out in tears: 'O, soul most beautiful, how blessed is he who beholds thee.' And as I said these words with sobs and tears, and called on death to come to me, a young and gentle lady who was at my bedside, thinking that my tears and cries were for grief on account of my infirmity began also to weep in great fear. Whereupon other ladies who were in the room, noticed that I wept, and leading away from my bedside her who was joined to me by close ties of blood,[2] they came to me to wake

[1] The soul of Beatrice. [2] Dante's sister.

me from my dream, and saying: 'Weep no more,' and again: 'Be not so discomforted.' And as they thus spoke, my strong fancy ceased, and just as I was about to say: 'O, Beatrice, blessed art thou,' and I had already said, 'O, Beatrice—' giving a start I opened my eyes and saw that I had been dreaming."

The presentiment of Dante in the above exquisite passage came true. Beatrice, too fair and good for earth, was called by God to Himself. One day the poet sat down to write a poem in praise of her and had finished one stanza when the news came that Beatrice was dead. At first he seemed too benumbed even for tears, and after a quotation from Jeremiah—

"How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people! How is she become a widow, she that was great among the nations!"—

at the beginning of the next paragraph, he gives a fantastic discussion of the symbolical figure nine and its connection with the life and death of Beatrice. Then the tears began to flow, and unutterable sadness took possession of his heart. A whole year after he tells us how one day he sat thinking of her and drawing the picture of an angel, a picture, alas! which was never finished, as he was interrupted by visitors.[1] At another time he tells how one day he saw a number of pilgrims passing through Florence on their way to Rome, and to them he addressed one of his most beautiful sonnets:

Oh, pilgrims who move on with steps so slow,
Musing perchance of friends now far away;

[1] "You and I would rather see that angel,
Painted by the tenderness of Dante,
Would we not? than read a fresh Inferno."
Browning (One Word More).

So distant is your native land, oh say!
As by your actions ye do seem to show?
For lo! you weep and mourn not when you go,
Through these our city streets, so sad to-day;
Nor unto us your meed of pity pay,
Bowed as we are 'neath heavy weight of woe.
If while I speak you will but wait and hear,—
Surely,—my heart in sighing whispers me,—
That then you shall go on with sorrow deep.
Florence has lost its Beatrice dear;
And words that tell what she was wont to be,
Are potent to make all that hear them weep.

With these lines the New Life practically ends. After one more sonnet, in which he tells how he was lifted in spirit and had a vision of Beatrice in paradise, he concludes the book with the following paragraph, in which we first see a definite purpose on the part of Dante to write a long poem in praise of Beatrice: "After this sonnet there appeared to me a wonderful vision, in which I saw things which made me resolve to say no more of this blessed one until I should be able to treat more worthily of her, and to come to that I study as much as I can, as she truly knows. So that if it shall be the pleasure of Him in whom all things live that my life endure for some years more, I hope to say of her that which has never yet been said of mortal woman. And then may it please Him who is Lord of Courtesy, that my soul may go to see the glory of its lady, that is, the blessed Beatrice who gloriously looks on the face of him 'qui est per cuncta sæcula benedictus in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.'" (Who is blessed throughout all the ages.)

SUMMARY AND QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

Early Tuscan poetry — Guido Cavalcanti, a contemporary of Dante — Guelphs and Ghibellines, Whites and Blacks at Florence — Dante born 1265; his education; his love for Beatrice; marriage and home life; an exile; dies in Ravenna 1321.

1. Mention some of the early Tuscan poets.
2. What is the date of Dante's birth?
3. What is known of his family?
4. How and where was he educated?
5. Tell what you can of his family life.
6. What was the political condition of Florence in Dante's time?
7. Who were the Guelphs and Ghibellines, — the Whites and Blacks?
8. When and why was Dante exiled?
9. Name some of the places he is known to have visited
10. How and when did he die?
11. Describe briefly his character.
12. Name the chief works of Dante, giving a brief indication of their contents.
13. Tell briefly the story of his love for Beatrice.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

No poet in Italian literature is better adapted to special study than Dante, nor is any so profitable. The material is abundant. The reader should provide himself with Scartazzini's Companion to Dante, translated by A. J. Butler, or Symond's Introduction to Dante. These will furnish all necessary facts concerning the life and works of the poet. It must be remembered that the Divine Comedy is a difficult poem, and that it takes many readings and much study to master it. It will be best to begin by reading Maria F. Rossetti's A Shadow of Dante, which gives a general outline of the story with copious extracts. Then one of the numerous translations should be taken up and studied carefully, canto by canto—Cary's, Longfellow's, and Norton's translations (the latter in prose) are the best. An edition of Cary's translation has been made by the writer of this book (published by T. Y. Crowell & Co.), with special reference to the general reader. It contains an introduction, Rossetti's translation of the New Life, and a revised reprint of Cary's version of the Divine Comedy furnished with a popular commentary in the form of foot notes. The number of essays and critical estimates of Dante in English is legion; perhaps the best three are those by Carlyle (in Heroes and Hero Worship), Dean Church, and Lowell. Of especial value is Dinsmore's Aids to the Study of Dante (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.),

CHAPTER III

THE DIVINE COMEDY

We have seen, at the end of the last chapter, how Dante had made a vow to glorify Beatrice, as no other woman had ever been glorified, and how he studied and labored to prepare himself for the lofty task. The Divine Comedy is the fulfilment of this "immense promise." Although it is probable that Dante did not begin to write this poem till after the death of Henry VII. (1313), yet there can be no doubt that it was slowly developing in his mind during all the years of his exile.

The Divine Comedy is divided into three parts or books, *canticas*, as they are called by Dante: Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise, each one containing thirty-three cantos, with one additional introductory canto prefixed to the Hell. Even the number of lines in the three *canticas* is approximately the same.[1] Dante's love for number-symbols was shown in the New Life, hence we are justified in accepting the theory that the threefold division of the poem is symbolical of the Trinity, and that the thirty-three cantos of each *cantica* represent the years of the Savior's life. It is worthy of note that the last word in each of the three books is "stars."

[1] Hell, 4,720; Purgatory, 4,755; Paradise, 4,758.

The allegory of the Divine Comedy has been the subject of countless discussions. The consensus of the best modern commentators seems to be, however, that although the allegory is more or less political, it is chiefly religious. The great theme is the salvation of the human soul, represented by Dante himself, who is the protagonist of the poem. As he wanders first through hell, he sees in all its loathly horrors the "exceeding sinfulness of sin," and realizes its inevitable punishment; as he climbs the steep slopes of purgatory, at first with infinite difficulty, but with ever-increasing ease as he approaches the summit, he learns by his own experience how hard it is to root out the natural tendencies to sin that pull the soul downward; and finally, as he mounts from heaven to heaven, till he arrives in the very presence of God Himself, he experiences the joy unspeakable that comes to him who, having purged himself of all sin, is found worthy to join "the innumerable company of saints and the spirits of just men made perfect."

The Divine Comedy is a visionary journey through the three supernatural worlds, Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise. Such visions were by no means infrequent in the Middle Ages, and Dante had many predecessors. He simply adopted a poetical device well known to his contemporaries. What differentiated him from others is the dramatic and intensely personal character of his vision; the consummate skill with which he interwove into this one poem all the science, learning, philosophy, and history of the times; and the lovely poetry in which all these things are embalmed. To appreciate the vast difference between the Divine Com-

edy and previous works of a similar nature, we need only to read a few pages of such crude books as the Visions of Alberico, Tugdale, and Saint Brandon.

To Dante and his contemporaries the supernatural world was not what it is to us to-day, a vast, unbounded space filled with star-systems like our own: the topography of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise seemed to them as definite as that of our own planet. The Ptolemaic system of astronomy (overthrown by Copernicus, yet still forming the framework of Milton's Paradise Lost) was accepted with implicit confidence. According to this system the universe consisted of ten heavens or concentric spheres, in the center of which was our earth, immovable itself, while around it revolved the heavenly spheres. The earth was surrounded by an atmosphere of air, then one of fire, and then came in order the heavens of the moon, Mercury, Venus, the sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, the fixed stars, and the Primum Mobile (the source of the motion of the spheres) beyond which stretched out to infinity the Empyrean, the heaven of light and love, the seat of God and the angels.

According to Dante, hell is situated in the interior of the earth, being in shape a sort of funnel with the point downward, and reaching to the center of the earth, which is also the center of the universe. Purgatory rises in the form of a truncated cone in the surface of the southern hemisphere, having in solid form, the same shape as the hollow funnel of hell. It was formed of the earth which fled before Lucifer, and splashed up behind him like water, when, after his revolt against the Almighty he was flung headlong

from heaven and became fixed in the center of the earth, as far as possible according to the Ptolemaic system from the Empyrean and God.

Hell is formed of nine concentric, ever-narrowing terraces, or circles, exhibiting a great variety of landscapes, rivers, and lakes, gloomy forests and sandy deserts, all shrouded in utter darkness except where flickering flames tear the thick pall of night, or the red-hot walls of Dis gleam balefully over the waters of the Stygian marsh. Here are punished the various groups of sinners, whom Dante sees, whose suffering he describes, and with whom he converses as he makes his way downward from circle to circle.

It was in the year 1300, at Easter time, when Dante began his strange and eventful pilgrimage, "midway in this our mortal life," he says in the first line of the poem, that is when he himself was thirty-five years old. He finds himself lost in a dense forest, not knowing how he came there, and after wandering for some time, reaches the foot of a lofty mountain, whose top is lighted by the rays of the morning sun. He is about to make his way thither, when he is stopped by the appearance, one after the other, of three terrible beasts, a leopard, a lion, and a wolf. He falls back in terror to the forest, when suddenly he sees a figure advancing toward him and learns that this is Vergil, who has been sent by Beatrice (now in heaven) to lead her lover from the wood of sin to salvation. To do this it will be necessary for Dante to pass through the infernal world, then up the craggy heights of purgatory to the earthly paradise, where Beatrice herself will take charge of him and lead him from heaven to

heaven, even to the presence of God Himself. Dante's courage and confidence fail at this prospect—he is not Æneas or St. Paul, he says, to undertake such supernatural journeys—but when Vergil tells him that Beatrice herself has sent him, Dante expresses his willingness to undertake the difficult and awe-inspiring task.

It is nightfall when they reach the gate of hell, over which is written the dread inscription:

> "Through me you pass into the city of woe:
> Through me you pass into eternal pain:
> Through me among the people lost for aye.
> Justice the founder of my fabric moved:
> To rear me was the task of power divine,
> Supremest wisdom, and primeval love.
> Before me things create were none, save things
> Eternal, and eternal I endure.
> All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

Entering in they are met with the sound of sighs, moans, and lamentations, mingled with curses hoarse and deep, and the beating of hands, all making a hideous din in the starless air, in which a long train of spirits is whirled about hither and thither stung by wasps and hornets. These spirits are the souls of those ignoble ones who were neither for God nor against him.

> "The wretched souls of those, who lived
> Without or praise or blame, with that ill band
> Of angels mixed, who nor rebellious proved,
> Nor yet were true to God, but for themselves
> Were only. From his bounds Heaven drove them forth
> Not to impair his luster; nor the depth
> Of Hell receives them, lest the accursed tribe
> Should glory thence with exultation vain."

Here Dante recognizes the soul of him who made the "great refusal," recalling thus the strange story of the aged hermit, Peter Murrone, who after fifty-five years and more of solitary life in a cave high up among the Abruzzi Mountains, was forced to ascend the papal throne, and who after a short period of ineffectual reign under the name of Celestine V., resigned, thus making way for Boniface VIII., Dante's bitter enemy. Vergil's contemptuous remark concerning these souls,

"Speak not of them, but look and pass them by,"

has become proverbial.

Soon after this the two poets reach the shores of the river Acheron, where Charon, the infernal boatman, is busy ferrying the souls of the damned to the other side. He refuses to take Dante in his boat, and the latter falls into a swoon, and being aroused by a clap of thunder, finds himself on the other side. How he was carried over we are not told. The wanderers are now in limbo or the first circle of hell, in which are contained the souls of unbaptized children and of the great and good of the pagan world, especially the poets and philosophers of ancient Greece and Rome, who, having lived before the coming of Christ, had through no fault of their own died without faith in Him who alone can save. These souls are not punished by physical pain, as is the case with those in the following circles, but nourishing forever a desire which they have no hope of ever having satisfied, they pass the endless years of eternity in gentle melancholy. Here Dante meets the spirits of Homer, Ovid, Horace, and Lucan, who treat him kindly and make him one of the band, thus consecrating him as a great poet.

"When they together short discourse had held,
They turned to me, with salutation kind
Beckoning me; at the which my master smiled:
Nor was this all; but greater honor still
They gave me, for they made me of their tribe;
And I was sixth amid so learn'd a band.
"Far as the luminous beacon on we passed,
Speaking of matters, then befitting well
To speak, now fitter left untold. At foot
Of a magnificent castle we arrived,
Seven times with lofty walls begirt, and round
Defended by a pleasant stream O'er this
As o'er dry land we passed. Next, through seven gates,
I with those sages entered, and we came
Into a mead with lively verdure fresh.
"There dwelt a race, who slow their eyes around
Majestically moved, and in their port
Bore eminent authority: they spake
Seldom, but all their words were tuneful sweet.
"We to one side retired, into a place
Open and bright and lofty, whence each one
Stood manifest to view. Incontinent,
There on the green enamel of the plain
Were shown me the great spirits, by whose sight
I am exalted in my own esteem."

Leaving this beautiful oasis in the infernal desert, the poets enter the second circle, where Hell may be said really to begin. Here Dante sees the monster Minos, the judge of the infernal regions, who assigns to each soul its proper circle, indicating the number thereof by winding his tail about his body a corresponding number of times. In circle two are the souls of the licentious, blown about forever by a violent wind. Among them Dante recognizes the famous lovers of antiquity, Dido, Helen, Cleopatra. His attention is especially attracted toward two spirits,

who, locked closely in each other's arms, are blown hither and thither like chaff before the wind. Calling upon them to tell him who they are, he hears the pathetic story of Francesca da Rimini, perhaps the most famous and beautiful passage in all poetry:

"When I had heard my sage instructor name
Those dames and knights of antique days, o'erpowered
By pity, well-nigh in amaze my mind
Was lost; and I began: 'Bard! willingly
I would address those two together coming,
Which seem so light before the wind.' He thus:
'Note thou, when nearer they to us approach.
Then by that love which carries them along,
Entreat; and they will come.' Soon as the wind
Swayed them toward us, I thus framed my speech:
'O wearied spirits! come, and hold discourse
With us, if by none else restrained.' As doves
By fond desire invited, on wide wings
And firm, to their sweet nest returning home,
Cleave the air, wafted by their will along;
Thus issued, from that troop where Dido ranks,
They, through the ill air speeding: with such force
My cry prevailed, by strong affection urged.
"'O gracious creature and benign! who go'st
Visiting, through this element obscure,
Us, who the world with bloody stain imbrued;
If, for a friend, the King of all, we owned,
Our prayer to him should for thy peace arise,
Since thou hast pity on our evil plight.
Of whatso'er to hear or to discourse
It pleases thee, that will we hear, of that
Freely with thee discourse, while e'er the wind,
As now, is mute. The land, that gave me birth,
Is situate on the coast, where Po descends
To rest in ocean[1] with his sequent streams.

[1] The Adriatic.

"'Love, that in gentle heart is quickly learnt[1],
Entangled him by that fair form, from me
Ta'en in such cruel sort, as grieves me still:
Love, that denial takes from none beloved,
Caught me with pleasing him so passing well,
That, as thou seest, he yet deserts me not.
Love brought us to one death: Caïna[2] waits
The soul, who spilt our life.' Such were their words;
At hearing which, downward I bent my looks,
And held them there so long, that the bard cried:
'What art thou pondering?' I in answer thus:
'Alas! by what sweet thoughts, what fond desire
Must they at length to that ill pass have reached!'
"Then turning, I to them my speech addressed,
And thus began: 'Francesca! your sad fate
Even to tears my grief and pity moves.
But tell me; in the time of your sweet sighs,
By what and how Love granted, that ye knew
Your yet uncertain wishes?' She replied:
'No greater grief than to remember days
Of joy, when misery is at hand. That kens
Thy learn'd instructor yet so eagerly
If thou art bent to know the primal root,
From whence our love gat being, I will do
As one who weeps and tells his tale. One day
For our delight we read of Launcelot,
How him love thralled. Alone we were, and no
Suspicion near us. Oft times by that reading
Our eyes were drawn together, and the hue
Fled from our altered cheek. But at one point
Alone we fell. When of that smile we read,
The wished for smile so rapturously kissed
By one so deep in love, then he, who ne'er
From me shall separate, at once my lips
All trembling kissed. The book and writer both
Were love's purveyors. In its leaves that day

[1] Compare with what is said in Chapter I.
[2] One of the divisions of the last circle, where traitors are punished.

We read no more.' While thus one spirit spake,
The other wailed so sorely, that heart-struck
I, through compassion fainting, seemed not far
From death, and like a corse fell to the ground."

Passing rapidly over circle three, in which the gluttons lie in mire under a pelting storm of hail, snow, and rain, torn to pieces by the three-throated Cerberus; and circle four, where misers and spendthrifts roll great weights against each other and upbraid each the other with his besetting sin; we come to circle five, where in the dark and dismal waters of the Styx the wrathful and the melancholy are plunged. It is singular that Dante makes low spirits or mental depression as much a sin as violence and lack of self-control:

"The good instructor spake: 'Now seest thou, son!
The souls of those, whom anger overcame.
This, too, for certain know, that underneath
The water dwells a multitude, whose sighs
Into these bubbles make the surface heave,—
As thine eye tells thee wheresoe'er it turn.
Fixed in the slime, they say: "Sad once were we,
In the sweet air made gladsome by the sun,
Carrying a foul and lazy mist within:
Now in these murky settlings are we sad."
Such dolorous strain they gurgle in their throats,
But word distinct can utter none.' "

As they stand at the foot of a dark tower, a light flashes from its top and another light, far off above the waters, sends back an answer through the murky air. Dante, full of curiosity, turns to Vergil for explanation:

"'There on the filthy waters,' he replied,
'E'en now what next awaits us mayst thou see,
If the marsh-gendered fog conceal it not.'

"Never was arrow from the cord dismissed,
That ran its way so nimbly through the air,
As a small bark, that through the waves I spied
Toward us coming, under the sole sway
Of one that ferried it, who cried aloud:
'Art thou arrived, fell spirit?'—'Phlegyas, Phlegyas,
This time thou criest in vain,' my lord replied;
'No longer shalt thou have us, but while o'er
The slimy pool we pass.' As one who hears
Of some great wrong he hath sustained, whereat
Inly he pines: So Phlegyas inly pined
In his fierce ire. My guide, descending, stepped
Into the skiff, and bade me enter next,
Close at his side; nor, till my entrance, seemed
The vessel freighted. Soon as both embarked,
Cutting the waves, goes on the ancient prow,
More deeply than with others it is wont."

Thus they cross the Styx, and soon approach the other shore, where luridly picturesque in the ink-black atmosphere rise the red-hot walls and towers of the city of Dis:

"And thus the good instructor: 'Now, my son
Draws near the city, that of Dis[1] is named,
With its grave denizens, a mighty throng.'
"I thus: 'The minarets already, sir!
There, certes, in the valley I descry,
Gleaming vermilion, as if they from fire
Had issued.' He replied: 'Eternal fire,
That inward burns shows them with ruddy flame
Illumed; as in this nether hell thou seest.'
"We came within the fosses deep, that moat
This region comfortless. The walls appeared
As they were framed of iron. We had made
Wide circuit, ere a place we reached, where loud
The mariner cried vehement: 'Go forth:

[1] Dis—the emperor of the infernal regions, according to the ancients.

The entrance is here.' Upon the gates I spied
More than a thousand, who of old from heaven
Were shower'd. With ireful gestures, 'Who is this,'
They cried, 'that, without death first felt, goes through
The regions of the dead?' My sapient guide
Made sign that he for secret parley wished;
Whereat their angry scorn abating, thus
They spake: 'Come thou alone; and let him go,
Who hath so hardily entered this realm.
Alone return he by his witless way;
If well he know it, let him prove. For thee,
Here shalt thou tarry, who through clime so dark
Hast been his escort.' Now bethink thee, reader!
What cheer was mine at sound of those curst words.
I did believe I never should return."

While not only Dante but Vergil himself stand in dismay before the closed gates of the city, and the threatening devils on the walls, they hear a roar like that of a mighty wind, and behold! over the waters of the Styx a celestial messenger comes dry-shod, puts to flight the recalcitrant devils, and opening the gates with a touch of his wand, departs without having uttered a word.

Entering the city, Dante sees a vast cemetery covered with tombs, whence issue flames, and in which are shut up the souls of those who denied the immortality of the soul. Here occurs the celebrated scene between Dante and Farinata degli Uberti, who alone, after the battle of Montaperti, in 1260 (when the victorious Ghibellines seriously contemplated razing Florence to the ground), opposed the motion, and thus saved his native city from destruction. Here also Dante sees the father of his friend, Guido Cavalcanti.

In the center of the cemetery yawns a tremendous

abyss, which leads to the lower regions of hell. Before they descend this, however, Vergil explains to Dante the various kinds of sins which are punished in hell. Those he has seen hitherto (gluttony, licentiousness, avarice, wrath, and melancholy) all belong to the category of incontinence; those which are to come are due to malice, and harm not only oneself but others. The sixth circle, that of the heretics, in which they now are, forms a transition between the above two general divisions. In circle seven, the next one below them, are punished the violent, subdivided into three classes: 1, those who were violent against their fellow-men,— tyrants, murderers, and robbers; 2, those who were violent against themselves,— suicides and gamblers; 3, those who were violent against God, nature, and art,—blasphemers, sodomites, and usurers. In circles eight and nine are the fraudulent and traitors, the various classes of which are given later.

After this explanation, the two poets descend the rocky cliff, and find at the bottom a blood-red river, where, guarded by centaurs, are plunged the souls of murderers and robbers, in various depths according to the heinousness of their cruelty and crimes. Crossing this stream they come to a dark and gloomy wood, composed of trees gnarled and twisted into all sorts of fantastic shapes, grimly recalling the contortions of a human body in pain, and covered with poisonous thorns. On the branches sit hideous harpies, half woman, half bird. Each of these trees contains the soul of a suicide. Dante, breaking off a small branch, is horrified to see human blood slowly ooze from the break, and a hissing noise like escaping steam, which

resolves itself finally into words. From these he learns that the soul contained in this tree is that of Pier delle Vigne, prime minister of Frederick II., who tells his sad and pathetic story, how he became the victim of slander and court intrigue, and how, being unjustly imprisoned by his master, he committed suicide.

Beyond this gruesome forest the wanderers come out upon a vast sandy desert, utterly treeless, where they see many wretched souls, some lying supine, some crouching down in a sitting posture, some walking incessantly about, all, however, forever trying, but in vain, to ward off from their naked bodies countless flakes of flame which fall slowly and steadily like snow

"On Alpine summits, when the wind is hushed."

Here are punished the blasphemers, violent against God; usurers, violent against art; and sodomites, violent against nature. Among the latter Dante recognizes and converses with his old friend, Brunetto Latini, who prophesies to him his future fame and his exile from Florence:

"'If thou,' he answer'd, 'follow but thy star,
Thou canst not miss at last a glorious haven;
Unless in fairer days my judgment erred.
And if my fate so early had not chanced,
Seeing the heavens thus bounteous to thee, I
Had gladly given thee comfort in thy work.
But that ungrateful and malignant race,
Who in old times came down from Fiesole,[1]

[1] Fiesole is a town on a high hill near Florence—the latter was said to have been settled by the people of Fiesole.

Ay and still smack of their rough mountain-flint,
Will for thy good deeds show thee enmity.'"

To which the poet answers with noble courage:

"This only would I have thee clearly note:
That, so my conscience have no plea against me,
Do Fortune as she list, I stand prepared,
Not new or strange such earnest to my ear.
Speed Fortune then her wheel, as likes her best;
The clown his mattock; all things have their course."

The poets then descend the tremendous cliff leading to circle eight, on the back of Geryon, a fantastic monster, with face of a good man, but body of a beast, many-colored and covered over with complicated figures, being a symbol of the fraud punished in the next circle. This is subdivided into ten concentric rings, or ditches, with the floor gradually descending to a well in the center, thus resembling the circular rows of seats in an amphitheater, converging to the arena. In these ten *malebolge*, as Dante calls them — *i. e.*, evil pits — are ten different kinds of fraudulent, panderers, flatterers, those guilty of simony, false prophets, magicians, thieves, barterers (those who sell public offices), evil counselors, schismatics, and hypocrites, all punished with diabolic ingenuity, hewn asunder by the sword, boiled in lakes of burning pitch, bitten by poisonous snakes, wasted by dire and hideous disease. As an example of the horrors seen in these evil pits we give one vivid picture, that of the famous Troubadour Bertrand de Born, who, having incited the young son of Henry II., of England, to rebel against his father, is punished in hell by having his head cut off and carrying it in his hand:

"But I there
Still lingered to behold the troop, and saw
Thing, such as I may fear without more proof
To tell of, but that conscience makes me firm,
The boon companion, who her strong breastplate
Buckles on him, that feels no guilt within,
And bids him on and fear not. Without doubt
I saw, and yet it seems to pass before me,
A headless trunk, that even as the rest
Of the sad flock paced onward. By the hair
It bore the severed member, lantern-wise
Pendent in hand, which look'd at us and said,
'Woe's me!' The spirit lighted thus himself;
And two there were in one, and one in two.
How that may be, he knows who ordereth so.
"When at the bridge's foot direct he stood,
His arm aloft he reared, thrusting the head
Full in our view, that nearer we might hear
The words, which thus it utter'd: 'Now behold
This grievous torment, thou, who breathing go'st
To spy the dead: behold, if any else
Be terrible as this. And, that on earth
Thou mayst bear tidings of me, know that I
Am Bertrand, he of Born, who gave King John
The counsel mischievous. Father and son
I set at mutual war. For Absalom
And David more did not Ahitophel,
Spurring them on maliciously to strife.
For parting those so closely knit, my brain
Parted, alas! I carry from its source,
That in this trunk inhabits. Thus the law
Of retribution fiercely works in me.'"

In the eighth pit are the souls of evil counselors, so completely swathed in flames that their forms cannot be seen. Dante's attention is especially attracted to one of these moving flames, with a double-tipped point, which proves to contain the souls of Diomede

and Ulysses, who, as they were together in fraud, are now inseparable in punishment. The story of his last voyage and final shipwreck, told by Ulysses, how in his old age, weary of the monotony of home life and longing to know the secret of the great Western ocean, he set sail with his old companions, is full of imaginative grandeur:

"Of the old flame forthwith the greater horn
Began to roll, murmuring, as a fire
That labors with the wind, then to and fro
Wagging the top, as a tongue uttering sounds,
Threw out its voice, and spake: when I escaped
From Circe, who beyond a circling year
Had held me near Caieta by her charms,
Ere thus Æneas yet had named the shore;
Nor fondness for my son, nor reverence
Of my old father, nor return of love,
That should have crowned Penelope with joy,
Could overcome in me the zeal I had
To explore the world, and search the ways of life,
Man's evil and his virtue. Forth I sailed
Into the deep, illimitable main,
With but one bark, and the small faithful band
That yet cleaved to me. As Iberia far,
Far as Marocco, either shore I saw,
And the Sardinian and each isle beside
Which round that ocean bathes. Tardy with age
Were I and my companions, when we came
To the strait pass, where Hercules ordain'd
The boundaries not to be o'erstepp'd by man
The walls of Seville to my right I left,
On the other hand already Ceuta past.
'O brothers!' I began, 'who to the West
Through perils without number now have reached;
To this the short remaining watch, that yet
Our senses have to wake, refuse not proof

Of the unpeopled world, following the track
Of Phœbus. Call to mind from whence ye sprang:
Ye were not formed to live the life of brutes,
But virtue to pursue and knowledge high.'
With these few words I sharpened for the voyage
The mind of my associates, that I then
Could scarcely have withheld them. To the dawn
Our poop we turned, and for the witless flight
Made our oars wings, still gaining on the left.
Each star of the other pole night now beheld,
And ours so low, that from the ocean floor
It rose not. Five times re-illumed, as oft
Vanish'd the light from underneath the moon,
Since the deep way we entered, when from far
Appear'd a mountain dim, loftiest methought
Of all I e'er beheld. Joy seized us straight;
But soon to mourning changed. From the new land
A whirlwind sprung, and at her foremost side
Did strike the vessel. Thrice it whirl'd her round
With all the waves; the fourth time lifted up
The poop, and sank the prow: so fate decreed:
And over us the booming billow closed."

In the center of the amphitheater of Malebolge is a deep and vast well, guarded by giants, one of whom takes the poets in his arms and deposits them at the bottom. Here they find the ninth and last circle, where in four divisions the traitors against relatives, friends, country, and benefactors, are fixed like flies in amber in a solid lake of ice, swept by bitter, cold winds. Among the traitors to their country Dante sees one man who is gnawing in relentless rage at the head of another fixed in the ice in front of him. Inquiring the cause of this terrible cruelty, Dante hears the following story, couched in language which Goethe has declared to be without an equal in all poetry:

"His jaws uplifting from their fell repast,
That sinner wiped them on the hairs o' the head,
Which he behind had mangled, then began:
'Thy will obeying, I call up afresh
Sorrow past cure; which, but to think of, wrings
My heart, or ere I tell on 't. But if words,
That I may utter, shall prove seed to bear
Fruit of eternal infamy to him,
The traitor whom I gnaw at, thou at once
Shalt see me speak and weep. Who thou mayst be
I know not, nor how here below art come:
But Florentine thou seemest of a truth,
When I do hear thee. Know, I was on earth
Count Ugolino, and the Archbishop he
Ruggieri. Why I neighbor him so close,
Now list. That through effect of his ill thoughts
In him my trust reposing, I was ta'en
And after murdered, need is not I tell.
What therefore thou canst not have heard, that is,
How cruel was the murder, shalt thou hear,
And know if he have wrong'd me. A small grate
Within that mew, which for my sake the name
Of famine bears, where others yet must pine,
Already through its opening several moons
Had shown me, when I slept the evil sleep
That from the future tore the curtain off.
This one, methought, as master of the sport,
Rode forth to chase the gaunt wolf, and his whelps,
Unto the mountain which forbids the sight
Of Lucca to the Pisan. With lean brachs
Inquisitive and keen, before him ranged
Lanfranchi with Sismondi and Gualandi.
After short course the father and the sons
Seemed tired and lagging, and methought I saw
The sharp tusks gore their sides. When I awoke,
Before the dawn, amid their sleep I heard
My sons (for they were with me) weep and ask
For bread. Right cruel art thou, if no pang

Thou feel at thinking what my heart foretold;
And if not now, why use thy tears to flow?
Now had they wakened; and the hour drew near
When they were wont to bring us food; the mind
Of each misgave him through his dream, and I
Heard, at its outlet underneath locked up
The horrible tower: whence, uttering not a word,
I look'd upon the visage of my sons.
I wept not: so all stone I felt within.
They wept: and one, my little Anselm, cried,
"Thou lookest so! Father what ails thee?" Yet
I shed no tear, nor answered all that day
Nor the next night, until another sun
Came out upon the world. When a faint beam
Had to our doleful prison made its way,
And in four countenances I descried
The image of my own, on either hand
Through agony I bit; and they, who thought
I did it through desire of feeding, rose
O' the sudden, and cried, "Father, we should grieve
Far less, if thou wouldst eat of us: thou gavest
These weeds of miserable flesh we wear;
And do thou strip them off from us again."
Then, not to make them sadder, I kept down
My spirit in stillness. That day and the next
We all were silent. Ah, obdurate earth!
Why open'dst not upon us? When we came
To the fourth day, then Gaddo at my feet
Outstretched did fling him, crying, "Hast no help
For me, my father!" There he died; and e'en
Plainly as thou seest me, saw I the three
Fall one by one 'twixt the fifth day and sixth:
Whence I betook me, now grown blind, to grope
Over them all, and for three days aloud
Called on them who were dead. Then, fasting got
The mastery of grief.' Thus having spoke,
Once more upon the wretched skull his teeth
He fasten'd like a mastiff's 'gainst the bone,

Firm and unyielding. Oh, thou Pisa! shame
Of all the people, who their dwelling make
In that fair region, where the Italian voice
Is heard; since that thy neighbors are so slack
To punish, from their deep foundations rise
Capraia and Gorgona,[1] and dam up
The mouth of Arno; that each soul in thee
May perish in the waters. What if fame
Reported that thy castles were betrayed
By Ugolino, yet no right hadst thou
To stretch his children on the rack. For them,
Brigata, Uguccione, and the pair
Of gentle ones, of whom my song hath told,
Their tender years, thou modern Thebes, did make
Uncapable of guilt. Onward we passed,
Where others, skarfed in rugged folds of ice,
Not on their feet were turned, but each reversed."

Arriving at the very bottom of hell, the poets see the body of Lucifer fixed in the center thereof (which is at the same time the center of earth and of the universe), with its upper part projecting into the freezing air. This monstrous figure, as hideous now as it had been beautiful before his revolt against God, has three pairs of wings and three heads, in the mouths of which he tears to pieces the three arch-traitors, Judas, Brutus, and Cassius.

The wanderers climb along the hairy sides of Lucifer and finally reach a cavity which corresponds to the lowest part of hell, and up into which are thrust the legs of the monster. They have thus passed the center of earth and are now in the other or southern hemisphere. Making their way upward along the course of a stream they finally come out into the open air, where

[1] Two islands in the Mediterranean near the mouth of the Arno.

the mount of purgatory rises sheer up from the surface of the great southern sea.

The first cantos of Purgatory are of wonderful beauty, and their loveliness is heightened by contrast, coming as it does after the darkness, filth, and horrors of hell. Issuing from the subterranean passage just before sunrise, the poets see before them a vast expanse of sea, lighted up by the soft rays of Venus, the morning star, and gradually becoming brighter as the dawn advances:

"Sweet hue of eastern sapphire, that was spread
O'er the serene aspect of the pure air,
High up as the first circle, to mine eyes
Unwonted joy renew'd, soon as I 'scaped
Forth from the atmosphere of deadly gloom,
That had mine eyes and bosom fill'd with grief.
The radiant planet, that to love invites,
Made all the Orient laugh, and veiled beneath
The Pisces' light, that in his escort came.
"To the right hand I turned, and fixed my mind
On the other pole attentive, where I saw
Four stars ne'er seen before save by the ken
Of our first parents. Heaven of their rays
Seemed joyous. O thou northern site! bereft
Indeed, and widowed, since of these deprived."

As they stand watching this scene, a venerable old man (Cato, the guardian of the island) approaches and tells them to go to the seashore and wipe off the stains of hell with the reeds that grow there:

"The dawn had chased the matin hour of prime,
Which fled before it, so that from afar
I spied the trembling of the ocean stream.
"We traversed the deserted plain, as one
Who, wandered from his track, thinks every step
Trodden in vain till he regain the path.

"When we had come where yet the tender dew
Strove with the sun, and in a place where fresh
The wind breathed o'er it, while it slowly dried;
Both hands extended on the watery grass
My master placed, in graceful act and kind.
Whence I of his intent before apprized,
Stretched out to him my cheeks suffused with tears.
There to my visage he anew restored
That hue which the dun shades of hell concealed.
"Then on the solitary shore arrived,
That never sailing on its waters saw
Man that could after measure back his course,
He girt me in such manner as had pleased
Him who instructed; and O strange to tell!
As he selected every humble plant,
Wherever one was plucked another there
Resembling, straightway in its place arose."

As they linger by the seaside, they suddenly see a bright light far off over the waters, which, as it approaches nearer, turns out to be a boat wafted by angelic wings and bearing to purgatory the souls of the saved, among them a musician, a friend of Dante's who at his request, sings one of the poet's own songs:

"Meanwhile we lingered by the water's brink,
Like men, who, musing on their road, in thought
Journey, while motionless the body rests.
When lo! as, near upon the hour of dawn,
Through the thick vapors Mars with fiery beam
Glares down in west, over the ocean floor;
So seemed, what once again I hope to view,
A light, so swiftly coming through the sea,
No winged course might equal its career.
From which when for a space I had withdrawn
Mine eyes, to make inquiry of my guide,
Again I looked, and saw it grown in size
And brightness: then on either side appeared

Something, but what I knew not, of bright hue,
And by degrees from underneath it came
Another. My preceptor silent yet
Stood, while the brightness, that we first discerned,
Opened the form of wings: then when he knew
The pilot, cried aloud, 'Down, down; bend low
Thy knees; behold God's angel: fold thy hands:
Now shalt thou see true ministers indeed.
Lo! how all human means he sets at nought;
So that nor oar he needs, nor other sail
Except his wings, between such distant shores.
Lo! how straight up to heaven he holds them reared,
Winnowing the air with those eternal plumes,
That not like mortal hairs fall off or change.'

"As more and more toward us came, more bright
Appeared the bird of God, nor could the eye
Endure his splendor near: I mine bent down.
He drove ashore in a small bark so swift
And light, that in its course no wave it drank.
The heavenly steersman at the prow was seen,
Visibly written Blessed in his looks.
Within, a hundred spirits and more there sat.
'In Exitu Israel de Egypto,'
All with one voice together sang, with what
In the remainder of that hymn is writ.
Then soon as with the sign of holy cross
He blessed them, they at once leaped out on land:
He, swiftly as he came, returned. The crew,
There left, appear'd astounded with the place,
Gazing around, as one who sees new sights.

"From every side the sun darted his beams,
And with his arrowy radiance from mid heaven
Had chased the Capricorn, when that strange tribe,
Lifting their eyes toward us: 'If ye know,
Declare what path will lead us to the mount.'

"Them Vergil answered: 'Ye suppose, perchance,
Us well acquainted with this place: but here,
We, as yourselves, are strangers. Not long erst

We came, before you but a little space,
By other road so rough and hard, that now
The ascent will seem to us as play.' The spirits,
Who from my breathing had perceived I lived,
Grew pale with wonder. As the multitude
Flock round a herald sent with olive branch,
To hear what news he brings, and in their haste
Tread one another down; e'en so at sight
Of me those happy spirits were fixed, each one
Forgetful of its errand to depart
Where, cleansed from sin, it might be made all fair.
"Then one I saw darting before the rest
With such fond ardor to embrace me, I
To do the like was moved. O shadows vain!
Except in outward semblance: thrice my hands
I clasped behind it, they as oft return'd
Empty into my breast again. Surprise
I need must think was painted in my looks,
For that the shadow smiled and backward drew.
To follow it I hastened, but with voice
Of sweetness it enjoined me to desist.
Then who it was I knew, and pray'd of it,
To talk with me it would a little pause.
It answered: 'Thee as in my mortal frame
I loved, so loosed from it I love thee still,
And therefore pause: but why walkest thou here?'
"'Not without purpose once more to return,
Thou find'st me, my Casella, where I am,
Journeying this way;' I said: 'but how of thee
Hath so much time been lost?' He answered straight
"'No outrage hath been done to me, if he,
Who when and whom he chooses takes, hath oft
Denied me passage here; since of just will
His will he makes. These three months past indeed,
He, whoso chose to enter, with free leave
Hath taken; whence I wandering by the shore
Where Tiber's wave grows salt, of him gain'd kind
Admittance, at that river's mouth, toward which

His wings are pointed; for there always throng
All such as not to Acheron descend.'
"Then I: 'If new law taketh not from thee
Memory or custom of love-tuned song,
That whilom all my cares had power to 'swage:
Please thee therewith a little to console
My spirit, that encumber'd with its frame,
Traveling so far, of pain is overcome.'
"'Love, that discourses in my thoughts,' he then
Began in such soft accents, that within
The sweetness thrills me yet. My gentle guide,
And all who came with him, so well were pleased,
That seemed nought else might in their thoughts have [room.
"Fast fixed in mute attention to his notes
We stood, when lo! that old man venerable
Exclaiming, 'How is this, ye tardy spirits?
What negligence detains you loitering here?
Run to the mountain to cast off those scales,
That from your eyes the sight of God conceal.'
"As a wild flock of pigeons, to their food
Collected, blade or tares, without their pride
Accustomed, and in still and quiet sort,
If aught alarm them, suddenly desert
Their meal, assailed by more important care;
So I that new-come troop beheld, the song
Deserting, hasten to the mountain side,
As one who goes, yet, where he tends, knows not.
Nor with less hurried step did we depart."

Thus rebuked by Cato for delaying, even thus innocently, their first duty, which is to purge away their sins, the company of spirits breaks up and Dante and Vergil make their way to the mountain of purgatory, which lifts its seven terraces almost perpendicularly from the sea.

Before reaching the first of these terraces, however, they pass over a steep and rocky slope, ante-purga-

tory, as it may be called, where linger the souls of those who, although saved, neglected their repentance till late in life, or who died in contumacy with Holy Church. Among the latter Dante sees Manfred, the unfortunate son of Frederick II.,

"Comely and fair and gentle of aspect,"

who was slain at Benevento, in 1266; and likewise Buonconte da Montefeltro, who was killed in the battle of Campaldino (1289), and whose account of the post-mortem fate of his body is singularly impressive; "There is nothing like it in literature," says Ruskin:

"I thus:
'From Campaldino's field what force or chance
Drew thee, that ne'er thy sepulture was known?'
"'Oh!' answered he, 'at Casentino's foot
A stream there courseth, named Archiano, sprung
In Apennine above the hermit's seat.
E'en where its name is cancel'd, there came I,
Pierced in the throat, fleeing away on foot,
And bloodying the plain. Here sight and speech
Fail'd me; and, finishing with Mary's name,
I fell, and tenantless my flesh remain'd.
I will report the truth; which thou again
Tell to the living. Me God's angel took,
Whilst he of hell exclaimed: "O thou from heaven:
Say wherefore hast thou robb'd me? Thou of him
The eternal portion bear'st with thee away,
For one poor tear that he deprives me of.
But of the other, other rule I make."
"'Thou know'st how in the atmosphere collects
That vapor dank, returning into water
Soon as it mounts where cold condenses it.
That evil will, which in his intellect
Still follows evil, came; and raised the wind
And smoky mist, by virtue of the power

Given by his nature. Thence the valley, soon
As day was spent, he covered o'er with cloud,
From Pratomagno to the mountain range;
And stretched the sky above; so that the air
Impregnate changed to water. Fell the rain;
And to the fosses came all that the land
Contained not; and, as mightiest streams are wont,
To the great river, with such headlong sweep,
Rushed, that nought stayed its course. My stiffened [frame
Laid at his mouth, the fell Archiano found,
And dashed it into Arno; from my breast
Loosening the cross, that of myself I made
When overcome with pain. He hurled me on,
Along the banks and bottom of his course;
Then in his muddy spoils encircling wrapt."

After leaving Buonconte, Dante and Vergil make their way upward and finally come across the spirit of Sordello, the famous troubadour, a native of Mantua and thus a fellow citizen of Vergil. The cordiality with which they greet each other gives Dante an opportunity to vent his indignation at the discord existing in Italy:

"Ah, slavish Italy! thou inn of grief!
Vessel without a pilot in loud storm!
Lady no longer of fair provinces,
But brothel-house impure! this gentle spirit,
Even from the pleasant sound of his dear land
Was prompt to greet a fellow citizen
With such glad cheer: while now thy living ones
In thee abide not without war; and one
Malicious gnaws another; aye, of those
Whom the same wall and the same moat contains.
Seek, wretched one! around thy seacoasts wide;
Then homeward to thy bosom turn; and mark,
If any part of thee sweet peace enjoy.
What boots it, that thy reins Justinian's hand

Refitted, if thy saddle be unprest?
Nought doth he now but aggravate thy shame.
Ah, people! thou obedient still shouldst live,
And in the saddle let thy Cæsar sit,
If well thou marked'st that which God commands."

As night is now coming on, during which upward progress cannot be made, Sordello conducts Dante and Vergil to a pleasant valley:

"Betwixt the steep and plain, a crooked path
Led us traverse into the ridge's side,
Where more than half the sloping edge expires.
Refulgent gold, and silver thrice refined,
And scarlet grain and ceruse, Indian wood
Of lucid dye serene, fresh emeralds
But newly broken, by the herbs and flowers
Placed in that fair recess, in color all
Had been surpassed, as great surpasses less.
Nor nature only there lavish'd her hues.
But of the sweetness of a thousand smells
A rare and undistinguished fragrance made.
"'Salve Regina,' on the grass and flowers,
Here chanting, I beheld those spirits sit,
Who not beyond the valley could be seen."

Here Sordello points out the souls of mighty princes who left deep traces in the history of the times, among them the Emperor Rudolph of Germany, Peter of Aragon, Philip III. of France, and

"The king of simple life and plain,"

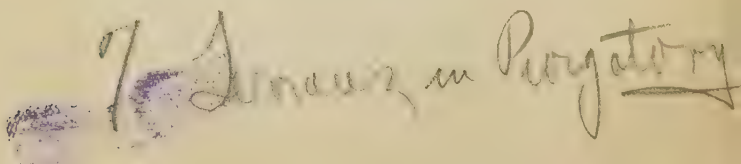
Henry III. of England. The scene that follows is one of the most celebrated, as well as beautiful in the Divine Comedy:

"Now was the hour that wakens fond desire
In men at sea, and melts their thoughtful heart
Who in the morn have bid sweet friends farewell,
And pilgrim newly on his road with love

Thrills, if he hear the vesper bell from far,
That seems to mourn for the expiring day:
When I, no longer taking heed to hear,
Began, with wonder, from those spirits to mark
One risen from its seat, which with its hand
Audience implored. Both palms it joined and raised,
Fixing its steadfast gaze toward the east,
As telling God, 'I care for nought beside.'
"'Te Lucis Ante,' so devoutly then
Came from its lip, and in so soft a strain,
That all my sense in ravishment was lost.
And the rest after, softly and devout,
Follow'd through all the hymn, with upward gaze
Directed to the bright supernal wheels.
"I saw that gentle band silently next
Look up, as if in expectation held,
Pale and in lowly guise; and, from on high,
I saw, forth issuing descend beneath,
Two angels, with two flame-illumined swords,
Broken and mutilated of their points.
Green as the tender leaves but newly born,
Their vesture was, the which, by wings as green
Beaten, they drew behind them, fanned in air.
A little over us one took his stand;
The other lighted on the opposing hill;
So that the troop were in the midst contained.
Well I descried the whiteness on their heads;
But in their visages the dazzled eye
Was lost, as faculty that by too much
Is overpowered. 'From Mary's bosom both
Are come,' exclaimed Sordello, 'as a guard
Over the vale, 'gainst him, who hither tends,
The serpent.' Whence not knowing by which path
He came, I turned me round; and closely pressed
All frozen, to my leader's trusted side."
"My insatiate eyes
Meanwhile to heaven had traveled, even there
Where the bright stars are slowest, as a wheel

Nearest the axle: When my guide inquired:
'What there aloft, my son, has caught thy gaze?'
"I answered: 'The three torches, with which here
The pole is all on fire.' He then to me:
'The four resplendent stars, thou saw'st this morn,
Are there beneath; and these, risen in their stead.'
"While yet he spoke, Sordello to himself
Drew him, and cried: 'Lo there our enemy!'
And with his hand pointed that way to look.
"Along the side, where barrier none arose
Around the little vale, a serpent lay,
Such haply as gave Eve the bitter food,
Between the grass and flowers, the evil snake
Came on, reverting oft his lifted head;
And, as a beast that smooths its polished coat,
Licking his back. I saw not, nor can tell,
How those celestial falcons from their seat
Moved, but in motion each one well descried.
Hearing the air cut by their verdant plumes,
The serpent fled; and, to their stations, back
The angels up return'd with equal flight."

After conversing with several friends whom he meets here, Dante falls asleep and is carried thus unconscious by Lucia (symbol of divine grace) to the gate of purgatory proper. When he awakes the sun is two hours high. Three steps lead to the gate, one dark and broken, symbol of a "broken and a contrite heart"; one of smooth, white marble, symbol of confession; and one purple, repentance. On the threshold of diamond (the immovable foundation of Holy Church) sits an angel with a sword and two keys; with the former he cuts seven P's on Dante's forehead (the Latin word for sin, *peccatum*), and with the latter he opens the gate, which as it swings open sends forth a sound of heavenly music:



"Attentively I turned,
Listening the thunder that first issued forth;
And 'We praise thee, O God,' methought I heard,
In accents blended with sweet melody.
The strains came o'er mine ear, e'en as the sound
Of choral voices, that in solemn chant
With organ mingle, and, now high and clear
Come swelling, now float indistinct away."

In Terrace I. are punished the proud, crushed beneath enormous weights. On the side of the mountain wall are sculptured wonderful bas-reliefs, representing examples of humility; especially famous is the one which tells the story of Trajan's justice, a story which led Pope Gregory to make a prayer to God, who granted it, for the release of the pagan emperor's soul from hell:

"There, was storied on the rock
The exalted glory of the Roman prince,
Whose mighty worth moved Gregory to earn
His mighty conquest, Trajan the Emperor.
A widow at his bridle stood, attired
In tears and mourning. Round about them trooped
Full throng of knights; and overhead in gold
The eagles floated, struggling with the wind.
The wretch appeared amid all these to say:
'Grant vengeance, Sire! for, woe beshrew this heart,
My son is murdered.' He replying seemed:
'Wait now till I return.' And she, as one
Made hasty by her grief: 'O Sire! if thou
Dost not return?'—'Where I am, who then is,
May right thee.'—'What to thee is other's good,
If thou neglect thy own?'—'Now comfort thee;'
At length he answers. 'It beseemeth well
My duty be perform'd, ere I move hence:
So justice wills; and pity bids me stay.'

"He whose ken nothing new surveys, produced
That visible speaking, new to us and strange,
The like not found on earth. Fondly I gazed
Upon those patterns of meek humbleness,
Shapes yet more precious for their artist's sake."

Farther on in the same terrace they see similar sculptures representing examples of punished pride, such as the fall of Lucifer, and the destruction of Niobe. In each of the following terraces these examples of sin and the opposite virtue are given, represented, however, by various means.

Among the proud, Dante sees the miniature painter, Oderisi of Adubbio, who pronounces those words on the vanity of earthly fame, which have been proverbial:

"The noise
Of worldly fame is but a blast of wind,
That blows from diverse points, and shifts its name,
Shifting the point it blows from.

. . . . .

"Your renown
Is as the herb, whose hue doth come and go;
And his[1] might withers it, by whom it sprang
Crude from the lap of earth."

Passing through Terrace II., where the envious sit sadly against the rocky wall, with their eye-lids sewn together, and Terrace III., where the wrathful are shrouded in a black, stifling mist, the poets reach Terrace IV., where the slothful are punished. Here Vergil explains the apparent paradox that love is the root of all evil as well as good. Love, he says, is the desire for something; desire for those things which harm others—*i. e.*, love for evil, produces pride, envy, and wrath. These are punished in the first three ter-

[1] The sun's.

races. Insufficient desire or love for that which is good — *i. e.*, God — is punished in Terrace IV., that of the "slothful in well-doing"; excessive desire for merely earthly things, which are not evil in themselves, but only in their excess, produces avarice, gluttony, and licentiousness; these are punished in the last three terraces.

Ascending now to Terrace V., Dante sees the souls of Pope Adrian, and Hugh Capet, founder of the long dynasty of the kings of France, who gives a brief but admirable summary of the development of the monarchy in France. As they are walking along this terrace, suddenly a mighty earthquake shakes the whole mountain, and while Dante is still filled with amazement and dread at this strange phenomenon, they are overtaken by the spirit of Statius, who explains the cause of the earthquake, telling how, when a soul has been completely purged of its sins, and the time of its redemption has arrived, it rises spontaneously from its place, and joyfully makes its way toward the heavens above, while the whole mountain rejoices with him, and the souls along the slope above and below cry out: "Glory to God in the highest!"

Statius now accompanies Dante and Vergil and all three mount to Terrace VI., where the gluttons are punished, being worn to skin and bone by hunger and thirst, which are only increased by the sight of waterfalls and trees laden with fruit. The last terrace is swathed in flames of fire, within which move about the licentious. Here Dante sees many famous poets and greets with especial joy Guido Guinicelli of Bologna, who he says,

"Was a father to me, and to those
My betters, who have ever used the sweet
And pleasant rhymes of love."

Through this wall of living flame, Dante, too, must pass before he can reach the summit of purgatory. His spirit, indeed, is willing, but his flesh is weak; he hesitates long before daring to enter the fiery furnace. Vergil urges him on in the tenderest manner:

"The escorting spirits turned with gentle looks
Toward me; and the Mantuan spake: 'My son,
Here torment thou mayst feel, but canst not death.
Remember thee, remember thee, if I
Safe e'en on Geryon brought thee; now I come
More near to God, wilt thou not trust me now?
Of this be sure; though in its womb that flame
A thousand years contained thee, from thy head
No hair should perish. If thou doubt my truth,
Approach; and with thy hands thy vesture's hem
Stretch forth, and for thyself confirm belief.
Lay now all fear, oh! lay all fear aside.
Turn hither, and come onward undismayed.'
"I still, though conscience urged, no step advanced.
"When still he saw me fixed and obstinate,
Somewhat disturb'd he cried: 'Mark now, my son,
From Beatrice thou art by this wall
Divided.' As at Thisbe's name the eye
Of Pyramus was open'd (when life ebbed
Fast from his veins), and took one parting glance,
While vermeil dyed the mulberry; thus I turned
To my sage guide, relenting, when I heard
The name that springs forever in my breast.
"He shook his forehead; and, 'How long,' he said,
'Linger we now?' then smiled, as one would smile
Upon a child that eyes the fruit and yields.
Into the fire before me then he walked;
And Statius, who erewhile no little space
Had parted us, he prayed to come behind.

"I would have cast me into molten glass
To cool me, when I entered; so intense
Raged the conflagrant mass. The sire beloved,
To comfort me, as he proceeded, still
Of Beatrice talked. 'Her eyes,' saith he,
'E'en now I seem to view.' From the other side
A voice, that sang did guide us; and the voice
Following, with heedful ear, we issued forth,
There where the path led upward. 'Come,' we heard,
'Come, blessed of my father.' Such the sounds
That hailed us from within a light; which shone
So radiant, I could not endure the view."

Above this last terrace stretches out the lovely earthly paradise, but before the poets can reach it night comes on, and Dante sleeps on the steps, guarded by Vergil and Statius, as a flock is watched over by its shepherd. The passage which describes this scene, and Dante's vision, is a beautiful one:

"Each of us had made
A stair his pallet; not that will, but power,
Had failed us, by the nature of that mount
Forbidden further travel. As the goats
That late have skipt and wanton'd rapidly
Upon the craggy cliffs, ere they had ta'en
Their supper on the herb, now silent lie
And ruminate beneath the umbrage brown,
While noon-day rages; and the goatherd leans
Upon his staff, and leaning watches them:
And as the swain, that lodges out all night
In quiet by his flock, lest beast of prey
Disperse them: even so all three abode;
I as a goat, and as the shepherds they,
Close pent on either side by shelving rock.
"A little glimpse of sky was seen above;
Yet by that little I beheld the stars,
In magnitude and lustre shining forth

With more than wonted glory. As I lay,
Gazing on them, and in that fit of musing
Sleep overcame me, sleep, that bringeth oft
Tidings of future hap. About the hour,
As I believe, when Venus from the east
First lighten'd on the mountain, she whose orb
Seems alway glowing with the fire of love,
A lady young and beautiful, I dreamed,
Was passing o'er a lea; and, as she came,
Methought I saw her ever and anon
Bending to cull the flowers; and thus she sang:
'Know ye, whoever of my name would ask,
That I am Leah:[1] for my brow to weave
A garland, these fair hands unwearied ply.
To please me at the crystal mirror, here
I deck me. But my sister Rachel, she
Before her glass abides the livelong day
Her radiant eyes beholding, charmed no less,
Than I with this delightful task. Her joy
In contemplation, as in labor mine.'
"And now as glimmering dawn appeared, that breaks
More welcome to the pilgrim still, as he
Sojourns less distant on his homeward way,
Darkness from all sides fled, and with it fled
My slumber; whence I rose, and saw my guide
Already risen. 'That delicious fruit,
Which through so many a branch the zealous care
Of mortals roams in quest of, shall this day
Appease thy hunger.' Such the words I heard
From Vergil's lip; and never greeting heard,
So pleasant as the sounds. Within me straight
Desire so grew upon desire to mount,
Thenceforward at each step I felt the wings
Increasing for my flight. When we had run
O'er all the ladder to its topmost round,
As there we stood, on me the Mantuan fixed
His eyes, and thus he spake: 'Both fires, my son,

[1] Symbol of active life, as Rachel is of contemplative life.

The temporal and eternal, thou hast seen;
And art arrived, where of itself my ken
No further reaches. I, with skill and art,
Thus far have drawn thee. Now thy pleasure take
For guide. Thou hast o'ercome the steeper way,
O'ercome the straiter. Lo! the sun, that darts
His beam upon thy forehead: lo! the herb,
The arborets and flowers, which of itself
This land pours forth profuse. Till those bright eyes
With gladness come, which, weeping, made me haste
To succor thee, thou mayst or seat thee down,
Or wander where thou wilt.' "

Thus Dante, having been led by reason (represented by Vergil) to purge himself of sin and vice, is now to put himself under the guidance of heavenly wisdom (represented by Beatrice), by whom he is to visit the homes of the blessed. First, however, he lingers in the earthly paradise which forms the summit of purgatory, and sees strange sights before Beatrice reveals herself to him.

The descriptions of the landscape in the earthly paradise are of surpassing beauty and choice of quotation is exceedingly difficult. Only a few passages can be given here:

"Through that celestial forest, whose thick shade
With lively greenness the new-springing day
Attemper'd, eager now to roam, and search
Its limits round, forthwith I left the bank;
Along the champain leisurely my way
Pursuing, o'er the ground, that on all sides
Delicious odor breathed. A pleasant air,
That intermitted never, never veered,
Smote on my temples, gently, as a wind
Of softest influence: at which the sprays,
Obedient all, lean'd trembling to that part

Where first the holy mountain casts his shade;
Yet were not so disorder'd, but that still
Upon their top the feathered quiristers
Applied their wonted art, and with full joy
Welcomed those hours of prime, and warbled shrill
Amid the leaves, that to their jocund lays
Kept tenor; even as from branch to branch,
Along the piny forests on the shore
Of Chiassi,[1] rolls the gathering melody,
When Eolus hath from his cavern loosed
The dripping south. Already had my steps,
Though slow, so far into that ancient wood
Transported me, I could not ken the place
Where I had entered; when, behold! my path
Was bounded by a rill, which, to the left,
With little rippling waters bent the grass
That issued from its brink. On earth no wave,
How clean soe'er, that would not seem to have
Some mixture in itself, compared with this,
Transpicuous clear; yet darkly on it rolled,
Darkly beneath perpetual gloom, which ne'er
Admits or sun or moon-light there to shine.
"My feet advanced not; but my wondering eyes
Passed onward, o'er the streamlet, to survey
The tender may-bloom, flush'd through many a hue,
In prodigal variety: and there,
As object, rising suddenly to view,
That from our bosom every thought beside
With the rare marvel chases, I beheld
A lady all alone, who, singing, went,
And culling flower from flower, wherewith her way
Was all o'er painted. 'Lady beautiful!
Thou, who (if looks, that used to speak the heart,
Are worthy of our trust) with love's own beam
Dost warm thee, thus to her my speech I framed;
'Ah! please thee hither towards the streamlet bend
Thy steps so near, that I may list thy song.

[1] Forest near Ravenna.

Beholding thee and this fair place, methinks,
I call to mind where wander'd and how look'd
Proserpine, in that season, when her child
The mother lost, and she the bloomy spring.'
"As when a lady, turning in the dance,
Doth foot it featly, and advances scarce
One step before the other to the ground;
Over the yellow and vermilion flowers
Thus turned she at my suit, most maiden-like
Veiling her sober eyes; and came so near,
That I distinctly caught the dulcet sound.
Arriving where the limpid waters now
Laved the green swerd, her eyes she deigned to raise,
That shot such splendor on me, as I ween
Ne'er glanced from Cytherea's, when her son
Had sped his keenest weapon to her heart.
Upon the opposite bank she stood and smiled;
As through her graceful fingers shifted still
The intermingling dyes, which without seed
That lofty land unbosoms. By the stream
Three paces only were we sunder'd: yet,
The Hellespont, where Xerxes pass'd it o'er
(A curb forever to the pride of man),
Was by Leander not more hateful held
For floating, with inhospitable wave,
'Twixt Sestus and Abydos, than by me
That flood, because it gave no passage thence.
"'Strangers ye come; and haply in this place,
That cradled human nature in her birth,
Wondering, ye not without suspicion view
My smiles: but that sweet strain of psalmody,
"Thou, Lord! hast made me glad," will give ye light,
Which may uncloud your minds.

. . . . .

"Singing, as if enamored, she resumed
And closed the song, with 'Blessed they whose sins
Are covered.' Like the wood-nymphs then, that tripped
Singly across the sylvan shadows; one

Eager to view, and one to escape the sun;
So moved she on, against the current, up
The verdant rivage. I, her mincing step
Observing, with as tardy step pursued.
"Between us not an hundred paces trod,
The bank, on each side bending equally,
Gave me to face the Orient. Nor our way
Far onward brought us, when to me at once
She turned, and cried: 'My brother! look, and hearken.'
And lo! a sudden lustre ran across
Through the great forest on all parts, so bright,
I doubted whether lightning were abroad;
But that, expiring ever in the spleen
That doth unfold it, and this during still,
And waxing still in splendor, made me question
What it might be: and a sweet melody
Ran through the luminous air. Then did I chide,
With warrantable zeal, the hardihood
Of our first parent; for that there, where earth
Stood in obedience to the heavens, she only,
Woman, the creature of an hour, endured not
Restraint of any veil, which had she borne
Devoutly, joys, ineffable as these,
Had from the first, and long time since, been mine.
"While, through that wilderness of primy sweets
That never fade, suspense I walked, and yet
Expectant of beatitude more high;
Before us, like a blazing fire, the air
Under the green boughs glowed; and, for a song,
Distinct the sound of melody was heard."

The poet now beholds a mystical procession of strange and wonderful beasts, venerable old men, beautiful maidens dressed in red, white, green, and purple, all accompanying a chariot drawn by a griffin and representing the Church of Christ. On the chariot itself stands Beatrice.

"At the last audit, so
The blest shall rise, from forth his cavern each
Uplifting lightly his new-vested flesh;
As, on the sacred litter, at the voice
Authoritative of that elder, sprang
A hundred ministers and messengers
Of life eternal. 'Blessed thou, who comest!'
And, 'Oh!' they cried, 'from full hands scatter ye
Unwithering lilies:' and, so saying, cast
Flowers over head and round them on all sides.
"I have beheld, ere now, at break of day,
The eastern clime all roseate; and the sky
Opposed, one deep and beautiful serene;
And the sun's face so shaded, and with mists
Attempered, at his rising, that the eye
Long while endured the sight: thus, in a cloud
Of flowers, that from those hands angelic rose,
And down within and outside of the car
Fell showering, in white veil with olive wreathed,
A virgin in my view appeared, beneath
Green mantle, robed in hue of living flame.
And o'er my spirit, that so long a time
Had from her presence felt no shuddering dread,
Albeit mine eyes discerned her not, there moved
A hidden virtue from her, at whose touch
The power of ancient love was strong within me."

After Beatrice has rebuked Dante for his wayward conduct in life, and he repents in bitter tears, he is led by Matilda to the streams of Lethe and Eunoe, and bathing therein, is made "pure and apt for mounting to the stars."

As we have already seen, the paradise of Dante is composed of nine spheres enclosed by the Empyrean, which itself is boundless, and is the seat of the Godhead, surrounded by the celestial hierarchy of seraphim, cherubim, thrones, dominions, virtues, powers,

principalities, archangels, and angels. The blessed are here arranged on seats in the form of a rose, surrounding a lake of liquid light, in which they, gazing, see all the fulness of the glory of God. These souls, however, by a mystical virtue of ubiquity, are likewise seen by Dante in the various heavens through which he, with Beatrice, passes, and manifest themselves to him in various forms of light, flames, flashes, sparkles, or shapes made of fiery particles. The souls of the blessed, which are thus distributed over the nine heavens, have varying degrees of felicity. Thus, in the first heaven — that of the moon — Piccarda, sister of Corso Donati, appears to Dante, faint and dim in that tenuous atmosphere, as a "pearl set on a white forehead," and tells him how, having been forced by her brother to break her vows as a nun, and not having shown tenacity of purpose in opposing his tyranny, she now occupies the lowest sphere of Paradise. Yet this she does with perfect content and happiness, since such is the will of God, for, she says, to quote that one incomparable line, as Matthew Arnold calls it:

> "In la sua voluntade è nostra pace."
> (In His will is our peace.)

Rising from heaven to heaven with Beatrice, Dante passes through Mercury and Venus, in the former of which are the souls of Christians who sought with overmuch zeal for earthly glory, and in the latter those who were inclined too much to mere human love, and finally reaches the sun, where he sees the great doctors of theology. Here Saint Thomas Aquinas, a Dominican himself, tells in beautiful language the story of St. Francis of Assisi and the establishment of

his order; while the Franciscan, St. Bonaventura, with the same exquisite courtesy, tells the story of St. Dominic.

In Mars, Dante sees the souls of Christian martyrs and warriors, many of whom form themselves before the eyes of the poet into a wonderful cross of roseate light, flashing in countless splendors. Here, as we have already seen, he meets and converses with his ancestor, Cacciaguida. In Saturn the poet beholds a wonderful ladder of light, with spirits mounting and descending upon it, a ladder such as

> "Crowded with angels unnumbered
> By Jacob was seen as he slumbered
> Alone in the desert at night."

Here Peter Damian tells of the mystery of predestination, and St. Benedict describes the founding of his order at Montecassino.

In the heaven of the fixed stars Dante beholds the triumph of Christ:

> "Short space ensued; I was not held, I say,
> Long in expectance, when I saw the heaven
> Wax more and more resplendent; and, 'Behold,'
> Cried Beatrice, 'the triumphal hosts
> Of Christ, and all the harvest gathered in,
> Made ripe by these revolving spheres.' Meseemed,
> That, while she spake, her image all did burn;
> And in her eyes such fulness was of joy,
> As I am fain to pass unconstrued by.
> "As in the calm full moon, when Trivia smiles,
> In peerless beauty, 'mid the eternal nymphs,
> That paint through all its gulfs the blue profound;
> In bright preëminence so saw I there
> O'er million lamps a sun, from whom all drew
> Their radiance, as from ours the starry train:

And, through the living light, so lustrous glowed
The substance, that my ken endured it not.

. . . . .

"Prompt I heard
Her bidding, and encountered once again
The strife of aching vision. As, erewhile,
Through glance of sunlight, streamed through broken cloud,
Mine eyes a flower-besprinkled mead have seen;
Though veiled themselves in shade: so saw I there
Legions of splendors, on whom burning rays
Shed lightnings from above; yet saw I not
The fountain whence they flowed. O gracious virtue!
Thou, whose broad stamp is on them, higher up
Thou didst exalt thy glory, to give room
To my o'erlabored sight; when at the name
Of that fair flower, whom duly I invoke
Both morn and eve, my soul with all her might
Collected, on the goodliest ardor fix'd.
And, as the bright dimensions of the star
In heaven excelling, as once here on earth,
Were, in my eyeballs livelily portrayed;
Lo! from within the sky a cresset fell,
Circling in fashion of a diadem;
And girt the star; and, hovering, round it wheel'd.
"Whatever melody sounds sweetest here,
And draws the spirit most unto itself,
Might seem a rent cloud when it grates the thunder;
Compared unto the sounding of that lyre,
Wherewith the goodliest sapphire, that inlays
The floor of heaven was crown'd. 'Angelic Love
I am, who thus with hovering flight enwheel
The lofty rapture from that womb inspired,
Where our desire did dwell: and round thee so,
Lady of Heaven! will hover; long as thou
Thy Son shalt follow, and diviner joy
Shall from thy presence gild the highest sphere.'
"Such close was to the circling melody:

And, as it ended, all the other lights
Took up the strain, and echoed Mary's name.
"The robe,[1] that with its regal folds enwraps
The world, and with the nearer breath of God
Doth burn and quiver, held so far retired
Its inner hem and skirting over us,
That yet no glimmer of its majesty
Had stream'd unto me: therefore were mine eyes
Unequal to pursue the crowned flame,
That towering rose, and sought the seed it bore.
And like to babe that stretches forth its arms
For very eagerness toward the breast,
After the milk is taken; so outstretch'd
Their wavy summits all the fervent band,
Through zealous love to Mary: then, in view,
There halted; and 'Regina Cœli' sang
So sweetly, the delight hath left me never."

After the passing away of this glorious vision Dante is examined as to his faith by St. Peter, his hope by St. James, and his love by St. John; then being found worthy of being admitted into the presence of God, he rises to the Empyrean, beholds the Blessed Rose, where are seated the saints of all ages, and finally catches an instantaneous glimpse of the glory and mystery of the Trinity. In this supreme vision his desires find full fruition, and his spirit, overcome by the overwhelming glory of the Godhead, fails him, and thus his vision comes to an end,

"Here vigor failed the towering fantasy:
But yet the will rolled onward, like a wheel
In even motion, by the love impell'd,
That moves the sun in heaven and all the stars."

Such is the Divine Comedy of Dante, which has won the undying admiration of all great minds from

[1] The Empyrean.

the poet's own time down to the present. It would lead us too far to go into a detailed analysis of its greatness here, but with one consent men like Carlyle, Ruskin, Gladstone, Browning, and Tennyson in England; Tholuck, Witte, and Kraus, in Germany; Longfellow and Lowell in America, attribute the title of supreme genius to this poem.

The Divine Comedy is universal in its compass, containing the elements of dramatic, epic, and lyric poetry; full of sublime imaginations, touching and pathetic episodes, and not deficient even in humor, grotesque at times, but often of a strangely sweet and tender nature. The language is astonishingly simple and concise, and invariably represents the thought of the poet with absolute truth and fidelity. We find in this wonderfully condensed poem no mere epithets, no mere arabesques of style such as adorn the lesser thoughts of lesser men. Each word is in its right place. "It is amazing," says Ruskin, "how every word, almost every syllable, reveals new meanings the more we study them." The metaphors of Dante are especially famous, for the most part simple and drawn from everyday life, yet unexcelled in beauty and especially in their perfect and complete adaptation to the point they are meant to illustrate. Such are those of the old tailor threading his needle, the sheep leaving the fold in huddling groups, the fish disappearing from view in the depths of clear water, and the pearl faintly discernible on a white forehead.

Above all, the personality of the author lends a dramatic interest to the poem and exercises a fascination on the reader. As Lowell says, "The man behind

the verse is far greater than the verse itself."[1] In the midst of the wonderful landscapes of his own creation, dark and terrible, soft and beautiful, he walks among the men and woman of all ages; he talks to them and hears their stories of half-forgotten crimes and tragedies; he brands them with infamy or sets upon their brows the wreath of praise. It is his love for Beatrice—now become the symbol of spiritual life—which leads him through the realms of sin over the steep rocks of Purgatory to the glory ineffable of God.

Completely a man of his age, Dante incorporates into the Divine Comedy all its science and learning, its theology, philosophy, astronomy, use of classical authors, way of looking at the insignificance of the present life in comparison with the life to come. All these things have still a distinct medieval stamp. Yet Dante is at the same time the most original of poets. It is his mighty individuality which, rising above the conventionality of his age and country, has made him a world-poet, as true to-day as ever in his depiction of the human heart in all its sin and sorrow, virtue, and vice, in its love and hate and its inextinguishable aspiration toward a better and happier existence in the world beyond the grave.

SUMMARY AND QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

Visionary journeys to the unseen world in the Middle Ages —How Dante differs from them—The Ptolemaic system—Year of Dante's supposed journey—Entrance to Hell—Souls of the Ignoble—Limbo and the Unbaptized—Circle II and the Licentious—III and IV, Gluttons and Misers—V, The Styx—VI,

[1] Carducci says Dante is a "most great poet because he is a great man, and a great man because he had a great conscience."

Heretics—VII, The Violent: River of blood, Wood of Suicides, Sandy Plain—VIII, The Fraudulent—IX, The Traitors. Purgatory and its seven terraces—The Earthly Paradise—The Supreme Vision—Characteristic features of the Divine Comedy—Its beauty and greatness.

1. Did Dante invent the framework of the Divine Comedy?
2. Give briefly the Ptolemaic system of the universe.
3. How old was Dante when he is supposed to have begun his journey?
4. Give the various sins punished in the nine circles of Hell.
5. Who was Francesca da Rimini?
6. Mention some of the most famous passages in Dante's Hell.
7. Describe the scene before the gates of Dis.
8. What was the shape of Malebolge, and what kinds of sin were there punished?
9. Tell the story of the last voyage of Ulysses.
10. Describe the lowest circle of Hell.
11. Story of Ugolino and the Tower of Hunger.
12. Describe the appearance of Lucifer and the three arch-traitors.
13. Where is Purgatory situated?
14. Describe the scene on the seashore.
15. Who were Cato, Casella, Manfred, and Buonconte?
16. What souls are punished in Ante-Purgatory?
17. Describe the scene in the Valley of the Princes.
18. How does Dante reach the gate of Purgatory?
19. Name the various sins punished in the seven terraces of Purgatory.
20. Describe the Earthly Paradise.
21. What happens to Dante there?
22. Name the various heavens in their order.
23. In which of these heavens does Dante see the souls of Piccarda, St. Thomas Aquinas, Cacciaguida, and St. Peter?
24. How does the Divine Comedy end?
25. What is your idea of the greatness and beauty of the Divine Comedy?

BIBLIOGRAPHY

(See Chapter II.)

CHAPTER IV

PETRARCH

It is hard for people to-day to realize the enormous difference between the medieval and modern world. The former was full of superstition and naïve belief; authority reigned supreme; in religion no one dreamed of questioning the decrees of church and pope; in philosophy a question was settled by a quotation from Aristotle or his scholastic representative, St. Thomas Aquinas. This same blind following of authority was exemplified in art—painters imitated slavishly their predecessors, and up to the appearance of Cimabue and Giotto no one dreamed of improving on the stiff conventionalities of the Byzantine artists. In scholarship, criticism — *i. e.*, individual judgment—was unknown; in science, all such old-world fables as the mandragora, dragons, phenix, and unicorn were devoutly received as true zoölogy, while the Ptolemaic system of astronomy was unquestioned. The idea of progress was utterly unknown; the world had been created exactly as it was, and would remain so till the coming of Christ, when a new heaven and a new earth would be formed. So, in the political and social world, the thought that the existing state of things could change would have seemed absurd. It needs no words of mine to demonstrate the vast difference between these

conceptions and the present world, with its idea of illimitable progress, its criticism of all things high and low, its denial that authority in church and state is just, simply because it is old; its eager acceptation of all innovations; its cultivation of the individual in all departments of life; to say nothing of the vast field opened up by the discoveries of positive science.

Dante stands at the end of the old order of things, rising like a mighty mountain peak over the dead plain of medieval mediocrity.

Yet he is not an innovator; he does not inaugurate a new period of civilization. When he died he left no school of followers to carry on his work; he closed an epoch rather than opened one. It is true that for a hundred years or more men did imitate his Divine Comedy, but only in the outward form thereof, neglecting the poetical and æsthetical side, for which indeed Dante's contemporaries had little or no appreciation. It is only in the nineteenth century that Dante has become a power in Italy as voicing the universal desire for a united fatherland.

The man who begins the mighty movement of the Renaissance, from which modern civilization takes its rise, is Francesco Petrarch. It is strange to think that he, so utterly different in mental attitude from Dante, was seventeen years old when the latter died. Yet the change which he represents was being slowly prepared by his predecessors. As we have seen, the study of the Latin language and authors had never fully died out in the Middle Ages; especially in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the classic writers—

Vergil, Ovid, Statius, Livy—were read more and more, not, however, as examples of literary excellence, or as revealing the culture of antiquity, but as mines of practical wisdom, or as supplying quotations and examples for philosophical and theological discussions. The classic writers were made to fit in with medieval ways of thinking, and thus subordinated to the then existing state of civilization. With Petrarch, however, comes a complete change in all these respects. For him the classic writers were the *ne plus ultra* of elegant form; he strove to penetrate into their spirit, to appreciate fully the peculiar excellence of each one; and above all to clear antiquity from its barnacle-like covering of medieval traditions and superstitions and to present Roman civilization, its learning, science, and art, as it was. To him the Middle Ages were a period of degradation, which had long hidden from view the past glories of Rome; and he now, for the first time in history, broke away from the present and immediate past, and turned his eyes back to ancient times. In so doing he founded the Renaissance in Italy, and laid down the lines along which all subsequent students of classical antiquity were to follow. In all these respects Petrarch is justly considered, not only the founder of modern classical scholarship, but the founder of modern civilization as well. He has been referred to by more than one historian as the Columbus of a new intellectual world.

The life of Petrarch is intensely interesting, and, contrary to the case of Dante, the difficulty in giving an outline of it consists not in the absence of well-ascertained facts, but in an embarrassment of riches.

For we know more of the details of Petrarch's life than we do of any other ancient writer.

Francesco Petrarch was born in 1304 at Arezzo, whither his father, a prominent lawyer of Florence, had gone on being exiled in 1302, at the same time as Dante. After moving about some time in Italy, the family finally settled at Avignon, in southern France, then famous as the seat of the Roman papacy during the so-called Babylonian captivity. From 1315 to 1319 Francesco was sent to school at the neighboring town of Charpentras; in 1319 he went to the University of Montpellier to study law, and in 1323 went to the University of Bologna. At the university, however, he neglected law for the classic writers, and he tells us how one day his father appeared and burnt all his Latin books, with the exception of Vergil and Cicero's Rhetoric, which by means of tears and entreaties he succeeded in saving from the flames.

After the death of his parents, in 1326, Petrarch settled down in Avignon and devoted himself to his favorite studies. As he was without means he entered the clergy and henceforth was relieved of all anxiety in regard to money. From this time on his life was spent in study, in the collection of a library, in writing books, in travel, and visits to his friends. Petrarch was very fond of traveling and his letters abound with interesting descriptions of the places he had seen. Yet, in spite of this passion for travel, he loved also the quiet and tranquil existence of country life. Here he could indulge to his heart's content his love for nature, the beauty of which he was practically the first to describe in sympathetic language. It was to

satisfy this love for nature and the "quiet life," that Petrarch bought a small property in Vaucluse, near Avignon, and here he never failed to return from time to time during all his later life, when tired of travel, weighed down by care, or depressed by the loss of friends and the "creeping steps of age."

Petrarch seemed to have had a peculiar faculty for making friends; he was loved and admired by high and low. Among these countless friends are worthy of especial mention the powerful Colonna family, father and two sons, who played so important a part in the history of Italy; King Robert of Naples; the Emperor Charles IV., who wished to have Petrarch accompany him to Germany; King John of France, who wished to retain him in Paris; Pope Urban IV., who offered him the position of papal secretary. There were scores of others of humbler rank, among them Boccaccio, his faithful admirer and lifelong friend. Not only kings and princes lavished honors on Petrarch, but cities as well: Florence offered to restore his father's property and make him professor at the university if he would live there; Venice gave him a palace in return for his library; and in 1340 the cities of Paris and Rome, at the same time, invited him to receive the laurel crown of poet.

After due deliberation Petrarch accepted the invitation of Rome, and on Easter Sunday, 1340, in the presence of an immense company of people, he was crowned at the capitol, amid the blare of trumpets and the acclamations of the assembled multitudes. This scene may be considered as the climax of Petrarch's victorious career.

No man outwardly ever had a happier life than he. He was well-to-do; was handsome and amiable; surrounded by friends; admired and flattered by all Europe; looked on as a great poet and a prodigy of learning. Surely, if any man could be content, Petrarch was that man. And yet he was not happy — owing to his peculiar character, his sensitiveness, his streak of melancholy, his immense vanity which could never be fully satisfied, and especially owing to the constant struggle that went on in his soul between the medieval ascetic view of life (which he could never wholly shake off) and the more worldly modern view, which he himself inaugurated. Owing to all these things, I say, there is a tinge of sadness in all his writings. Perhaps no man ever lived who illustrated so well the beautiful words of the old Latin poet:

> "E'en where the founts of pleasure flow,
> A bitter something bubbles up."

Indeed, Petrarch's character presents us with strange contrasts. He who loved travel so much is constantly writing about the joys of country life; constantly seen in the gay and often licentious courts of princes, he wrote a treatise in praise of the solitary life; receiving his living from the church and naturally religious, many of his acts were contrary to both religion and morality.

And yet Petrarch was not a hypocrite. No one can doubt his sincerity; these things are only the outward expression of that struggle which was constantly going on in his heart. Like St. Paul, he seemed always to be crying out, "The good that I would I do not, but the evil which I would not, that I do."

The latter part of his life was thus spent in ever-increasing sadness. In 1347 his friend, Colonna, died; in 1348, Laura; in 1347 his high hopes concerning the restoration of the ancient glory of the Roman Republic by Rienzi, the "last of the tribunes," were suddenly dashed by the fall and death of the latter. Henceforth Petrarch spent his life wandering from city to city, from court to court, surrounded by an aureole of glory, yet never at rest, except when he retired to the quiet seclusion of Vaucluse.

In 1370 he went to the university town of Padua, then the center of an active intellectual life. In the spring of the same year he started for Rome, in response to an invitation of the pope, but fell so grievously ill at Ferrara that he gave up his journey and settled down at Arquà, a village not far from Padua, where he died July 18, 1374. He was found dead in his library, bending over a folio volume.

As may be supposed from Petrarch's enthusiasm for the Latin authors, most of his own works were written in that language. It is a generous trait of literary and scholarly, as well as of religious, enthusiasts that they are not content to receive the treasures of art and learning, but feel impelled to impart their own joys to others. Petrarch was not only an eager student, but devoted his life to making known to others the riches and glory of ancient Rome. All this he does in his numerous Latin works. These include, in poetry, bucolics and eclogues, imitated from Vergil; poetic epistles, imitated from Horace; and especially his "Africa," from which he expected immortality, an epic poem on the life of Scipio Africanus.

Of especial importance in the development of the Renaissance and the Revival of Learning are his prose Latin works. Chief among these we may mention his history of Illustrious Men; his moral and religious tractates — The Remedy of Fortune, the Solitary Life; and especially his letters, six hundred in number, written in a Latin style which infinitely surpassed anything produced till then, and which founded a branch of literature which was most popular throughout all the Renaissance.

For our purpose here, however, we can only discuss in detail Petrarch's Italian poetry — he wrote no Italian prose. It is this which gives him his place in literature as the first great lyric poet of modern times.

We have seen that Italian lyrical poetry began in Sicily, and that, carried thence to Bologna and Tuscany, it formed a new school, which found its highest expression in Dante. Petrarch once more founds a new school of lyrics, which, while still in some respects recalling the writings of his predecessors, is yet in spirit far different from them. With him poetry is no longer a matter of chivalrous ideals, as with the troubadours, or of symbolism and philosophy, as with Guido Guinicelli and Dante, but the expression of his own genuine feelings. His Laura is not like the Beatrice of the Divine Comedy, a mere abstraction, a personification of virtue and symbol of religion, but is a woman of flesh and blood, beautiful and virtuous, but not ethereal and mystical—a woman, in fact,

> "Not too bright or good
> For human nature's daily food."

In his songs, then, Petrarch describes real things—the beauty of Laura in all its details; her coldness and his suffering; and especially the conflicting feelings which tormented his soul. In his subjectivity, his psychological analysis of feelings, his use of poetry to express his own mental experiences; in his lovely descriptions of nature; and especially in his melancholy, the far-off anticipation of the "Weltschmerz,"[1] Petrarch is indeed the first modern lyrical poet.

He himself confidently expected immortality from his Latin works, which, alas! for the vanity of human expectations, are now forgotten by all except special students. He apparently looked with contempt on his Italian lyrics, yet this was only affectation, for even in his later years he carefully revised them. These songs and sonnets are still unsurpassed in Italian literature. Many, it is true, are artificial, and on account of puns, antitheses, and conceits are repugnant to modern taste; yet the large number of his best poems are exquisite pictures of womanly beauty, with a charming landscape as a background, all enveloped in an atmosphere of lovely poetry, full of tenderness, pathos, and genuine feeling. Above all, they are written in a style and with a harmony of numbers unknown till then and not surpassed since.

Petrarch's Italian poetry consists of some 375 sonnets, ballads, and songs (of which the vast majority are sonnets), and in the twelve chapters, or books, of the so-called Triumphs. These are, with but few exceptions, consecrated to the story of his love for a

[1] Best translated literally, "world pain."

certain woman named Laura, concerning whose actual existence as much contest has been waged as over that of Beatrice. It seems now pretty definitely ascertained that Laura was no mere fancy-picture, but a real being. She was the daughter of Audibert de Noves, and the wife of Ugo de Sade, to whom she bore eleven children. She died April 6, 1348, probably of the pest, which then was raging. Petrarch saw her for the first time April 6, 1327, and for twenty-one years worshiped her from a respectful distance. There is little story or event in all these sonnets. Petrarch's love is not returned by Laura, he makes no progress in her affections, and his poems are devoted for the most part to descriptions of her beauty, coldness, and indifference, and his own state of wretchedness.

Among the many sonnets descriptive of Laura's beauty we may take the following, in which she is declared to be the most perfect example of Nature's handiwork:

"The stars, the elements, and Heaven have made
With blended powers a work beyond compare;
All their consenting influence, all their care,
To frame one perfect creature lent their aid.
Whence Nature views her loveliness displayed
With sun-like radiance sublimely fair;
Nor mortal eye can the pure splendor bear:
Love, sweetness, in unmeasured grace arrayed.
The very air illumed by her sweet beams
Breathes purest excellence; and such delight
That all expression far beneath it gleams.
No base desire lives in that heavenly light,
Honor alone and virtue!—fancy's dreams
Never saw passion rise refined by rays so bright."

Capel Lofft.

In another sonnet he tells how he was affected the first time he saw her:

"Sun never rose so beautiful and bright
When skies above most clear and cloudless showed,
Nor, after rain, the bow of heaven e'er glowed
With tints so varied, delicate, and light,
As in rare beauty flash'd upon my sight,
The day I first took up this am'rous load,
That face whose fellow ne'er on earth abode—
Even my praise to paint it seems a slight!
Then saw I Love, who did her fine eyes bend
So sweetly, every other face obscure
Has from that hour till now appeared to me.
The boy-god and his bow, I saw them, friend,
From whom life since has never been secure,
Whom still I madly yearn again to see."

Macgregor.

Yet Laura is not only beautiful, but good; she unites in herself the highest excellencies of virtue as well as of beauty:

"High birth in humble life, reserved yet kind,
On youth's gay flower ripe fruits of age and rare,
A virtuous heart, therewith a lofty mind,
A happy spirit in a pensive air;
Her planet, nay, heaven's king, has fitly shrined
All gifts and graces in this lady fair,
True honor, purest praises, worth refined,
Above what rapt dreams of best poets are.
Virtue and Love so rich in her unite,
With natural beauty dignified address,
Gestures that still a silent grace express,
And in her eyes I know not what strange light,
That makes the noonday dark, the dusk night clear,
Bitter the sweet, and e'en sad absence dear."

Macgregor.

Petrarch not only gives general descriptions of the beauty of his lady and of its effect, as his predecessors had done, but he gives over and over again details thereof, especially her eyes and hair:

"Say, from what vein did Love procure the gold
To make those sunny tresses? From what thorn
Stole he the rose, and whence the dew of morn,
Bidding them breathe and live in Beauty's mold?
What depth of ocean gave the pearls that told
Those gentle accents sweet, though rarely born?
Whence came so many graces to adorn
That brow more fair than summer skies unfold?
Oh! say what angels lead, what spheres control
The song divine which wastes my life away?
(Who can with trifles now my senses move?)
What sun gave birth unto the lofty soul
Of those enchanting eyes, whose glances stray
To burn and freeze my heart—the sport of Love?"

Wrottesley.

He is especially fond of describing the scenes where she is, thus combining with her own charms those of lovely nature. Thus he sees her on the banks of clear streams, sitting on the green grass, with blossoms falling upon her from the trees in springtime, as in the following lines from one of his most beautiful songs:

"Clear, fresh, and dulcet streams,
Which the fair shape, who seems
To me sole woman, haunted at noontide;
Fair bough, so gently fit,
(I sigh to think of it),
Which lent a pillar to her lovely side;
And turf, and flowers bright-eyed,
O'er which her folded gown
Flow'd like an angel's down;
And you, O holy air and hushed,

Where first my heart at her sweet glances gushed:
Give ear, give ear, with one consenting,
To my last words, my last and my lamenting.

. . . . .

"How well I call to mind,
When from those boughs the wind
Shook down upon her bosom flower on flower;
And there she sat, meek-eyed,
In midst of all that pride,
Sprinkled and blushing through an amorous shower
Some to her hair paid dower,
And seemed to dress the curls,
Queenlike, with gold and pearls;
Some, snowing, on her drapery stopped,
Some on the earth, some on the water dropped;
While others, fluttering from above,
Seemed wheeling round in pomp, and saying, 'Here
How often then I said, [reigns Love.'
Inward, and filled with dread,
'Doubtless this creature came from Paradise!'
For at her look the while,
Her voice, and her sweet smile,
And heavenly air, truth parted from mine eyes;
So that, with long-drawn sighs,
I said, as far from men,
'How came I here, and when?'
I had forgotten; and alas!
Fancied myself in heaven, not where I was;
And from that time till this, I bear
Such love for the green bower, I cannot rest elsewhere."

Leigh Hunt.

Yet, in spite of all her beauty, he is not happy; the thought of her never leaves him. When absent from her he is most miserable:

"Never was bird, spoiled of its young, more sad,
Nor wild beast in his lair more lone than me,

Now that no more that lovely face I see,
The only sun my fond eyes ever had.
In ceaseless sorrow is my chief delight:
My food to poison turns, to grief my joy;
The night is torture, dark the clearest sky,
And my lone pillow a hard field of fight.
Sleep is indeed, as has been well expressed,
Akin to death, for it the heart removes
From the dear thought in which alone I live.
Land above all with plenty, beauty blessed!
Ye flowery plains, green banks, and shady groves!
Ye hold the treasure for whose loss I grieve!"

Macgregor.

Above all, his torment is increased by the contest between his religious feelings and his love, which, earthly as it was, seemed to be inconsistent with his duty as a Christian. Yet he cannot tear his heart away from the object of his affection. Hence arises a constant warring of the flesh against the spirit, and a vacillation which finds expression in sentiments diametrically opposite. Thus at times he declares that his love for Laura is a blessing to him, leading him to a virtuous and religious life:

"Lady, in your bright eyes
Soft glancing round, I mark a holy light,
Pointing the arduous way that heavenward lies;
And to my practised sight,
From thence, where Love enthroned, asserts his might,
Visibly, palpably, the soul beams forth.
This is the beacon guides to deeds of worth,
And urges me to seek the glorious goal;
This bids me leave behind the vulgar throng,
Nor can the human tongue
Tell how those orbs divine o'er all my soul
Exert their sweet control,

Both when hoar winter's frosts around are flung,
And when the year puts on his youth again,
Jocund, as when this bosom first knew pain."

Dacre.

Then comes another mood, in which his love seems sinful and he prays God to lead him to a better life:

"Father of heaven! after the days misspent,
After the nights of wild tumultuous thought,
In that fierce passion's strong entanglement,
One, for my peace too lovely fair, had wrought;
Vouchsafe that, by thy grace, my spirit bent
On nobler aims, to holier ways be brought;
That so my foe, spreading with dark intent
His mortal snares, be foiled, and held at nought.
E'en now th' eleventh year its course fulfils,
That I have bowed me to the tyranny
Relentless most to fealty most tried.
Have mercy, Lord! on my unworthy ills:
Fix all my thoughts in contemplation high;
How on the cross this day a Savior died."

Dacre.

This state of his mind, divided against itself, finds its best expression in the song which is regarded as one of the most beautiful of his poems. In the various strophes conflicting sentiments arise, develop, and reach a climax, only to be overthrown by a sudden revulsion of feeling; fame, happiness, the sweetness of love beckon the poet on; then comes the chilling thought of death to show that all things earthly are nothing but vanity. Unfortunately this song is too long to be quoted here entire. We give the first strophe and the refrain:

"Ceaseless I think, and in each wasting thought
So strong a pity for myself appears,
That often it has brought

My harass'd heart to new yet natural tears;
Seeing each day my end of life draw nigh,
Instant in prayer, I ask of God the wings
With which the spirit springs,
Freed from its mortal coil, to bliss on high;
But nothing, to this hour, prayer, tear, or sigh,
Whatever man could do, my hopes sustain:
And so indeed in justice should it be;
Able to stay, who went and fell, that he
Should prostrate, in his own despite, remain.
But, lo! the tender arms
In which I trust are open to me still,
Though fears my bosom fill
Of other's fate, and my own heart alarms,
Which worldly feelings spur, haply, to utmost ill.

. . .

"Song! I am here, my heart the while more cold
With fear than frozen snow,
Feels in its certain core death's coming blow;
For thus, in weak self-communing, has roll'd
Of my vain life the better portion by:
Worse burden surely ne'er
Tried mortal man than that which now I bear;
Though death be seated nigh,
For future life still seeking councils new,
I know and love the good, yet, ah! the worse pursue."

Macgregor.

The finest of Petrarch's sonnets are those written after the death of Laura. With this dread event he loses all joy in life; thought of her beauty returns softened by memory and the lapse of time:

"Where is the brow whose gentlest beckonings led
My raptured heart at will, now here, now there?
Where the twin stars, lights of this lower sphere,
Which o'er my darkling path their radiance shed?

Where is true worth, and wit, and wisdom fled?
The courteous phrase, the melting accent, where?
Where, grouped in one rich form, the beauties rare,
Which long their magic influence o'er me shed?
Where is the shade, within whose sweet recess
My wearied spirit still forgot its sighs,
And all my thoughts their constant record found?
Where, where is she, my life's sole arbitress?—
Ah, wretched world! and wretched ye, mine eyes
(Of her pure light bereft) which aye with tears are drowned."

Wrangham.

Yet, in his affliction there is a certain comfort, for now that she is dead she seems no longer cold to him, and he often sees and converses with her in heaven:

"Fond fancy raised me to the spot, where strays
She, whom I seek but find on earth no more:
There, fairer still and humbler than before,
I saw her, in the third heaven's blessèd maze.
She took me by the hand, and 'Thou shalt trace,
If hope not errs,' she said, 'this happy shore;
I, I am she, thy breast with slights who tore,
And ere its evening closed my day's brief space.
What human heart conceives, my joys exceed:
Thee only I expect, and (what remain
Below) the charms, once objects of thy love.'
Why ceased she? Ah! my captive hand why freed?
Such of her soft and hallowed tones the chain,
From that delightful heaven my soul could scarcely move."

Wrangham.

But, when spring returns, it brings a renewal of his grief:

"The spring returns, with all her smiling train;
The wanton Zephyrs breathe along the bowers,
The glistening dewdrops hang on bending flowers,
And tender green light-shadows o'er the plain:

And thou, sweet Philomel, renew'st thy strain,
Breathing thy wild notes to the midnight grove:
All nature feels the kindling fire of love,
The vital force of spring's returning reign.
But not to me returns the cheerful spring!
O heart! that know'st no period to thy grief,
Nor nature's smiles to thee impart relief,
Nor change of mind the varying seasons bring:
She, she is gone! All that e'er pleased before,
Adieu! ye birds, ye flowers, ye fields, that charm no more!"

Woodhouselee.

His only comfort now is in thinking that he, too, must soon die:

"Oh! swifter than the hart my life hath fled,
A shadow'd dream; one wingèd glance hath seen
Its only good; its hours (how few serene!)
The sweet and bitter tide of thought have fed:
Ephemeral world! in pride and sorrow bred,
Who hope in thee, are blind as I have been;
I hoped in thee, and thus my heart's loved queen
Hath borne it mid her nerveless, kindred dead.
Her form decayed—its beauty still survives,
For in high heaven that soul will ever bloom,
With which each day I more enamored grow:
Thus though my locks are blanched, my hope revives
In thinking on her home—her soul's high doom:
Alas! how changed the shrine she left below!"

Wollaston.

Weary of life, now that he is left alone, he devotes himself to God; he directs all his thought to heaven, where Laura awaits and beckons him:

"The chosen angels, and the spirits blest,
Celestial tenants, on that glorious day
My lady joined them, thronged in bright array
Around her, with amaze and awe imprest.

'What splendor, what new beauty stands confest
Unto our sight?'—among themselves they say;
'No soul, in this vile age, from sinful clay
To our high realms has risen so fair a guest.'
Delighted to have changed her mortal state,
She ranks amid the purest of her kind;
And ever and anon she looks behind,
To mark my progress and my coming wait;
Now my whole thought, my wish to heaven I cast;
'Tis Laura's voice I hear, and hence she bids me haste."

Nott.

His love thus purified and his thoughts now turned to God alone, the poet awaits in resignation the coming of the inevitable hour of death. The "Book of Songs and Sonnets," as his Italian poetry may be called, ends in a beautiful hymn to the Virgin Mary, in which the poet breathes forth all his chastened sorrow and hopes. From this we select the following lines:

"Bright Virgin! and immutable as bright,
O'er life's tempestuous ocean the sure star
Each trusting mariner that truly guides,
Look down, and see amid this dreadful storm
How I am tost at random and alone,
And how already my last shriek is near,
Yet still in thee, sinful although and vile,
My soul keeps all her trust;
Virgin! I thee implore
Let not thy foe have triumph in my fall;
Remember that our sin made God himself,
To free us from its chain,
Within thy virgin womb our image on Him take!

"Virgin! what tears already have I shed,
Cherished what dreams and breathed what prayers in vain,
But for my own worse penance and sure loss;

Since first on Arno's shore I saw the light
Till now, whate'er I sought, wherever turn'd,
My life has passed in torment and in tears,
For mortal loveliness in air, act, speech,
Has seized and soiled my soul:
O Virgin! pure and good,
Delay not till I reach my life's last year;
Swifter than shaft and shuttle are, my days
'Mid misery and sin
Have vanished all, and now Death only is behind!

SUMMARY AND QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

Difference between the Medieval and Modern World — Dante's position between the two — Petrarch, 1304–74, the real founder of modern civilization — Latin works — Fame rests on his Italian poetry — How this differed from the Sicilian and Tuscan schools — Laura and Petrarch's love — Her influence upon his life.

1. How does the medieval world differ from the modern?
2. Why is Petrarch called the founder of modern civilization?
3. Give a brief sketch of his life.
4. What kind of character did he have?
5. Name some of his Latin works.
6. What were his services to classical scholarship?
7. On what does his fame as a poet rest?
8. How does his lyrical poetry differ from that of his predecessors?
9. Tell the story of his love for Laura, as seen in his poetry.
10. How is his character illustrated in his poetry?

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A collection of translations of Petrarch's Italian poems, together with an extended life of the poet, is published in the Bohn Library. Very important are the Latin letters of Petrarch; an English translation of a number of these was published a short time ago by Putnam & Co., of New York.

CHAPTER V

BOCCACCIO

We have hitherto discussed the development of poetry almost exclusively; and this is justifiable, for in Italy, as in all other countries, the development of prose as a form of literature comes after that of poetry. Petrarch wrote no prose in Italian; and although Dante wrote his Banquet and, in part, his New Life in prose, yet the former is couched in scholastic phraseology and the prose portion of the latter is of small compass. Giovanni Boccaccio, although not so great a poet as Dante, or so great a scholar and master of form as Petrarch, is yet of high importance in the history of Italian literature from a double point of view, as the first great writer of prose and the founder of the modern novel.

We can only give here a brief outline of his life and character, before passing on to his works. He was born in Paris in 1313, the son of a Florentine merchant and a young French gentlewoman. Going to Florence with his father, he was sent to school and is said to have written verses before the age of seven. His father, a merchant himself, wished his son to follow the same career, and at the age of fourteen the boy was taken to Naples with this purpose in view. In this "great, sinful city" Boccaccio passed his youth,

at first in business, then in the study of law, both of which, however, he heartily disliked. Making the acquaintance of some well-known scholars, he was inducted into a love for study, and resolved to devote himself to a literary career.

About 1340 he left Naples and returned to Florence, which henceforth became his residence, although he was frequently absent from it on matters of business and pleasure. For he soon became known as a scholar and poet, and, in accordance with the customs of the times, he was honored by his city by being sent on frequent embassies. In this capacity he went, in 1350, to Ravenna, to the daughter of Dante; in 1354, to Pope Innocent VI., at Avignon; and in 1351, to Petrarch at Padua, in order to induce the great poet and scholar to reside in Florence. This meeting with the great apostle of the New Learning was an important event in Boccaccio's life, who from henceforth became an enthusiastic admirer of Petrarch. He plunged still more eagerly into the study of classic antiquity; and although not so great a scholar as Petrarch, he accomplished some things which the latter had not been able to do. Thus he learned Greek, imperfectly, however, and introduced to the western world a knowledge of that language (unknown to the Middle Ages) by bringing Leontius Pilatus to Florence as a professor in the university. It was at the dictation of the latter that Boccaccio wrote down his Latin translation of the Homeric poems, which, worthless as it now seems, then excited widespread admiration.

Boccaccio differed from Petrarch in being an ardent

admirer and indefatigable student of Dante. Petrarch had once declared that he had never read the Divine Comedy. The influence of Dante on Boccaccio is seen on almost every page of his poetry, and it was in reward of his services in promoting the study of the former's works that in 1373 he was invited by Florence to lecture on the Divine Comedy (for the first time in Italy) in the university.

Boccaccio's character was in many respects an attractive one; he was honest, sincere, and modest; a faithful friend, a lover of true literature; and, above all, of a lovable and gentle disposition; *Giovanni della Tranquillità*, his friends called him—"John of the quiet mind," as we may translate it. The gravest accusation made against him, and one, alas! only too well founded, is his immorality. In his early years, and even later in life, his manners were light, and the effects thereof are too often reflected in his books. Before condemning him too harshly, however, we must bear in mind the low state of morals that marked all society at that time. Toward the end of his life Boccaccio became converted by a strange event. It seems that a certain Carthusian monk, Pietro de' Petroni—who, by the austerity of his life and his religious exaltation, had won a reputation for holiness—died at Siena, May 29, 1361. Fourteen days before his death he entered into a trance, in which he had a vision of the saints in heaven and the damned in hell. When he awoke he declared that he had been commanded by Christ to warn a number of distinguished men of the error of their ways. Among these was Boccaccio. Being too sick to go himself, Petroni sent

his disciple, Gioachino Ciani, to fulfill his commission. The latter came to Florence, told Boccaccio of his master's vision, and then, in fiery language, urged him to see to the salvation of his soul, and to repudiate his immoral writings, else he would soon die and his soul be lost forever. Boccaccio was deeply affected by this strange embassy. In the first moments of depression he resolved to give up all study, burn his books, write no more, and spend the rest of life in religious exercises. From this violent action, however, he was saved by a sensible letter from Petrarch. Yet the effect did not pass away. Ever after this he was more serious and thought more of religious matters. He lost his former zest in life; his gaiety and serenity of temper became clouded. After a youth of enjoyment the evening of life came on gray and cold.

He died December 21, 1375, in Certaldo, not far from Florence.

Boccaccio, like Petrarch, wrote much in Latin, chief among such writings being the historical or biographical compilations on Illustrious Women and the Vicissitudes of Great Men, and especially his Genealogy of the Gods, which for one hundred years and more became the standard hand-book of mythology. In Italian poetry he was far more voluminous than Petrarch. Among the best known of his poems are the Vision of Love ; Filostrato, which tells the story of Troilus and Cressida, afterwards imitated by Chaucer and Shakespeare; and the Theseid, imitated by Chaucer in his Knight's Tale. His Ninfale Fiesolana describes the beautiful suburbs of Florence, while his pastoral poem, Ameto, is the first example of that

popular branch of poetry, which found its highest development in Sannazaro's Arcadia, Tasso's Aminta, and Guarini's Pastor Fido.

All these, however, are now almost forgotten. The one book by which Boccaccio is known to-day, not only in Italy, but the world over, is his Decameron, a collection of short stories in prose. In this book he becomes epoch-making in a double sense, for it begins both Italian prose and the modern novel. The name of the book is composed of two Greek words, meaning "ten days," and is explained by the fact that there are one hundred stories in all, told ten at a time, on ten successive days.

Neither the various stories themselves nor the idea of uniting them in a framework is original with Boccaccio. The latter device was especially popular in the Orient, and is illustrated in the Seven Wise Men, so vastly popular in the Middle Ages. Chaucer imitated Boccaccio in this respect in his Canterbury Tales. The sources of the stories in the Decameron are various. Such tales were among the most popular kinds of literature of the times, as may be seen in the Fabliaux in France and the well-known collections, the Novellino and Cento Novelle, in Italy. Boccaccio gathers them from all sides and adds many he had heard told orally, especially anecdotes of his contemporaries. All these are changed, however, by the alchemy of his own genius, and become original in style, in delineation of character, and in local color.

The framework of the Decameron is as follows: During the terrible pestilence which raged in Europe in 1348, a famous description of which is given in the

opening chapter of the book, seven young ladies and three young men meet in one of the churches at Florence and agree to forsake the plague-stricken city, retire to their villas in the country and try to forget in pleasant converse the terrors that surround them. The plan is carried out. Each day a leader is chosen, whom all must obey. After breakfast they betake themselves to the garden, and here on green lawns covered with flowers, beneath shady trees and beside clear-running streams, they dance, play, and sing; and then, comfortably seated on the soft grass, they pass the hours away in cheerful conversation and story-telling.

Each one of these one hundred stories has an individual character of its own. While reading them we see passing in picturesque procession before our eyes the whole of Italian society of the times, kings and princes, knights and peasants, merchant, artist, mechanic, priest, and monk. There are not wanting earnest and serious stories, but the comic and satirical element prevails; especially are the vices of the clergy scourged, that fruitful source of all European mediæval literature. The avaricious and licentious priests and monks are everywhere held up to the scornful laughter of his readers.

All this is expressed in an admirable prose style, with perfect adaptation of local color, with excellent delineation of character and insight into human nature, and with the inimitable skill in narration of the born story-teller.

The popularity of Boccaccio was, and is still, enormous, in spite of the immorality of certain of his

stories. He is read to-day in the elementary schools of Italy (in emendated editions), and his influence on modern literature is incalculable. In English literature alone most of the great writers have found subjects for poems, stories, and dramas in the Decameron, among them Chaucer, Dryden, Shakespeare, Keats, Tennyson, and Longfellow.

The following story, which I have translated with some slight condensation, is not only the best and most famous of the Decameron, but it illustrates on the one hand the vast antiquity of the short-story (existing, as it does, not only in all European languages in the Middle Ages, but running back its roots to the early antiquity of India), and on the other hand, the influence of Boccaccio, "Patient Griselda" having become almost a household word in modern literature, and having furnished themes for poet, painter, and sculptor. John Addington Symonds has declared that no Greek poem equals Boccaccio's story of Griselda for tenderness.

A long time ago there lived a certain marquis of Saluzzo, named Walter, who spent his time chiefly in hunting, with never a thought of marriage. His vassals not liking this state of affairs often urged him to take to himself a wife, so that in case of death, he might not be without an heir, nor they without a master. To all this Walter made answer as follows: "My friends, you urge me to do that which I had resolved not to do, considering how difficult it is to find a proper mate, and how hard is the life of him who finds one not suited to him. Yet since it pleases you to bind me with these chains, I will agree—on this condition, however, that I choose my wife myself, so that if evil come to me, I may have no one to blame but myself. But bear this in mind: if you do not honor her as

becomes your lady, you shall prove to your cost how grievous a thing it is to have forced me to wed against my own desire."

Now for some time past Walter had been much attracted by the gentle manners of a poor but beautiful village maiden, who lived near his castle; and it seemed to him that with her he could be happy. Hence without seeking further he sent for her father, and agreed with him to take his daughter as his wife. This being settled, Walter called together his friends and vassals and said to them: "Friends, it has pleased you to ask me to take to myself a wife, and I have yielded, more to please you, however, than through any desire of my own. You will remember that you agreed to be satisfied and treat as your lady whomsoever I should choose. The time has now come when I intend to keep my promise, and I desire that you keep yours. I have found a young lady to my liking whom I intend to marry, and I shall bring her home in a few days. See to it that the wedding feast be a fair one and that you receive her honorably." The good men, all rejoicing, answered that they were indeed pleased, and that whoever his bride might be, they would honor her in all things as their lady.

After this Walter prepared a bountiful wedding feast and invited thereto his many friends and relatives and all the gentle folk round about. He had many rich and beautiful gowns made fit to adorn the figure of the young girl whom he proposed to wed; and likewise rings, and girdles, and a fair rich crown, in short all things that a new bride might require.

Now when the day fixed for the wedding had come, Walter mounted his horse and said to his followers: "Gentlemen, it is time to go for the bride." And setting out with all his company he came to the village, and the house of the young girl's father, where they found her returning in great haste from the fountain, in order that she, with the other women-folk of the village, might go and see the coming of their lord's bride. When Walter saw her he called her by name—that is, Griselda—and asked her where her father was; to whom she answered shamefacedly, "My lord, he is in the house." Then Walter dismounted, and ordering his followers to remain outside, went alone into the humble cottage, where he found her father—

whose name was Giannùcolo—and said to him: "I have come to wed Griselda; but first I wish to ask her something in your presence." And he asked her if she would always try to please him, if he took her for his wife; and if she would promise not to be angry, whatever he might say or do; and many other similar things; to all of which she made answer: "Yes, my lord."

Then Walter, taking her by the hand, led her outside, and having called for the gowns he had prepared, he had her clothed therewith, and upon her head he placed a crown, and then as all present marveled mightily, he said: "My lords, this is she whom I intend shall be my wife"; and then turning to her who stood blushing and full of wonder, he said: "Griselda, will you take me for your husband?" To which she answered as before, "Yes, my lord." "Then," said he, "I will take you for my wife"; and in presence of all he wed her, and setting her upon a palfrey, he led her home.

The young bride was, as we have already said, beautiful in face and person, and withal so attractive, pleasing, and gentle-mannered, that she did not seem to have been a shepherdess, but the daughter of a noble lord; so that she made all those who had known her before, to marvel greatly. Moreover, she was so obedient to her husband, and so attentive to his comfort, that he held himself the happiest man in the world. In similar manner she was so kind and gracious towards her husband's subjects that they loved and honored her one and all, always praying for her health and happiness.

Shortly after the birth of his first child, a daughter, a strange fancy entered the mind of Walter, and he resolved to prove the patience and obedience of his wife, by subjecting her to many cruel trials. In the first place, he wounded her spirit by harsh words, feigning to be much disturbed in mind, and declaring that his vassals were ill-content with her on account of her low birth, and especially now that they saw that she bore children; wherefore they were sullen and did nothing but murmur. Hearing which words, Griselda, without changing countenance, said: "My lord, do with me as you think best for your own honor and happiness, and I will be content; for I

know I was not worthy of all this honor to which you, by your courtesy, have brought me." This answer was very pleasing to Walter, who thus saw that her new honors had not puffed her up with pride.

A short time after, having said to his wife that his subjects could not endure her daughter, he sent one of his servants to her who, with mournful countenance, said, "My lady, if I would not die, I must do that which my lord commands me. He has ordered me to take your little daughter and to——" and he said no more. The lady, hearing these words, and seeing the face of the servant, and remembering the words of her husband, believed that the servant had been ordered to kill her child; whereupon quickly taking the little one from the cradle, she kissed and prayed over it, with unchanged countenance, in spite of the great sorrow she felt in her heart; and placing it in the arms of the servant, said: "Here, do what thy lord and mine has commanded thee to do. But see to it that the child be not devoured by birds or wild beasts, unless indeed he commands thee so to do."

The servant took the girl and reported to Walter what the lady had said. He, marveling greatly at her constancy, sent both servant and child to a certain lady in Bologna, a relative of his, begging her to bring it up and educate it carefully, without, however, revealing its parentage.

Some years after this Griselda gave birth to a son, to the great joy of Walter. But not being satisfied with what he already had done, he wounded Griselda's feelings still more, saying to her one day, "My lady, since this our child was born, I have not been able to live with my subjects, so bitterly do they rebel against the thought that some day a grandson of Giannùcolo shall rule over them. Wherefore, if I do not wish to be driven out, I shall have to leave you and take another wife." Griselda heard these words with patient mind, and only answered: "My lord, do you think how you may best satisfy your own pleasure; have no thought concerning me, for I desire only to see you happy."

A few days after, Walter sent for the son as he had done for the daughter before, and feigning again to have it slain, he

sent it to Bologna to be brought up together with his daughter. At all of which Griselda made no other sign, nor said anything more than she had done when her daughter had been taken away. And once more Walter marveled to himself and declared that no other woman could do what she did, for he knew well that she loved her children dearly. His vassals, believing that he had put his children to death, blamed him strongly as a most cruel man, and had great compassion on their lady. She, however, never complained, but said always to those who condoled with her on the loss of her children, that what seemed good to their father seemed good to her.

Many years after the birth of his daughter, Walter, thinking it time to make a final test of Griselda's long suffering, declared openly that he could endure her no longer as his wife, and that he had acted as a foolish boy when he had taken her. Wherefore he would now make overtures to the pope for leave to divorce her, and take another wife. The lady, hearing these things, and foreseeing that she should have to return to her father's house, and perchance keep sheep as before, seeing another woman married to him whom she loved so much, grieved deeply in her heart. Nevertheless, as in the other blows of fortune, she disposed herself to bear this also with firm countenance.

Not long after, Walter caused false letters to come from Rome, and told his subjects that the pope had granted him a dispensation to leave Griselda and take a new wife. Then calling her before him in the presence of many others, he said to her: "Griselda, by special dispensation granted me by the pope, I am able now to leave you and take another wife; and inasmuch as my ancestors have been great gentlemen and lords of this country, while yours have always been laborers, I intend that you shall no longer be my wife, but shall return to your father's house, bearing with you the dowry which you brought.' Hearing these words, Griselda, with the greatest difficulty, kept back her tears, being in this stronger than the common run of women, and answered: "My lord, I have always known that my humble condition was in no wise suited to your exalted rank; and what I have been to you, I recognize

as coming from God and your courtesy. Nor have I ever regarded all these honors as given to me, but only loaned. If it please you then to take them back, it is my duty to be willing to give them up. Here is the ring with which you married me; take it."

Walter, who had more desire to weep than anything else, stood there with hard face and said: "Go, but see to it that you take with you one garment only." Whereupon she, dressed in a single garment, barefooted and bareheaded, left her husband's castle, and returned to her father, followed by the tears and compassion of all who saw her. Giannùcolo, who had never been quite able to believe that Walter could be content to take his daughter as his wife, and who expected her return every day, had kept her clothes which she had put off on the morning of her marriage. Now Griselda put them on again and gave herself up to the little duties of her father's house, bearing the cruel assaults of hostile fortune with firm mind.

In the meantime Walter declared to his vassals that he had chosen for his wife the daughter of a certain count of Panago (who was the husband of the lady in Bologna, to whom he had sent his children); and ordering great preparations for the wedding to be made, he sent for Griselda, and when she had come, he said: "I am about to bring home the lady whom I have chosen for my wife. You know that I have no one here who can arrange all the things needful for so great a feast. Wherefore do you put everything in order, and call in to help you the women you think best, and receive them as if you were still the lady here. Then after the wedding is all over you may return home."

Although these words were like so many stabs to the heart of Griselda, who could not lay aside her love for him as easily as she had laid aside her good fortune, she answered: "My lord, I am ready." And dressed in her peasant costume, she entered the house, whence she had shortly before gone forth, and began to sweep and put in order the rooms, and to prepare the food, setting her own hands to everything as if she were but a common servant of the house. Nor did she rest till all was properly arranged and prepared for the wedding. And

then, inviting in the name of Walter all the ladies of the country round about, she began to prepare the feast, and when the wedding day had come, although she was dressed in coarse garments, she received all the ladies who came with ladylike bearing and smiling face.

Walter, who had caused his children to be diligently brought up in Bologna in the house of his relative, wife of the count of Panago (his son being six years old and his daughter twelve, the latter being the most beautiful creature ever seen), had sent to the count of Panago, begging him to bring his children to Saluzzo, and to say to all that the girl was to marry Walter. The count did as he was requested, and with the two children and a noble company arrived about noon at Saluzzo, where all the peasants and neighbors from round about were waiting for the new bride. She was received by the ladies, and Griselda, dressed as she was, came forward to meet her cheerfully, saying: "Welcome to my lady."

Walter, who now thought he had sufficient evidence of the long-suffering of his wife, called her to him, and in the presence of all, said to her: "What think you of our bride?" "My lord," said Griselda, "she seems fair indeed to look upon; and if she is as wise as beautiful, which I well believe, I doubt not that you will live with her the happiest gentleman in the world. But I beseech you for one thing: do not wound her spirit, as you have that of your other wife. For I do not believe she can stand it, young as she is, and so delicately brought up."

Walter, seeing that she firmly believed the girl was to be his wife, and that yet she spoke thus kindly of her, set her down beside him, and said: "Griselda, it is time now that you receive the rewards of your patience, and that those who have reputed me cruel, may know that what I did was to teach you how to be a wife, and to prepare for myself a life of perpetual peace and quiet with you as my loving and faithful companion. Therefore take with joyful mind this girl, whom you thought to be my bride, and her brother, for your children and mine. These are they whom you and many others long have thought I had cruelly slain. I am your husband, who love you above all things else; and I indeed can boast that no other man has

so great reason to be content with his wife as I;" and thus speaking he embraced and kissed her, and raising her who was now weeping for joy, he led her to where the daughter sat, listening in amazement to all these things, and embraced her and her brother tenderly. Then all the ladies, rejoicing greatly, rose from the table and went with Griselda to her room, and dressed her in a rich gown, such as befitted a lady, which she ever seemed, even in her rags, and led her back again to the hall, and then all, rejoicing, continued the feast. The count of Panago went back to Bologna, and Walter, taking Giannùcolo from his work-shop, kept him in state as his father-in-law, so that he lived in great comfort and honor to the end of his life. And the marquis himself, having found his daughter a noble husband, lived long and happily with Griselda, holding her ever in love and esteem.

SUMMARY AND QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

Development of Italian prose later than that of poetry—Boccaccio its founder (1313–75)—Friendship for Petrarch—Service in introducing Greek language into Western Europe—His influence upon Chaucer and Shakespeare—The Decameron—He founds Italian prose style and the modern novel.

1. Which is usually developed first, prose or poetry?
2. Give sketch of the life of Boccaccio.
3. Describe his character.
4. Tell the story of his conversion.
5. Give a list of Boccaccio's chief works in Latin and Italian.
6. Which one is his greatest work?
7. What is the general framework of the Decameron?
8. Its popularity and influence.
9. Tell briefly the story of patient Griselda.
10. What is your opinion of this story?

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Owing to the immorality of some of the stories of the Decameron the English translations of the whole book are not to be recommended. A selection, however, fit for the general public has been made by Joseph Jacobs, and published by John Lane.

CHAPTER VI

THE RENAISSANCE AND ARIOSTO

We have seen that Petrarch is considered the founder of the Renaissance in Italy. He died in 1374, and it took a century and more to complete the work he inaugurated. The whole of the fifteenth century is of importance in the history of Italian literature, not so much for what it produced, as for the fact that it prepared the way for the so-called "Golden Age" of the sixteenth century. During these hundred years classical scholarship became more and more widely diffused, being no longer confined to a few cities or princely courts, but spread over all Italy and through all classes of society.

Yet Florence still remained the great center of this influence. Under the powerful family of the Medici the city had risen to great power and prosperity, and amid all the political confusion of the times it continued to be characterized by a keen intellectual and æsthetic life. The immediate successors of Petrarch and Boccaccio in the spread of the new learning, Luigi Marsili and Coluccio Salutati, lived and worked at Florence. Later came Poggio Bracciolini, who equaled Petrarch himself as an eager and successful collector of manuscripts; Marsilio Ficino, who founded under Cosimo de' Medici the famous Platonic academy; Pico

della Mirandola, the youthful prodigy of learning and mystical enthusiast; and Politian, the greatest scholar and most elegant poet of his day. These men studied not only Latin as Petrarch had done, but obtained a good knowledge of Greek. They plunged eagerly into the study of Plato, who for so many centuries had been unknown to western Europe, and who now threatened to take the place of Aristotle in the world of philosophy. They gathered statues, coins, and inscriptions, and studied ruins in order to obtain as clear an idea as possible of the ancient world. It is hard for us to-day to get an idea of the eager enthusiasm and intense delight in study of these men of the Renaissance; they must have felt as Wordsworth did when he cried out:

> "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
> But to be young was very heaven."

The scholars of the time enjoyed an immense popularity. A new caste of society arose, not dependent on birth or wealth, but on learning and intelligence. Princes and cities sought for their services, for which they paid large sums. Everywhere they were received as equal to the noblest in the land. The movement reached its highest point in the first half of the sixteenth century, when the intellectual and artistic life of Italy was of almost incredible greatness. In proof of this statement we need only mention a few names, such as Michel Angelo, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Ariosto, and Macchiavelli; Tasso belongs to the same group, though born out of due season.

Naturally enough the early Humanists wrote for the most part in Latin, which they still looked upon

as the language of their ancestors and thus, in a certain sense, their mother-tongue. Indeed, many at first despised the vernacular as a base corruption. Later, however, a reaction set in; the example of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio induced others to write in Italian, which now became more and more polished and adapted to become the medium of a great literature. This new impulse toward a national literature was first given at Florence, at the court of Lorenzo the Magnificent, who himself, next to Politian, was the greatest poet of his day. We cannot linger, however, over these fifteenth century writers, but must hasten on to the next century and to the consideration of Ariosto, the supreme poet of the Renaissance.

In discussing the romantic poetry of Ariosto, however, we must go back a number of years in order to get the proper perspective. Among the brilliant men of letters of the court of the Medici was a certain Luigi Pulci, of a poor but noble family. It was he who was the first to introduce into elegant literature the old romances of the Carlovingian cycle, which for centuries had been sung and recited by rude, wandering minstrels in the public streets of Italy.

We have seen in Chapter I. how in the thirteenth century the old French *chansons de gestes* had been introduced into North Italy and had there become popular; these had been rewritten and worked over in rude forms for the amusement of the common folk, but up to the time of Pulci had found no place in literature proper. Now it is the glory of Pulci to have brought this popular material into the realm of artistic poetry. This he is said to have done at the request

of Lorenzo's mother, the result being the poem known as Morgante. In this poem Pulci introduces as the chief character Orlando, the Italian form of Roland, the nephew of Charlemagne, and the hero of Roncesvalles, who plays so large a rôle in the French romances. The title is derived from the name of a giant whose life has been saved by Orlando, whom he, in gratitude therefor, follows as a faithful servant; he drops out of the story in the twentieth canto.

Pulci, in his Morgante, follows closely the popular poetry of his predecessors, but differs from them in language, style, and especially in the comic treatment of his theme; in all these respects he is the forerunner of Boiardo and Ariosto. As we have seen, he was a native of Florence, which, up to the end of the fifteenth century, had been the chief center of the literary glory of Italy. The scene now changes to Ferrara, where the house of Este had for generations held a brilliant court. It was here that the three great poets. Boiardo, Ariosto, and Tasso, lived and produced their works.

Boiardo has been so eclipsed by Ariosto that he is not known as well as he ought to be, when we consider his services to Italian literature. To him belongs the credit of having invented the romantic epic, and Ariosto, who followed in the same lines, added but little to the general groundwork of his predecessor.

Matteo Maria Boiardo was born of a noble family at Reggio in 1434, and having early gone to Ferrara, remained there till his death in 1494. A scholar, poet, administrator, and courtier, his position at the court of the duke of Este reminds us involuntarily of

that of Goethe, three hundred years later, at Weimar. His first essays in literature were in Latin, but when he was about forty years old he began his poem of Orlando Innamorato (Roland in Love). He was led naturally thereto. Ferrara had early favored chivalrous poetry, and the library of the duke contained a large number of romances, belonging especially to the Arthurian cycle, which pleased the elegant society of the court more than the Carlovingian stories so popular with the common people. These romances of King Arthur and the Round Table, however, were in French.

Boiardo's great merit consists in the fact that he united in one the various characteristics of both the Carlovingian and the Arthurian romances, and thus combined the popular and the courtly element. He chose the characters of his poem from the former, but changed them to true knights of chivalry, and added all the paraphernalia of the Arthurian tales. Of especial importance was the introduction of romantic love as the motive of all action.

The general theme of Orlando Innamorato is the war between Charlemagne and the Saracens, yet there is no one definite action, as in the case of the regular epic. Rather the poem consists of a series of independent, or at least very loosely connected, episodes, in which the adventures of the various knights errant are recounted with great skill and interest. Chief among these episodes is that of Orlando and his love for Angelica, the daughter of the king of Cathay, who comes to the court of Charlemagne in Paris, and by means of her beauty and coquetry succeeds in drawing away a number of the best Christian warriors.

Other important characters are Astolfo, Rodomonte, Rinaldo, and the latter's sister, Brandiamente, who falls in love with the pagan Roger, who, according to Boiardo, was the founder of the house of Este. Vast as the poem is in its present state, Boiardo left it only half finished when he died in 1494.

At the time of Boiardo's death Ludovico Ariosto was a youth of twenty. Born in Reggio, in 1474, of a family that had long been in the service of the Este family, he too, after an irregular and tardy education came to Ferrara and entered the service of the Cardinal Este. At the death of his father, in 1500, Ariosto found himself at the head of a family of ten, and nobly performed his duty by caring and providing for all his brothers and sisters. His position in the household of the cardinal was not at all to his liking; he was often sent on embassies and business trips, a function which, to a man who loved quiet and leisure as much as Ariosto did, was utterly distasteful. In 1517 he refused to accompany the cardinal to Hungary, on the ground of ill-health, and was thereupon summarily dismissed. He found soon, however, more congenial employment in the household of Duke Alfonso. His life now was more quiet and afforded him more opportunity for study and writing. Yet even here he was not content. His inclinations were all against court life, and he only retained his position on account of his poverty. His character, as depicted in his satires, was very different from that of Petrarch, who was a successful courtier. Ariosto could not bow and smile and make himself agreeable. He was sincere and independent by nature, modest in his desires, kindly and

amiable, loved nature, quiet study, and rural occupations. In 1527 he succeeded in saving enough to buy a small house at Ferrara, with a garden attached. Over the door he placed the inscription which has become famous: "Small, but suited to me; harmful to no one; bought with my own money." Here he spent the remainder of his days, happy and contented, amusing himself with almost childish joy in the cultivation of his garden. He died June 6, 1533.

Ariosto's literary work consists of comedies, which are among the very first of modern literature; satires and the Orlando Furioso (Mad Roland). The satires rank next in literary value to his masterpiece, and are charming examples of the poetic epistle rather than biting satire. They contain many details of the society of the day, and are our best source for the life and character of their author. They are all inspired with kindly humor and full of worldly wisdom and common sense. No one can read these satires without feeling a respect and affection for the poet who wrote them.

Ariosto's most famous work, however, is the Orlando Furioso. When he came to Ferrara everybody was talking about the Orlando Innamorato of Boiardo. Ariosto himself admired it immensely, for it harmonized perfectly with his own genius and literary tastes. Hence when there came to him that mysterious command, "Write," which all men of poetical genius hear some day or other, it was only natural that he should turn to the unfinished poem of his predecessor, with the thought of completing it.

Yet it would be a mistake to think Ariosto was a mere plagiarist or that he lacked originality. No

writer ever lived who has so impressed his own individuality on his works as he. He took the data furnished by his predecessors and joined to them all the culture of the times, ideas, aspirations, conception of life; all these he fused into one vast work which reflects the age of the Renaissance as truly as the Divine Comedy reflects the closing period of the Middle Ages.

It is practically impossible to give a clear yet brief outline of Orlando Furioso. It does not, like the Iliad, Æneid, Paradise Lost, and Jerusalem Delivered, contain one central action, with which all parts are logically connected, but is rather a vast arena on which take place many different and independent actions at the same time. The wars between Charlemagne and the Saracens, which had been begun in Boiardo's poem, are here continued and carried to an end. In similar manner Ariosto takes up the history of the various knights errant introduced by his predecessor, and either continues their adventures or introduces new ones himself. In the first canto the poet shows us the army of Agramante before the walls of Paris, in which Charlemagne and his army are shut up, and in the course of the poem he shows us the city freed, the enemy defeated, and Christianity saved from the dominion of the Saracen. Yet this is not the real center of action; often it is entirely lost sight of in the confusing crowd of individual adventures. It only serves as a factitious means of joining from time to time the scattered threads of the various episodes. When the poet does not know what to do with any particular character, he despatches him forthwith to Paris, there to await the final dénouement.

The individual heroes are free, not bound by any ties of discipline to Charlemagne; they leave at any moment, in obedience to individual caprice, and wander forth in search of love and honor. It is in these various episodes or adventures that the true interest of the poem resides. At first sight there seems to be an inextricable confusion in the way they are told; but after careful study we find that the poet always controls them with a firm hand. A constant change goes on before our eyes. When one story has been told for some time, the poet, fearing to weary the reader, breaks it off, always at an interesting point, to begin another, which, in its turn, yields to another, and this to still another; from time to time these stories are taken up again, continued, and finished. All these transitions are marvels of skill and ingenuity.

Among the crowd of minor episodes three stand out with especial distinctness, the story of Cloridan and Medoro, Angelica's love for the latter and the consequent madness of Orlando; and the death of Zerbino.

Cloridan and Medoro are two brave young pagans, whose lord and master, Dardinello, has been slain in battle with Charlemagne's army outside the walls of Paris. Now the two youths, as they stand on guard at night, lament that their master's body lies unburied and dishonored on the field of battle, and resolve to go and find it and bring it back to camp.

These two were posted on a rampart's height,
With more to guard the encampment from surprise,
When 'mid the equal intervals, at night,
Medoro gazed on heaven with sleepy eyes.

In all his talk, the stripling, woful wight,
Here cannot choose, but of his lord devise,
The royal Dardinel; and evermore
Him, left unhonored on the field, deplore.

Then, turning to his mate, cries: "Cloridane,
I cannot tell thee what a cause of woe
It is to me, my lord upon the plain
Should lie, unworthy food for wolf or crow!
Thinking how still to me he was humane,
Meseems, if in his honor I forego
This life of mine, for favors so immense
I shall but make a feeble recompense.

"That he may lack not sepulture, will I
Go forth, and seek him out among the slain;
And haply God may will that none shall spy
Where Charles's camp lies hushed. Do thou remain;
That, if my death be written in the sky,
Thou may'st the deed be able to explain.
So that if Fortune foil so fair a feat,
The world, through Fame, my loving heart may weet."

Seeing that nought would bend him, nought would move,
"I too will go," was Cloridan's reply,
"In such a glorious act myself will prove;
As well such famous death I covet, I:
What other thing is left me, here above,
Deprived of thee, Medoro mine? To die
With thee in arms is better, on the plain,
Than afterwards of grief, should'st thou be slain."

So they go forth on their generous enterprise, and after slaying many distinguished warriors among the Christians, as they lay asleep, they approach the tent of Charlemagne, near which they find the body of their master:

The horrid mixture of the bodies there
Which heaped the plain where roved these comrades sworn,

Might well have rendered vain their faithful care
Amid the mighty piles, till break of morn,
Had not the moon, at young Medoro's prayer,
Out of a gloomy cloud put forth her horn.
Medoro to the heavens upturns his eyes
Towards the moon, and thus devoutly cries:

"O holy goddess! whom our fathers well
Have styled as of a triple form, and who
Thy sovereign beauty dost in heaven, and hell,
And earth, in many forms reveal; and through
The greenwood holt, of beast and monster fell,
—A huntress bold—the flying steps pursue,
Show where my king, amid so many lies,
Who did, alive, thy holy studies prize."

At the youth's prayer from parted cloud outshone
(Were it the work of faith or accident)
The moon, as fair, as when Endymion
She circled in her naked arms: with tent,
Christian or Saracen, was Paris-town
Seen in that gleam, and hill and plain's extent.
With these Mount Martyr and Mount Lery's height,
This on the left, and that upon the right.

The silvery splendor glistened yet more clear,
There where renowned Almontes's son lay dead.
Faithful Medoro mourned his master dear,
Who well agnized the quartering white and red,
With visage bathed in many a bitter tear
(For he a rill from either eyelid shed),
And piteous act and moan, that might have whist
The winds, his melancholy plaint to list;

Hurrying their steps, they hastened, as they might,
Under the cherished burden they conveyed;
And now approaching was the lord of light,
To sweep from heaven the stars, from earth the shade,
When good Zerbino, he, whose valiant sprite
Was ne'er in time of need by sleep down-weighed,

From chasing Moors all night, his homeward way
Was taking to the camp at dawn of day.

He has with him some horsemen in his train,
That from afar the two companions spy.
Expecting thus some spoil or prize to gain,
They, every one, towards that quarter hie.
"Brother, behoves us," cries young Cloridane,
"To cast away the load we bear, and fly:
For 'twere a foolish thought (might well be said)
To lose *two* living men, to save *one* dead;"

And dropt the burden, weening his Medore
Had done the same by it, upon his side:
But that poor boy, who loved his master more,
His shoulders to the weight, alone, applied;
Cloridan hurrying with all haste before,
Deeming him close behind him or beside;
Who, did he know his danger, him to save
A thousand deaths, instead of one, would brave.

So far was Cloridan advanced before,
He heard the boy no longer in the wind;
But when he marked the absence of Medore,
It seemed as if his heart was left behind.
"Ah! how was I so negligent (the Moor
Exclaimed), so far beside myself, and blind,
That I, Medoro, should without thee fare,
Nor know when I deserted thee or where?"

So saying, in the wood he disappears,
Plunging into the maze with hurried pace;
And thither, whence he lately issued, steers,
And, desperate, of death returns in trace.
Cries and the tread of steeds this while he hears,
And word and threat of foemen, as in chase;
Lastly Medoro by his voice is known,
Disarmed, on foot, 'mid many horse, alone.

A hundred horsemen who the youth surround,
Zerbino leads, and bids his followers seize

The stripling; like a top, the boy turns round
And keeps him as he can: among the trees,
Behind oak, elm, beech, ash, he takes his ground,
Nor from the cherished load his shoulders frees.
Wearied, at length, the burden he bestowed
Upon the grass, and stalked about his load.

Cloridan, who to aid him knows not how,
And with Medoro willingly would die,
But who would not for death this being forego,
Until more foes than one should lifeless lie,
Ambushed, his sharpest arrow to his bow
Fits, and directs it with so true an eye,
The feathered weapon bores a Scotchman's brain,
And lays the warrior dead upon the plain.

Enraged at this, Zerbino leaps forward to wreak revenge on Medoro, but he, begging to be allowed to bury his master so touches Zerbino with his youthful beauty that he is inclined to spare him, and one of his own followers smiting Medoro, who stands in suppliant attitude, Zerbino, in a rage, pursues him and followed by his companions, disappears, leaving Cloridan dead and Medoro gravely wounded.

In the meantime—

By chance arrived a damsel at the place,
Who was (though mean and rustic was her wear)
Of royal presence and of beauteous face,
And lofty manners, sagely debonair:
Her have I left unsung so long a space,
That you will hardly recognize the fair.
Angelica, in her (if known not) scan,
The lofty daughter of Cathay's great khan.

This is Angelica, who having despised the love of Orlando, now finally meets her fate in the person of Medoro:

When fair Angelica the stripling spies,
Nigh hurt to death in that disastrous fray,
Who for his king, that there unsheltered lies,
More sad than for his own misfortune lay,
She feels new pity in her bosom rise,
Which makes its entry in unwonted way.
Touched was her haughty heart, once hard and curst,
And more when he his piteous tale rehearsed.

And calling back to memory her art,
For she in Ind had learned chirurgery,
(Since it appears such studies in that part
Worthy of praise and fame are held to be,
And, as an heirloom, sires to sons impart,
With little aid of books, the mystery)
Disposed herself to work with simples' juice,
Till she in him should healthier life produce.

She succeeds in curing him, and falling desperately in love, marries him and departs for Cathay, of which she designs making her husband king.

After some time Orlando comes that way and finds engraved on trees in love-knots and intertwined names, the evidence of the love of Angelica and Medoro:

Turning him round, he there, on many a tree,
Beheld engraved, upon the woody shore,
What as the writing of his deity
He knew, as soon as he had marked the lore.
This was a place of those described by me,
Whither ofttimes, attended by Medore,
From the near shepherd's cot had wont to stray
The beauteous lady, sovereign of Cathay.

In a hundred knots, amid those green abodes,
In a hundred parts, their cyphered names are dight;
Whose many letters are so many goads,
Which Love has in his bleeding heart-core pight.
He would discredit in a thousand modes,

That which he credits in his own despite;
And would parforce persuade himself, *that* rhind
Other Angelica than his had signed.

He tries to convince himself that there is no truth in all this, but in vain, for meeting the shepherd at whose house Angelica had brought Medoro, he learns in detail the whole story. Upon hearing this he rushes forth from the cottage and hastens to the forest, where he can give full vent to the sorrow that fills his heart, and where he gradually loses all control of himself, and finally becomes raging mad:

All night about the forest roved the count,
And, at the break of daily light, was brought
By his unhappy fortune to the fount,
Where his inscription young Medoro wrought.
To see his wrongs inscribed upon that mount,
Inflamed his fury so, in him was nought
But turned to hatred, frenzy, rage, and spite;
Nor paused he more, but bared his falchion bright.

Cleft through the writing; and the solid block,
Into the sky, in tiny fragments sped.
Wo worth each sapling and that caverned rock,
Where Medore and Angelica were read!
So scathed, that they to shepherd or to flock
Thenceforth shall never furnish shade or bed.
And that sweet fountain, late so clear and pure,
From such tempestuous wrath was ill secure.

For he turf, stone, and trunk, and shoot, and lop
Cast without cease into the beauteous source;
Till, turbid from the bottom to the top,
Never again was clear the troubled course.
At length, for lack of breath, compelled to stop,
(When he is bathed in sweat, and wasted force,
Serves not his fury more) he falls, and lies
Upon the mead, and, gazing upward, sighs.

Wearied and woe-begone, he fell to ground,
And turned his eyes toward heaven; nor spake he aught,
Nor ate, nor slept, till in his daily round
The golden sun had broken thrice, and sought
His rest anew; nor ever ceased his wound
To rankle, till it marred his sober thought.
At length, impelled by frenzy, the fourth day,
He from his limbs tore plate and mail away.

Thus begins the madness of Orlando, who, after performing prodigious deeds of strength on men, cattle, and trees, is seized with restlessness, and wanders far and wide:

Now right, now left, he wandered, far and wide,
Throughout all France, and reached a bridge one day;
Beneath which ran an ample water's tide,
Of steep and broken banks: a turret gray
Was builded by the spacious river's side,
Discerned, from far and near, and every way.
What here he did I shall relate elsewhere,
Who first must make the Scottish prince my care.

The Scottish prince, to whom the poet refers in these last lines, is the same Zerbino whom we have left pursuing the wretch who wounded the young Medoro. Zerbino is young, handsome, and brave, and has married Isabella, daughter of the king of Gallicia, whom he loves and by whom he is loved with tender conjugal affection. Now his time has come to die. He, with Isabella, arrives on the scene of Orlando's madness and finds the scattered arms of Orlando, which he gathers together and hangs on a tree, with an inscription telling whose they are, and forbidding all to touch them. Just then up comes Mandricardo, emperor of Tartary, accompanied by

Doralice, his lady-love, and attempts to take Orlando's sword Durindane. The two warriors fight, and Zerbino being fatally wounded, Doralice, at the prayer of Isabella, prevails on Mandricardo to end the battle: yet it is too late to save the life of Zerbino.

Neither the wars of Charlemagne nor the madness of Orlando gives a real unity to the poem; the nearest thing to such a unity is to be found in the story of Roger and Brandiamante, the former a pagan, the latter a Christian, daughter of Aymon and sister to Rinaldo. They love each other, seek each other, and after countless adventures by land and sea, are united in marriage, thus founding the house of Este. It is with Roger's conversion to Christianity and his marriage that the poem ends. All the different heroes are gathered together before the walls of Paris, Orlando's madness has been cured by Astolfo, who has made his famous visit to the moon, where, in the paradise of fools, he recovers the lost brain of his friend; Rinaldo, on his wedding day, slays Rodamonte, the truculent and hitherto unconquerable enemy of the Christians, and with his fall the war and the poem are ended.

Hard as it is to give a clear conception of the complicated adventures told in the Orlando Furioso, it is perhaps still harder to give an idea of its charm to these who have not read it. We are introduced at once into a world of fancy, a sort of fairy-book for grown-up people. The poem is not deeply impressive like the Divine Comedy, it has no elements of tragedy. Ariosto did not aim at moral effect, but merely sought to amuse his readers. Dante represents the deep,

mystical religious feeling of his times; Ariosto represents the worldliness of the neo-paganism of the Renaissance. The asceticism of the Middle Ages now gives way to intense delight in the life that now is. The artist and poet sought to represent the pomp and circumstance of life, man in his physical and intellectual power, woman in her beauty, nature in all its picturesque variety, art in its magnificence. This was the ideal followed by Ariosto; this was the ideal of the Italian Renaissance.

The great charm of Ariosto is his style. Here form reaches its highest expression. He worked over and polished his verses unceasingly, yet so natural are they that they seem to have been written spontaneously. The Orlando is full of beautiful descriptions, of pathetic scenes, alternating skilfully with humorous ones. Ariosto's humor, however, is not coarse or grotesque, but refined and elegant. He does not caricature the stories of chivalry, as Cervantes does in Don Quixote; but living in a skeptical age he cannot take seriously the creatures of his own fancy, and accompanies the prodigious deeds of his heroes with a smile of good-natured irony.

We have already said that Ariosto was a man of good sense. From the quiet of his own home he looked out upon the ruffled sea of life and mused on what he saw. His reflections are contained in his satires; but they likewise add a peculiar and original charm to the Orlando Furioso. Among the parts most popular with the serious reader are the short introductions to the various cantos, each containing some wise reflection, some rule of life, or some kindly

satire; this charm is well known to the genuine lover of Thackeray.

SUMMARY AND QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

Progress of the revival of learning—Florence the center of the movement—Poggio Bracciolini; Pico della Mirandola; Politian; their services to scholarship—The chivalrous romance in Italy—Boiardo's influence—Ariosto (1474-1533); Comedies and Satires—His Orlando Furioso reflects the age.

1. Trace the development of the Renaissance from Petrarch to Politian.
2. Name some of the more important writers of this period.
3. Who was Lorenzo the Magnificent?
4. Who was the first to introduce chivalrous romances into Italian literature?
5. Who was Boiardo? What were his services to Italian literature?
6. Give a sketch of Ariosto's life.
7. Describe his character.
8. Give a list of his works.
9. What is the general theme of Orlando Furioso?
10. Did Ariosto invent the plot of his poem?
11. Tell the story of Cloridano and Medoro.
12. How does Orlando become insane?
13. Describe the death of Zerbino.
14. How does the poem end?
15. Was Ariosto a great poet?

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The best English book on the Renaissance is that by J. A. Symonds. For the romatic poets, Leigh Hunt's book, "Stories from the Italian Poets," should be read. The first canto of Pulci's Morgante Maggiore was translated by Byron and may be found in his works. A complete translation of Orlando Furioso, translated by Rose, is published in the Bohn Library.

CHAPTER VII

TASSO

From the beginning of Italian literature to the death of Ariosto nearly three hundred years had elapsed. In that period four of its greatest writers had appeared. Yet no literature can attain the highest rank in which the drama and epic are not represented. Italy hitherto lacked these two important branches. The Divine Comedy of Dante is, strictly speaking, not an epic, but forms a class by itself, being an imaginative journey to the supernatural world, with a record of things seen and heard therein; Ariosto's Orlando Furioso was a revival of the old chivalrous romances in a new and elegant form, adapted to the conditions and taste of his times; a huge fresco, rather than an epic. As we shall see in the next chapter, comedy and tragedy had to wait nearly two hundred years after the death of Ariosto before finding worthy representatives in Alfieri and Goldoni. The regular epic, however, was given to Italy by Tasso at the end of the sixteenth century.

The story of Tasso's life is of great though painful interest. It is a tragedy of suffering like that of Dante; yet how vast the difference between the two. Dante bore his sufferings with unparalleled nobility of character, exciting our admiration. Tasso, weak and vacillating by nature, lives wretched and miserable,

not from the decrees of fortune, but owing to his unfitness to bear the trials of ordinary life.

He was born March 11, 1544, at Sorrento, near Naples, the son of Bernardo Tasso, a man of affairs, a courtier and a poet, who, although of noble family, was forced by straitened circumstances to pass his life in the service of others. Tasso's education was varied enough; a few years at a Jesuit school in Naples, an experience which left a lasting impression on his sensitive and melancholy temperament; then under private teachers at Rome; and finally, several years of study of law at the universities of Padua and Bologna. He was compelled to leave the latter as a result of certain satires against the university authorities, which he was accused of having written.

The important period of his life begins in 1565, when he went to Ferrara, then, as in the days of Boiardo and Ariosto, the center of a rich and brilliant court. His life here for the next seven or eight years was a prosperous one. Fortune seemed to have showered her fairest gifts on this young, handsome, and gentle-mannered poet. He was treated on terms of intimacy by the duke and his sisters, Lucretia and Leonora. He was accustomed to take his meals with the two ladies, and to them he read the poetry which he wrote from time to time. It was undoubtedly due to their influence that he composed his famous pastoral poem, Aminta (1572-73), full of exquisite pictures of rural life and bathed in an atmosphere of tender and refined love. This poem had an unprecedented success and made its author famous throughout all Europe.

Not long after this, however, the first germs of the terrible mental disease which wrecked his life began to show themselves. For many years Tasso was made the hero of a romance, in which he was depicted as a martyr to social caste — the victim of his own love for a woman beyond his sphere. According to this romance Tasso fell in love with the sister of the duke of Ferrara, and for this crime was shut up in prison and falsely treated as insane. The results of modern scholarship, however, have dissipated the sentimental halo from the brow of the unfortunate poet, and reduced his case to one of pathological diagnosis. Leonora was some ten years older than Tasso, and the affection which at first undoubtedly existed between them was that of an elder sister and a younger brother. The duke was not cruel to Tasso, but on the contrary treated him at first kindly, and only when he was at last worn out by the vagaries of the poet, did he drop him and bother himself no more about him.

The secret of Tasso's sufferings and vicissitudes of fortune lay in himself; he was, during the latter part of his life, simply insane. All his actions during this period illustrate perfectly the various phases of the persecution mania, which in his case was aggravated by religious hallucination. To this terrible mental disease he was predisposed from early life; his Jesuit education, the mysterious death of his mother (suspected of having been poisoned), overwork and worriment, and especially his morbidly sensitive and melancholy temperament, all helped to prepare the way for the catastrophe that was to darken his life.

The first open manifestations of insanity occurred

in 1577 (probably as the result of a fever), about the time he had finished the first draft of the Jerusalem Delivered. Very foolishly for a man as sensitive as he was, he turned over the manuscript of his poem to a number of friends for suggestions. The heartless criticisms he thus received filled him with bitterness and fostered the rising irritability of his nascent disease. He was especially hurt by the brutal and stupid criticism of the Inquisitor Antoniano, who advised him to cut out all the romantic episodes, which form the real beauty of the poem. This put into his mind the thought that the Inquisition might refuse him permission to print his poem, and made him fear that he might be a heretic. The lessons of his early teachers, the Jesuits, now began to bear fruit. In 1577, tormented by religious doubts, he went to the inquisitor of Bologna and laid his case before him. Although the latter absolved him from his self-charge of heresy, Tasso was not satisfied. Henceforth religious fear was added to the fear of assassination—a double torment to his soul.

Under these circumstances he became more and more moody and irritable; he was suspicious of all about him and subject to frequent outbursts of violence. On the evening of June 17, 1577, he was discoursing of his troubles to the Princess Lucretia, when he suspected a passing servant of spying him, and flung a knife at him. In order to prevent further acts of violence he was shut up, at first in his room, and later in the monastery of St. Francis, under the care of a physician. On July 27 he broke the door and escaped. Horsemen were sent after him, but being

disguised as a peasant, he escaped, and after many adventures, often begging his way as a common beggar, he reached Sorrento, where, in the quiet seclusion of his sister's house, surrounded by all the tokens of her love and sympathy, he enjoyed a short period of rest and peace.

He soon became restless, however, and yearned for the brilliant life of the court, which presented itself to his fancy, enhanced by the charms of distance and of those things we have had and lost. He was like a butterfly, always attracted toward the light that was to destroy him. He returned to Ferrara, and again ran away, wandering from city to city, yet finding nowhere a warm welcome. "The world's rejected guest," Shelley called him, who knew himself only too well the meaning of these words.

In February, 1579, Tasso once more returned to Ferrara, this time without previous warning, and asked to be received by the duke. It was a singularly unpropitious moment; the duke was then in the midst of preparations for his marriage with Margaret Gonzaga, his third wife, and naturally enough the obscure, half-insane poet was neglected. This neglect completely turned his mind, and losing all self-control he broke out into violent invectives in the presence of the court. He was immediately taken out, shut up in the insane asylum of S. Anna, and in accordance with the barbarous customs of the age in the treatment of the insane, put in chains. Here he remained in utter misery, a prey to the double nightmare of his sick brain, fear of death by the assassin's knife, and of everlasting damnation as a heretic. The letters

which he wrote by scores during this period are of heartbreaking pathos.

He remained in S. Anna nearly eight years, being released in 1586 at the solicitation of Prince Vincenzo Gonzaga, brother-in-law of the duke of Ferrara. From now on to the end, the story of Tasso's life becomes a mere repetition of melancholy incidents. Once more he went from city to city, visiting in turn Milan, Florence, Naples, and Rome, and moving restlessly hither and thither

> "Like spirits of the wandering wind,
> Who seek for rest, yet rest can never find."

Finally fortune seemed about to smile upon him; a faint ray of sunshine broke through the thick clouds that for so long had hung over his life. In November, 1594, he was invited to Rome, there to be crowned poet, as Petrarch had been. The pope assigned him a pension, and it seemed as if at last some measure of happiness might again be his. It was only a brief gleam of sunshine, however; the clouds soon closed again, and the sun of Tasso's life hastened to its setting shrouded in gloom. The coronation was put off on account of the ill health of Cardinal Cinzio and the inclemency of the season. In March, 1595, he himself fell sick, and in April was taken to the monastery of S. Onofrio on the Janiculum hill. To the monks who came to meet him he uttered the pathetic words: "My fathers, I have come to die among you." The pope sent his own physician to attend him, but in vain. The world-weary poet passed away April 25, 1595. His body lies buried in the adjacent church. The visitor to-day can still see his room, furnished as in

his lifetime, and on the wall a copy of his last letter, in which he announces his speedy death.

Tasso's works are comparatively voluminous, and consist of lyrical poems, the pastoral poem, Aminta, a tragedy, Torrismondo, dialogues, letters, and the Jerusalem Delivered. In this brief sketch we can only discuss the latter, by which alone he is known the world over

Already when only sixteen years old, he had felt the ambition to write a poem which should combine the merits of the regular epic (such as the Iliad and Æneid), and the romantic interest of the poems of Boiardo and Ariosto. His Rinaldo, written when he was only nineteen years old, was remarkable both on account of the youth of its author and as a promise of what was to follow. For a number of years after this, however, he devoted himself almost exclusively to the task of preparing himself, by reading, study, and thought, to write the great poem which he had in mind.

His choice of a subject was a happy one. The fear of the Turk at that time was widespread; the wars between Christian and Saracen, which filled the old romances, were now occurring again on the eastern borders of Europe. The Turks had conquered Hungary, and their piratic ships had ravaged the coast of Italy, often destroying entire populations; a short time before Sorrento, Tasso's birthplace, had been attacked, and his sister escaped only by a miracle. Tasso himself must have heard many a story of the crusades, when a child at Sorrento, where Pope Urban, who had published the first crusade, was buried. His

choice of the deliverance of Jerusalem from the unbeliever then was a natural one.

Contrary to the Orlando Furioso, the story of Jerusalem Delivered, is a simple one. Yet the main plot, *i. e.*, the military operations of Godfrey, the various battles, and the final capture of Jerusalem, are not so effective or interesting as the various romantic episodes introduced from time to time; the reader to-day is disposed to hurry over the early cantos and to linger over the beautiful pages which tell the loves of Tancred and Clorinda, Olindo and Sophronia, Rinaldo, Armida, and Erminia.

The poem begins with the usual invocation:

I sing the pious arms and Chief, who freed
The Sepulcher of Christ from thrall profane:
Much did he toil in thought, and much in deed;
Much in the glorious enterprise sustain;
And hell in vain opposed him; and in vain
Afric and Asia to the rescue poured
Their mingled tribes;—Heaven recompensed his pain,
And from all fruitless sallies of the sword,
True to the Red-Cross flag his wandering friends restored.

O, thou, the Muse, that not with fading palms
Circlest thy brows on Pindus, but among
The Angels warbling their celestial psalms,
Hast for thy coronal a golden throng
Of everlasting stars! make thou my song
Lucid and pure; breathe thou the flame divine
Into my bosom; and forgive the wrong,
If with grave truth light fiction I combine,
And sometimes grace my page with other flowers than thine.

The poet then plunges into the midst of the action. We learn how the Christian army has been in Holy Land for six years and had made many conquests:

Six summers now were past, since in the East
Their high Crusade the Christians had begun;
And Nice by storm, and Antioch had they seized
By secret guile, and gallantly when won,
Held in defiance of the myriads dun,
Prest to its conquest by the Persian king;
Tortosa sacked, when now the sullen sun
Entered Aquarius, to breme winter's wing
The quartered hosts give place, and wait the coming spring.

In the spring of the seventh year the archangel Gabriel appears to Godfrey of Bouillon and orders him to assemble the chiefs of the army and prepare for a new and vigorous prosecution of the war. Godfrey obeys and is himself elected commander-in-chief. Then, after a review of the troops, which furnishes the poet an opportunity of giving a catalogue of the various Christian forces (after the manner of Homer), the whole army starts for Jerusalem.

The scene then changes to the Holy City itself, where King Aladine and his followers are seized with consternation at the news of the advance of the Christians. We now see the first of the famous episodes of the Jerusalem Delivered. The Magician Ismeno urges the king to seize a certain image of the Virgin Mary and shut it up in the royal mosque (thus converting it into a palladium for Jerusalem). The king does so; but immediately the image disappears from the mosque. Aladine is wild with rage and being unable to discover the perpetrator of the outrage, resolves to destroy all the Christians in the city. Now there was in the city a beautiful Christian girl:

Of generous thoughts and principles sublime,
Amongst them in the city lived a maid,

The flower of virgins, in her ripest prime,
Supremely beautiful! but that she made
Never her care, or beauty only weighed
In worth with virtue; and her worth acquired
A deeper charm from blooming in the shade;
Lovers she shunned, nor loved to be admired,
But from their praises turned, and lived a life retired.

Although she was unconscious of love herself, there was a noble Christian youth, Olindo, who had long loved her in secret. Sophronia resolves to save her people. She makes her way to the king's palace, and declares that she alone is guilty of having stolen the sacred image from the mosque.

Thus she prepares a public death to meet,
A people's ransom at a tyrant's shrine:
Oh glorious falsehood! beautiful deceit!
Can Truth's own light thy loveliness outshine?
To her bold speech misdoubting Aladine
With unaccustomed temper calm replied:
"If so it were, who planned the rash design,
Advised thee to it, or became thy guide?
Say, with thyself who else his ill-timed zeal allied?"

"Of this my glory not the slightest part
Would I," said she, "with one confederate share;
I needed no adviser; my full heart
Alone sufficed to counsel, guide, and dare."
"If so," he cried, "then none but thou must bear
The weight of my resentment, and atone
For the misdeed." "Since it has been my care,"
She said, "the glory to enjoy alone,
'T is just none share the pain; it should be all mine own."

To this the tyrant, now incensed, returned,
"Where rests the Image?" and his face became
Dark with resentment: she replied, "I burned
The holy image in the holy flame,

And deemed it glory; thus at least no shame
Can e'er again profane it—it is free
From further violation; dost thou claim
The spoil or spoiler? this behold in me;
But that, whilst time rolls round, thou never more shalt see.

. . . . . .

Doomed in tormenting fire to die, they lay
Hands on the maid; her arms with rough cords twining,
Rudely her mantle chaste they tear away,
And the white veil that o'er her drooped declining:
This she endured in silence unrepining,
Yet her firm breast some virgin tremors shook;
And her warm cheek, Aurora's late outshining,
Waned into whiteness, and a color took,
Like that of the pale rose, or lily of the brook.

At this moment Olindo approaches the spot, and discovering that the victim is Sophronia, bursts through the crowd, exclaiming that he himself is the author of the crime. Sophronia appeals to him not to sacrifice himself for her, but he remains firm until the king, angered at their apparent scorn of his power, condemns them both to be burned. Thus both are about to die, when a knight appears:

In midst of their distress, a knight behold,
(So would it seem) of princely port! whose vest,
And arms of curious fashion, grained with gold,
Bespeak some foreign and distinguished guest;
The silver tigress on the helm impressed,
Which for a badge is borne, attracts all eyes,—
A noted cognizance, the accustomed crest
Used by Clorinda, whence conjectures rise,
Herself the stranger is—nor false is their surmise.

All feminine attractions, aims, and parts,
She from her childhood cared not to assume;
Her haughty hand disdained all servile arts,
The needle, distaff, and Arachne's loom;

Yet, though she left the gay and gilded room
For the free camp, kept spotless as the light
Her virgin fame, and proud of glory's plume,
With pride her aspect armed; she took delight
Stern to appear, and stern, she charmed the gazer's sight.

This is the first appearance of Clorinda, who is destined to play so large a part in the poem, and who shows the nobility of her character by interceding for the lovers with the king. The king, delighted at having so powerful an auxiliary in his hour of danger and need, willingly grants Clorinda's request, and the lovers are saved.

In the meantime the Christian army approach Jerusalem, which they reach at early dawn, and which they greet with deep emotion:

The odorous air, morn's messenger, now spread
Its wings to herald, in serenest skies,
Aurora issuing forth, her radiant head
Adorned with roses plucked in Paradise;
When in full panoply the hosts arise,
And loud and spreading murmurs upward fly,
Ere yet the trumpet sings; its melodies
They miss not long, the trumpet's tuneful cry
Gives the command to march, shrill sounding to the sky.

. . . . . .

Winged is each heart, and winged every heel;
They fly, yet notice not how fast they fly;
But by the time the dewless meads reveal
The fervent sun's ascension in the sky,
Lo, towered Jerusalem salutes the eye!
A thousand pointing fingers tell the tale;
"Jerusalem!" a thousand voices cry,
"All hail, Jerusalem!" hill, down, and dale
Catch the glad sounds, and shout, "Jerusalem, all hail!"

Erminia, daughter of the deceased king of Antioch, points out to King Aladine from a high tower the famous warriors among the Christians, and especially praises Tancred, who had conquered her father and taken her prisoner, and who, by his courtesy and gentle treatment, had won her love. A sortie is made from the city, and Tancred, finding himself engaged in battle with Clorinda, whom he esteems a man, breaks her helmet, and discovering her to be the maiden whom he loves, refuses to fight further with her.

Meanwhile Clorinda rushes to assail
The Prince, and level lays her spear renowned;
Both lances strike, and on the barred ventayle
In shivers fly, and she remains discrowned:
For, burst its silver rivets, to the ground
Her helmet leaped (incomparable blow!)
And by the rudeness of the shock unbound,
Her sex to all the field emblazoning so,
Loose to the charmed winds her golden tresses flow.

Thus begins the most famous episode of the Jerusalem Delivered. For the next half of the poem Tancred and Clorinda are the real hero and heroine.

In the meantime Satan has called together his followers for consultation. Among the many plans for holding the Christian army in check is the sending of the beautiful enchantress Armida to the camp of Godfrey, where she succeeds by her wiles in drawing away from the army a number of the bravest warriors. The king of Egypt, with an immense army, announces his intention to help Jerusalem and from this time on, this menace hovers like a black cloud over the horizon of the poem, ever approaching nearer and nearer, till in

the last canto the storm is averted by the bravery of the Christian warriors and the aid of heaven.

Argantes, one of the pagan warriors of Jerusalem, sends a herald to Godfrey's camp, challenging any of his warriors to single combat. Tancred is appointed by Godfrey to accept the challenge, and the two doughty champions fight all day long with no result. When night comes on both retire, bearing away serious wounds. Erminia, who has been in a terrible state of anxiety during the combat, cannot rest content when night comes on, without learning the condition of Tancred's wounds. She puts on Clorinda's suit of armor, leaves the city, and makes her way to the Christian camp, first sending a messenger to Tancred, announcing that a lady desires to see him. The scene which follows is very picturesque, describing as it does the silence of the night and the distant view of the tents.

On high were the clear stars; the gentle Hours
Walked cloudless through the galaxy of space,
And the calm moon rose, lighting up the flowers
With frost of living pearl: like her in grace,
Th' enamored maid from her illumined face
Reflected light where'er she chanced to rove;
And made the silent Spirit of the place,
The hills, the melancholy moon above,
And the dumb valleys round, familiars of her love.

Seeing the Camp, she whispered: "O ye fair
Italian tents! how amiable ye show!
The breathing winds that such refreshment bear,
Ravish my soul, for 't is from you they blow
So may relenting Heaven on me bestow,—
On me, by froward Fate so long distressed,—
A chaste repose from weariness and woe,

As in your compass only lies my quest;
As 't is your arms alone can give my spirit rest."

. . . . . .

Ah, little does she think, while thus she dreams,
What is prepared for her by Fortune's spite!
She is so placed, that the moon's placid beams
In line direct upon her armor light;
So far remote into the shades of night
The silver splendor is conveyed, and she
Surrounded is with brilliancy so bright,
That whosoe'er might chance her crest to see,
Would of a truth conclude it must Clorinda be.

Two sentinels see her, and believing her to be Clorinda, pursue her. She flies and is carried by her horse many miles away, finally reaching a shepherd's cottage on the banks of the Jordan, where for some time she takes up her abode far from war's alarms and the "pangs of despised love." The description of Erminia's life here is much admired for its delineations of the charm of rural life.

She slept, till in her dreaming ear, the bowers
Whispered, the gay birds warbled of the dawn;
The river roared; the winds to the young flowers
Made love; the blithe bee wound its dulcet horn:
Roused by the mirth and melodies of morn,
Her languid eyes she opens, and perceives
The huts of shepherds on the lonely lawn;
Whilst seeming voices, 'twixt the waves and leaves
Call back her scattered thoughts,—again she sighs and grieves.

Her plaints were silenced by soft music, sent
As from a rural pipe, such sounds as cheer
The Syrian shepherd in his summer tent,
And mixed with pastoral accents, rude but clear
She rose and gently, guided by her ear,
Came where an old man on a rising ground

In the fresh shade, his white flocks feeding near,
Twig-baskets wove, and listened to the sound
Trilled by three blooming boys, who sate disporting round.

The shepherd, pitying Erminia's distress, takes her to his wife, and she thus becomes a member of the humble but happy household.

In the meantime many events are taking place between the Christians and pagans, sorties, single combats, and attacks on the walls of the city. Godfrey has caused powerful engines of war to be built, especially a mighty movable tower, so high that it overtops the walls of the city. Clorinda, eager for glory, undertakes one night to destroy the tower, in spite of the warning of her old servant Arsetes, who tells her the story of her birth, and reveals the fact that she is of Christian parentage. She issues forth, succeeds in setting fire to the tower, but not being able to reënter the city, flies, followed by Tancred, who not recognizing her, fights with her and to his own eternal sorrow, slays her. This passage is regarded as the most beautiful of the whole poem:

As the deep Euxine, though the wind no more
Blows, that late tossed its billows to the stars,
Stills not at once its rolling and its roar,
But with its coasts long time conflicting jars;
Thus, though their quickly-ebbing blood debars
Force from their blades as vigor from their arms,
Still lasts the frenzy of the flame which Mars
Blew in their breasts; sustained by whose strong charms,
Yet heap they strokes on strokes, yet harms inflict on harms.

But now, alas! the fatal hour arrives
That must shut up Clorinda's life in shade;
In her fair bosom deep his sword he drives;
'T is done—life's purple fountain bathes the blade!

The golden flowered cymar of light brocade,
That swathed so tenderly her breasts of snow,
Is steeped in the warm stream: the hapless maid
Feels her end nigh; her knees their strength forego;
And her enfeebled frame droops languishing and low.

He, following up the thrust with taunting cries,
Lays the pierced Virgin at his careless feet;
She as she falls, in mournful tones outsighs,
Her last faint words, pathetically sweet;
Which a new spirit prompts, a spirit replete
With charity, and faith, and hope serene,
Sent dove-like down from God's pure mercy-seat;
Who, though through life his rebel she had been,
Would have her die a fond, repentant Magdalene.

"Friend, thou hast won; I pardon thee, and oh
Forgive thou me! I fear not for this clay,
But my dark soul—pray for it, and bestow
The sacred right that laves all stains away:"
Like dying hymns heard far at close of day,
Sounding I know not what in the soothed ear
Of sweetest sadness, the faint words make way
To his fierce heart, and, touched with grief sincere,
Streams from his pitying eye the involuntary tear.

Not distant, gushing from the rocks, a rill
Clashed on his ear; to this with eager pace
He speeds—his hollow casque the waters fill—
And back he hurries to the deed of grace;
His hands as aspens tremble, whilst they raise
The locked aventayle of the unknown knight;—
God, for thy mercy! 't is her angel face!
Aghast and thunderstruck, he loathes the light;
Ah, knowledge best unknown! ah, too distracting sight!

Yet still he lived; and mustering all his powers
To the sad task, restrained each wild lament,
Fain to redeem by those baptismal showers
The life his sword bereft; whilst thus intent

The hallowing words he spoke, with ravishment
Her face transfigured shone, and half apart
Her bland lips shed a lively smile that sent
This silent speech in sunshine to his heart:
"Heaven gleams; in blissful peace behold thy friend depart!"

A paleness beauteous as the lily's mixt
With the sweet violet's, like a gust of wind
Flits o'er her face; her eyes on Heaven are fixt,
And heaven on her returns its looks as kind:
Speak she can not; but her cold hand, declined,
In pledge of peace on Tancred she bestows;
And to her fate thus tenderly resigned,
In her meek beauty she expires, and shows
But as a smiling saint indulging soft repose.

Clorinda, being dead, Tancred has little desire to live, but is comforted by a vision of her in heaven:

And, clad in starry robes, the maid for whom
He mourned, appears amid his mourning dreams;
Fairer than erst, but by the deathless bloom
And heavenly radiance that around her beams,
Graced, not disguised; in sweetest act she seems
To stoop, and wipe away the tears that flow
From his dim eyes: "Behold what glory streams
Round me," she cries; "how beauteous now I show,
And for my sake, dear friend, this waste of grief forego.

Up to this time the most prominent characters in the poem have been Tancred and Clorinda. This state of things now changes and the real hero, Rinaldo, who like Achilles has long been absent from the field of action, reappears and brings matters to a climax.

We have already seen how Armida has come to camp and carried off a number of the Christian warriors. At the same time Rinaldo had, in a contest for the successor of Dudo (killed in the first skirmish be-

tween the crusaders and the pagans), slain Gernando in the presence of the whole army, and was forced to fly the wrath of Godfrey. He, after having freed the fifty knights from the power of Armida, is himself caught by her wiles, and carried off by her to a gorgeous palace situated in the midst of a beautiful garden, on a high mountain in the island of Teneriffe. Here, lost in luxury and idleness, he sleeps out the thought of his duty as a Christian warrior.

In the meantime Godfrey, by various supernatural tokens, learns that Rinaldo alone can bring about the final success of the Christian arms. He is thus induced to pardon his crime, which indeed had in a certain sense been justified, and sends two messengers to bring him back. These embark on a magic vessel, traverse the Mediterranean, pass the strait of Gibraltar, enter the Atlantic, and reach the island of Teneriffe. The descriptions of this voyage and the allusion to Columbus, are famous and well deserve to be quoted, if we had the space. It is especially interesting to compare this fictitious voyage into the Atlantic Ocean with that of Ulysses in Dante's Inferno, the one written before, the other shortly after the discovery of America.

The ambassadors arrive at the island, climb the mountain, overcome all obstacles, enter the enchanted garden, and discover Rinaldo, surrounded by all the beauty of nature and magnificence of art.

The messengers succeed in arousing the dormant nobility of Rinaldo; he tears himself away, follows them to the camp of Godfrey, is pardoned by the latter, succeeds in breaking the spell of the enchanted forest, and thus prepares the way for the building of

new war machines. The city then is assaulted and taken, and finally the Egyptian army, which now appears on the scene, is defeated and the poem ends.

The literature of the Italian Renaissance, which was inaugurated by Petrarch and Boccaccio, reached its highest point with Ariosto. Tasso, equally great with Ariosto, lived at the beginning of a long period of decline; the Jerusalem Delivered projecting the last rays of the glories of the Renaissance into this new period. The sixteenth century, especially the first half, is the golden age of Italian literature, comparable to that of Augustus in Rome, Louis XIV. in France, and Queen Elizabeth in England. In the narrow confines of this sketch we have only been able to treat in some detail the great writers thereof, Boiardo, Ariosto, and Tasso. Yet the number of men of genius and talent is legion—giants indeed lived in those days—not only in the field of art and scholarship but in literature. In lyrical poetry were Pietro Bembo, the Petrarch of his times; Michel Angelo and Vittoria Colonna. In the pastoral poem, besides Tasso, there were Sannazaro and Guarini, the former (whose Arcadia was imitated in England by Sidney and Spenser) on the border-line between the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the latter on that between the sixteenth and seventeenth. In comic poetry there was Francesco Berni, who worked over Boiardo's Orlando Innamorato, which has since then been read almost wholly in this version. In prose was developed an especially rich literature, among the great masters of which we may mention in history, Nicholas Machiavelli, who, in his Prince, introduced a new philosophy of politics;

Guicciardini, Varchi, and Nardi; in the history of art, Vasari; in novels and stories, Luigi da Porto, who first told the story of Romeo and Juliet; Giraldo Cinzio, Matteo Bandello, who continued the work of Boccaccio and Sacchetti. Forming a special group are Benvenuto Cellini, whose autobiography has made him famous; Firenzuola, who wrote on the beauty of woman; Baldasarre Castiglione, the Lord Chesterfield of his day, who in his book on the Courtier, depicted the character of the perfect gentleman according to the ideals of the times.

SUMMARY AND QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

Lack of true epic hitherto—Tasso (1544-95) the first to give Italy an epic in the style of Homer and Vergil—Pathos of his life—His works: The pastoral poem Aminta; a tragedy, Torrismondo; Jerusalem Delivered—Long preparation for his masterpiece—The sixteenth century the Golden Age of Italian literature: Bembo, Sannazaro, Guarini, Berni, Machiavelli, Guicciardini.

1. Would you call the Divine Comedy and Orlando Furioso true epics?
2. Give briefly the main facts of Tasso's life.
3. What was the real cause of his unhappiness?
4. Describe his death.
5. What was the Aminta; when was it written?
6. What is the theme of Jerusalem Delivered?
7. Why did Tasso choose this subject?
8. Give in brief outline the plot.
9. Tell the story of Sophronia and Olindo.
10. Who was Clorinda, by whom was she loved, and how did she die?
11. Tell all you know about Erminia.
12. What part in the poem is played by Armida?
13. Where was Rinaldo during most of the fighting, and how was he brought back to camp?
14. How does the poem end?
15. Mention a few other writers of the sixteenth century.

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CHAPTER VIII

THE PERIOD OF DECADENCE AND THE REVIVAL

In the history of Italian literature, Dante, to expand a figure already used, stands at the end of the Middle Ages like a lofty, solitary mountain peak; behind him the low, level plain fades away into darkness; before him the landscape, shone upon by the first rays of a new epoch, slopes gradually upward until with Petrarch, Boccaccio, and the great writers of the Renaissance, we have a lofty and widely extended plateau. After Tasso there is a sudden descent to a low, level, uniform plain, in which Italian literature dragged itself along till the middle of the eighteenth century, when again an upward slope is noticed, which becomes more and more accentuated as we approach the present.

Among the causes of the period of degradation, from 1560 to 1750, the leading ones must be sought for in the political and religious condition of Italy at that time. Spain had become possessed of a large part of the country, especially in the north and south, while the pope, who ruled the center, in temporal as well as spiritual matters, was the firm ally of the Spaniards. The country thus under foreign dominion, was oppressed and robbed without mercy. The Span-

ish viceroys, and their ignoble imitators, the Italian nobles, lived a life of luxury and vice, surrounded by bandits and brigands, and by paralyzing all commerce and industry, brought on famine and pestilence.

The religious condition was no better. The Catholic reaction, or counter reformation, which culminated in the Council of Trent, fastened still more firmly the chains of medieval superstition and dogmatism on the mass of the Italian people. The absolute power of the pope was reaffirmed; two mighty instruments were forged to crush out heresy and opposition—the Inquisition, which effectually choked out free thought, and the Jesuits, who found their way stealthily into all ranks and classes of society. Such was the condition of Italy at this time, "a prolonged, a solemn, an inexpressibly heartrending tragedy." The effect on the social life of Italy was almost fatal. Everywhere, to use the almost exaggerated language of Symonds, were to be seen idleness, disease, brigandage, destitution, ignorance, superstition, hypocrisy, vice, ruin, pestilence, "while over the Dead Sea of social putrefaction floated the sickening oil of Jesuit hypocrisy."

No wonder that in such a state of society, literature and art reached the lowest point in all its history. Scarcely a single man of genius or even of talent, can be found in the period between 1580 and 1750. All literature was marked by lack of originality of thought and by a style deformed by execrable taste, a style which consisted of wretched conceits, puns, antithesis, and gorgeous and far-fetched metaphors. This form of literary diction was not confined, how-

ever, to Italy, being represented in Spain by Gongora, in France by the Hôtel de Rambouillet, and in England by Lyly's Euphues. In Italy it is known as Marinism from the poet Marini, whose Adone (in which is told the love of Venus for Adonis, a subject previously treated by Shakespeare) exemplifying all phases of the above-mentioned style, had enormous popularity not only in Italy but abroad.

During the period now under discussion, poets were not wanting, for the defect was in quality rather than quantity. Yet not all were entirely without merit, for some possessed a certain degree of talent, especially in the musical elements of their verse. Such were the lyrical poets, Chiabrera, Testi, and Filicaja. In prose literature a better and saner style prevailed, especially in the dialogues of Galileo, and in the historical and critical writings of Sarpi and Vico.

In 1748 the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle ended Spanish rule in Italy, and the breath of free thought from England sweeping across the plains of France entered Italy and gradually weakened the power of the Jesuits, dissipated to a certain extent superstition and ignorance, and aroused the country to a sense of its degradation. By bringing Italy into connection with other nations, and with newer ideas, it planted the germs of a new intellectual life. The influence of France, England, and Germany began to make itself felt. Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire influenced Italian tragedy, while Molière, who himself had borrowed largely from the early Italian comedies, now returned the favor by becoming the master of Goldoni. English influence came later, first Addison, Pope, and Milton, then

toward the end of the eighteenth century, Young, Gray, Shakespeare, and Ossian. Last of all came the German influence, especially Klopstock and Goethe.

In this period of awakening the chief gain was in the field of the drama. Up to the middle of the eighteenth century, Italy, in this branch of literature, could not even remotely be compared with France, Spain, or England. In the sixteenth century comedies had not been wanting, and beside the purely Italian creation of improvised farce (now represented in Punch and Judy shows, pantomimes, and harlequinades), Ariosto had written literary comedies in close imitation of Plautus and Terence. Yet, from Ariosto to Goldoni we find practically but one genuine writer of comedy; this singularly enough, was Machiavelli, whose Mandragora was enormously popular, and was declared by Voltaire to be better than Aristophanes and but little inferior to Molière. But one book does not make a literature any more than one swallow makes a summer. It was left for Carlo Goldoni (1707-1793) to give his country a number of comedies worthy of being compared with those of Molière. Goldoni was a kindly, amiable man of the world as well as of letters, bright and witty but withal somewhat superficial. Although a keen observer of the outer form of society and human nature, he lacked the depth and insight, and especially the subtle pathos of Molière. He was greatly influenced by the latter, whom he looked upon as his master. Like him he began with light comedy, farcical in nature, and gradually produced more and more comedies of manner and character. Yet he is not a slavish imitator of the great Frenchman, to whom, while in-

ferior in earnestness and knowledge of the human heart, he was equal in dialogue, in development of plot, and in comic talent. Goldoni composed rapidly (once he wrote sixteen comedies in a year), and has left behind him one hundred and sixty plays and eighty musical dramas and opera texts.

The musical drama is a peculiar Italian invention, and almost immediately reached perfection in Pietro Metastasio (1698-1782), after whom it began rapidly to decline. Metastasio was universally admired and was, before Goldoni and Alfieri, the only Italian that had a European reputation, and who thus won some measure of glory for his country in her period of deepest degradation. His plays, meant to be set to music—the modern opera text is a debased form of this—were superficial, had no real delineation of character, yet were written in verses which flowed softly along like a clear stream through flowery meads. Light, artificial in sentiment, often lax in morals, yet expressing the courtly conventionalities of the times, Metastasio's poetry enjoyed vast popularity, while he himself became the favorite of the aristocratic society of Vienna, where he lived for fifty years, and the pride and glory of Italy. After him music became the all-important element in this peculiar form of drama, which thus became the modern opera, while the poetical element was degraded to the text thereof.

More famous, perhaps, than either the above was Alfieri, the founder of modern Italian tragedy. In the intellectual movement of the sixteenth century, tragedy, like comedy, had not been neglected, and many translations and imitations had been made of

the Greek and Latin dramatists. The first regular tragedy, not only of Italian but of modern European literature, was the Sofonisba of Trissino, which became the model of all succeeding writers. Published first in 1524 it was soon translated into all European languages and has been imitated, among many others, by Corneille and Voltaire in France, Alfieri in Italy, and Geibel in Germany. In spite of this promising beginning, however, Italian tragedy did not develop as that of the neighboring countries did. Among the numberless writers of tragedy in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries scarcely one deserves mention. In the early part of the eighteenth century one name became famous, Scipio Maffei (1675-1755) the immediate predecessor of Alfieri, whose Merope was vastly popular throughout all Europe.

Yet Italy could not boast of a truly national drama before the appearance of Vittorio Alfieri (1749-1803), who gave her an honorable rank in this department of the world's literature. The story of his life, as told by himself in his autobiography, is exceedingly interesting. Born in Asti, near Turin, of a noble family, after a youth spent in idleness, ignorance, and selfish pleasure, he "found himself," at the age of twenty-six, and being fired with ambition to become a poet, he began a long period of self-education, in which he made especial effort to master the Italian language, which he, born in Piedmont, and long absent abroad, only half understood. The rest of his life was spent in this study and in writing his dramas.

In his reform of the Italian drama, Alfieri did not, like Manzoni later, try to introduce Shakesperean

methods. He went back to the tragic system of the Greeks and tried to improve on the French followers of the latter. He observed the three unities, especially that of action, even more strictly than Corneille or even Racine. Hence his plays are extraordinarily short (only one is of more than fifteen hundred lines). The action moves on swiftly to the climax with no effort at mere dramatic situation or stage effect.

Of especial interest are the subjects of Alfieri's tragedies, all of them having a political or social tendency. They all express the theories of the French philosophers then so popular in Italy, concerning freedom and the rights of the people in opposition to the divine right of kings. His heroes—Virginius, Brutus, Timoleon—all proclaim the liberty of man. It is interesting to note that he dedicated one of his plays to George Washington. To the reader of the present day even his best plays—Virginia, Orestes, Agamemnon, Myrra, and Saul—seem conventional, monotonous, and unreal. The characters are mere types of passion or sentiment; there is no variety of action, no episodes, and no poetical adornments. Yet in his own age Alfieri was regarded as a great tragic poet, not only in his own country, but beyond the Alps. His influence on Italian literature was very great. For the next two generations there was scarcely a poet who did not admire and imitate him. Parini, Foscolo, Monti, Manzoni, Leopardi, and Pellico, all looked up to him as their master.

Alfieri was the first to speak of a fatherland, a united Italy; he practically founded the patriotic school of literature which has lasted down to the

present time. Hence he is even more important from a political standpoint than from a literary one. He himself looked on his tragedies as a means of inspiring new and higher political ideas in his fellow-countrymen, degraded as they had been by the long oppression of Spain. "I wrote," he says, "because the sad conditions of the times did not allow me to act."

The literature of the first half of the nineteenth century was dominated by this political and patriotic spirit; Monti, Foscolo, Manzoni, and Pellico, all wrote dramas in the spirit of Alfieri. Most of them, however, are better known in other accounts. Foscolo, through his letters of Jacopo Ortis, the Italian Werther, and his literary essays; Pellico for his My Prisons; Manzoni for his Betrothed, one of the great novels of modern times.

Greater than all of these, however, is Giacomo Leopardi (1798-1837), who alone is worthy to be placed beside the four great Italian poets, Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, and Tasso, the last three of whom, at least, he might under happier circumstances have equaled. The story of his life is a pathetic one. Born of a family noble but poor, with a sensitive and melancholy temperament, the circumstances of his life only added to his morbid tendency, and after a brief existence, passed in sickness, poverty, and gloom, he died. Leopardi was great as a poet, a philosopher, and scholar. His Ode to Italy is one of the noblest poems in the language, and his Solitary Shepherd of Asia, is full of incomparable beauty.

Other names of this later period crowd upon our attention, in political literature, Mazzini; in the novel,

D'Azeglio, Cantù, Guerazzi, and Gozzi; in history Botta, Balbo, and Cantù. But we must hasten to close this brief survey, with merely mentioning the names of a few of the more important writers of the present time; in poetry, Carducci, Ada Negri, D'Annunzio; in the novel, which in Italy as elsewhere has usurped the chief place, Fogazzaro, D'Annunzio. The latter, although still young, is, next to Carducci, the most considerable figure in Italian literature to-day. In his dramas, poetry, and novels he shows a wonderful command of language and descriptive imagination, and at one time bid fair to become a truly great writer. In his later works he shows retrogression rather than progress, and the taint of immorality and a certain exaggerated eccentricity of thought have vitiated his talent and tended to destroy his popularity.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

1. Mention some causes of the degradation of Italian literature in the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries.
2. Describe the political and social condition of the country.
3. Who was Marini?
4. Name some of the early writers of Italian comedy.
5. Life, character, and literary genius of Goldoni.
6. What was the musical drama; who its greatest writer?
7. Name two famous tragedies before the time of Alfieri.
8. Give an account of the life of Alfieri.
9. What is the general character of his plays?
10. Alfieri's influence, what form did it take?
11. Name some of his followers.
12. Who was the greatest poet of the early nineteenth century?

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For the political and social condition of Italy during the period of decline see Symond's Catholic Reaction. Alfieri's Autobiography, an intensely interesting book, has been often published in English. For modern literature see Howell's Modern Italian Poets, Sewall's translations from Carducci, and Greene's Italian Lyrists of To-day.

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